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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Dame Margot Fonteyn, who has written a special article for us (pages 10, 11), is wistful about some ballet steps which, she says, she could never do well.

SHE explains: "Gradually I saw that, as with musicians, writers, or painters, dancers also fall into different types.

"Some dancers can do incredible spins (pirouettes), breathtaking leaps (elevation), and all sorts of difficult and dangerous-looking feats.

"These are virtuosity dancers. Generally they do parts that call for great virtuosity without much acting.

"Other dancers may not astonish you with these technical accomplishments, but may be very vivacious and charming, touching and waif-like, cool and elegant, dramatic or passionate.

"A man may be noble, poetic, comic, or fiery.

"All good dancers have some such special quality. The greatest combine several qualities with some virtuosity."

★ ★ ★

"CERTAIN colors and fabrics reveal some of my feelings," says nightclub entertainer Hildegarde (page 18), who is visiting Australia.

"Aqua makes me gay; in black I feel sophisticated and worldly," she says. "Brocade is the last word in elegance. It makes me feel continental. Chiffon is gay—it flows with you when you move."

When asked what she looks for in a dress, Hildegarde, one of the world's best-dressed women, said: "It must enhance my figure and have beautiful lines.

"It mustn't detract from me. It doesn't have to be adorned — one good pin or necklace will do it.

"The dress should speak for itself. It has to be second nature to me, and easy to wear."

Hildegarde, who weighs-in every day like a jockey, is writing a book on beauty, health, and glamor.

She says: "A woman must think of herself as a work of art, and I don't mean anything artificial by that.

"A work of art is created, yet when it is done it seems as if it has just grown that way.

"Mother Nature will dominate you unless you dominate her."

Our cover

● These colorful wig-warms are the headiest news around. Stunning, too, to wear when the cold winds blow—and so becoming. To crochet one, see the pattern below. And Fashion Editor Betty Keep says: "In cold temperatures, hot colors look best."

To crochet a wig-warm

● Here are directions to crochet a wig-warm for yourself or a child:

Materials: 11 balls Patons Totem knitting wool; a No. 6 crochet hook; 3 buttons.

Measurements: To fit an average-sized head.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

Make 61 ch. loosely. Turn with 1 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into each ch. to end of row.

2nd Row: 1 ch., * insert hook into next d.c., taking up double thread, take wool over hook and the first two fingers of the left hand 5 times, slip fingers out of loops, draw the 5 loops through the d.c. on hook, 1 d.c., rep. from * to end of row.

3rd Row: Turn with 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c., taking up double thread.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows 12 times.

28th Row: As 2nd row.

29th Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into 30 spaces, centre of hood, turn.

30th Row: 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 28 groups of loops.

31st Row: 1 ch., work 28 d.c.

REVERSE side of the wig-warm, showing that it can be worn in two ways.

32nd Row: 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 26 groups of loops.

33rd Row: 1 ch., work 26 d.c.

34th Row: 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 24 groups of loops.

Finish with 1 ch. and break off wool.

Join wool in centre of hood and rep. from 29th row, reversing shapings by decreasing at centre as above to shape back.

Band for Neck: Work 54 ch. and crochet 16 rows of d.c., turning each row with 1 ch., at end of 16th row work 4 ch., 1 d.c. into 1st space at end, 6 more d.c. into next 6 spaces. Then 4 ch., 1 d.c. into next space, 6 more d.c., 4 ch., 1 d.c. into last space, which forms 3 buttonholes. Finish off. Sew back seam. Ease hood on to neckband and sew neatly. Sew on 3 buttons opposite loops.

SMALLER VERSION FOR CHILD

Materials: 8 balls Patons Totem knitting wool; a No. 6 crochet hook; 2 buttons.

Measurements: To fit approximately 16in. round face.

Make 47 ch. loosely. Turn with 1 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into each ch. to end of row.

2nd Row: 1 ch., * insert hook into next d.c., taking up double thread, take wool over hook and the first two fingers of the left hand 5 times, slip fingers out of loops, draw the 5 loops through the d.c. on hook, 1 d.c., rep. from * to end of row.

3rd Row: Turn with 1 ch., 1 d.c. into each d.c., taking up double thread.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows 9 times.

22nd Row: As 2nd row.

23rd Row: 1 ch., 1 d.c. into 23 spaces (centre of hood), turn.

24th Row: 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 21 groups of loops.

25th Row: 1 ch., work 21 d.c.

26th Row: 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 19 groups of loops.

27th Row: 1 ch., work 19 d.c.

28th Row: 1 ch., miss 2 d.c., work 17 groups of loops.

Finish with 1 ch. and break off wool.

Join wool in centre of hood and rep. from the 23rd row, reversing shapings by decreasing at centre as above to shape back.

Band for Neck: Work 40 ch. and work 12 rows of d.c., turning each row with 1 ch. At end of 12th row, work 2 buttonhole loops along one end. Finish off. Sew back seam. Ease hood on to neckband and sew neatly. Sew on 2 buttons opposite loops.

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New era in train glamor

NEW LUXURY in Australian rail travel (right), the £1 million Melbourne Limited on the track.

THE new air-conditioned Melbourne Limited Express and Sydney Limited Express, which will begin daily services between the two capitals on April 16, will introduce a new era in overnight train travel in Australia.

The trains, each built at a cost of £1 million, will run on the new section of a standard-gauge railway track—4ft. 8½in. wide—which now stretches from Brisbane to Melbourne.

Passengers on the Melbourne-Sydney service will no longer have to struggle out of one train at Albury and into another running on a different gauge.

The trains' sleeping cars provide similar comfort to that on other air-conditioned Australian trains, but added luxury touches are executive suites, a club lounge car, and an attractive dining car with full dinner and breakfast facilities.

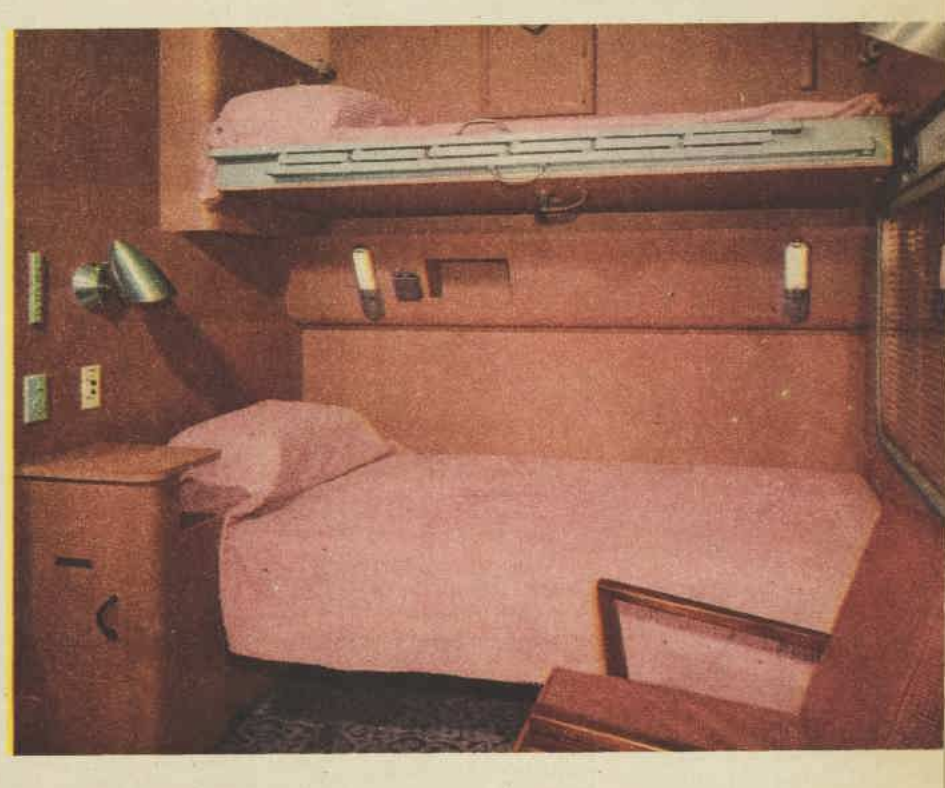
One of the great boons for individual passengers is the complete privacy of the roomette carriage. The twinette compartment for two has its own shower, wash-basin, and toilet. The roomette hasn't a private shower, but there is a shower cabin in each carriage.

Six passenger trains will complete the fleet operating between Melbourne and Sydney and will be capable of transporting nearly 7000 people each way each week.

The Limited Express trains will leave from Sydney and Melbourne each night at 8 and will arrive at their destinations at 9 o'clock next morning.

The second division of the service will be the entirely reconditioned Spirit of Progress. The trains will leave Sydney daily at 8.10 p.m., arriving in Melbourne at 10 a.m. The departure time from Melbourne will be 6.45 p.m., arriving in Sydney at 8.40 a.m.

For passengers wishing to travel by day, the Intercapital Daylight will run daily, except Sundays. The service will leave Sydney and Melbourne at 7.45 a.m., arriving in Melbourne at 8.55 p.m. and in Sydney at 9 p.m.



THE DE-LUXE CABIN for two (right) is the pride of the silver-sleeper trains which will operate daily between Melbourne and Sydney from April 16. This "executive suite," made up for the night, indicates the three-quarter-bed size of the lower berth. There is one de-luxe cabin in each twinette carriage. Twinettes are not as large, but are just as luxurious, and have their own shower, etc.

THE DINING CAR of the Limited Express, which is in the middle of the train for the convenience of passengers, seats 48. Food is served from an adjacent kitchen, and extensive a la carte dinner and breakfast menus are available. The fare on the Limited Express, in roomette or twinette, is £7/15/6 single; £13/6/- return. A "V.I.P. Special," arriving in Melbourne on Friday, April 13, with a passenger list headed by the Governor-General and Lady De L'Isle, will launch the new standard-gauge service.

THE CLUB LOUNGE CAR, next to the dining car on the Limited Express, consists of a roomy lounge saloon and a bar. It is divided into three compartments by armor-plate glass partitions, between which are fitted plastic panels decorated with native animals and birds. Brolgas are the theme over the writing desk (above) in the club car.

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THE IDEAL GIFT!

NO ROOM AT THE TOP—FOR WOMEN

By PEGGY TELLICK

• The scarcity of women occupying prominent positions in Australia's political, civic, business, and professional life is generally regarded as a testimony to the fact that "Australia is a man's country."

• Peggy Tellick, writer of this feature, is a public-relations officer for a big industrial organisation.

Happy in her job, she describes herself as one of the fortunate few, adding, "Professionally, I have no complaints.

"This article may be regarded as a theoretical drop of water engaged in wearing away a stony portion of top-management mentality."

IT could be argued that Australia is a woman's country. The vast majority of Australian women — like the vast majority of women in any country — marry young, have children, and are thereafter predominantly interested in domestic life.

And the Australian man, by and large, makes a very good husband.

He has a sincere respect for the important role his wife plays in his life and in that of the community by being a good wife and mother.

His wife is usually unquestioned queen of the home.

Not surprisingly, she is contented with her lot. Not surprisingly, her contentment makes her a trifle complacent, a trifle mentally lazy.

She doesn't aspire to broader horizons, because those which limit her narrow world are dear, familiar, and safe.

The scarcity of women in public life in Australia could be due less to masculine domination than to feminine complacency.

But I believe that, most of all, it is due to a strongly marked Australian characteristic—distrust of the unconventional.

It is conventional for women to get married and concentrate on being wives and mothers.

The woman who does not conform with this convention is therefore distrusted, persistently nudged back into what is felt should be her proper sphere.

Do the flowers for V.I.P. party

Business women in minor executive jobs (particularly jobs of a specifically feminine nature) are not too badly off.

Their advice may be eagerly sought on what the men in the office regard as purely feminine matters — floral decorations for the party in honor of a visiting V.I.P., or the selection of a dress to be worn by the model in an advertisement.

Such activities are regarded by the men as merely normal domestic activities translated into the business realm.

The woman content to occupy such a niche in business is probably hard worked and not very highly paid. But at least she has the satisfaction of feeling important in her own limited sphere.

Her more senior sisters suffer perpetual frustration through the unconscious but unceasing efforts of male colleagues and superiors to limit their development.

The men do this through undermining their status, bypassing their authority, withholding information on policy.

The resultant frustration is unfortunate not only for the women but for industry in general, since frustration results in lowered efficiency.

What top businessman is prepared to have any machine in the plant operating at less than its maximum efficiency?

Yet there is a costly waste of human efficiency when women executives' abilities are not exploited to the full.

If a company pays an executive a salary of, say, £2000 a year, it has a costly investment in that executive. Allowing for overhead, the investment could be £6000 a year. Why not get the maximum return for such money?

Senior businessmen have probably not thought of the wastage of woman power in this light.

This is not surprising, for men do not think about women at all. They feel about them.

Their attitude to women is emotional, not at all logical.

If the truth is doubted, I ask the reader (male) to consider a moment, and decide just what are:

• The two ideals of womanhood which man has always held most highly.

• The ideals which invariably arouse most male sentiment.

• The ideals to which man has always been prepared to pay lip service, occasionally even to serve.

He'll undoubtedly decide that these two ideals are virginity and motherhood.

Mutually incompatible!

Reflect on that one ageless and universal fact, then claim, if you can, that man's attitude to woman has anything to do with logic.

Men feel an instinctive resentment when women step out of the world of emotions into the world of reason and demand to be treated in a reasonable manner.

Their resentment is pandered to by the fact that women naturally prefer romantic to reasonable treatment from men — provided this is limited to the world of romantic or sexual behaviour.

In any romantic relationship a woman instinctively "plays up" to the male.

She is content to be the "heart" rather than the "head" of the house.

She is well aware that such an attitude secures her power more completely than "standing on her rights."

From flattery, frailty, and

Of course she is frustrated

dependence she concocts the most powerful drug ever known, and keeps her man in a gratifyingly protective and devoted frame of mind.

Men would like this sentimental relationship to pervade all spheres of life.

This is scarcely logical, for men tend to claim romance and sex have no place in office life, as indeed they don't.

Men, however, would like to keep those aspects of sex in business life which operate in favor of their dominance and women's subordination.

A woman needs to be endowed with extraordinary business ability as well as extreme feminine wiliness if she is to reach a top position in business without being perpetually sniped at by almost any man, particularly should his own position be inferior to hers.

One of the commonest objections men level at a woman occupying a top job is that it is not natural for a man to take orders from a woman.

There's nothing unnatural in it. Men forget that the first orders they ever took were from women: their mothers and their infant teachers.

Senior business women are often categorised arbitrarily as "frustrated." They probably are. What adult isn't?

We all suffer frustration more or less serious, more or less accepted, from not having as much money, beauty, health, wit, or whatever, as we'd like.

The mature person accepts his or her inevitable limitations with resignation.

It is not easy, nor is it just, that people should have to accept additional frustrations which could be avoided.

Think, too, of the reasons for frustration which the typical career woman has. They are not due to sex difference, but are a simple matter of mathematics.

The average businessman has four elements in his life. As husband and father, as well as businessman he has a sex life, a family life, a social life, and a business life.

The career woman is usually a spinster. As such her sex life is either nonexistent or unsatisfactory.

She has no family life in the truest sense, since she has no family of her own.

Her social life is restricted because the social unit consists not of a man or of a woman but of a pair.

(If you doubt the truth of this, ask your wife next time she is arranging a dinner party.)

This leaves the career woman with nothing but her business life in which she can hope to find complete fulfilment and self-expression.

These limitations account for the intense importance the business woman attaches to her job.

It is a tragic waste of her potential that so often she is prevented from finding fulfilment in that job.

It is an extravagant waste on the part of business management, because it is a waste of human vitality, human intellect, and human enthusiasm which could well serve the company for which she works.

The business of Business is to make money. It is practical to consider every employee as a capital investment and to so regulate your management that you get the best possible return from that investment.

If yours is a business which employs women in senior or fairly senior executive positions, it is highly probable that you are indulging in a costly waste of woman power.

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● *Hollywood star Grace Kelly with master-of-suspense director Alfred Hitchcock during the filming of "To Catch a Thief," and, at right, Princess Grace with Prince Rainier during their visit to the cottage in Ireland where Grace's grandfather was born.*

Why Grace is going back to work

By BETTY BEST, in London

● **Sweet charity is the reason for Her Serene Highness Princess Grace of Monaco's return to movie-making.**

GRACE'S proceeds from her first film, a thriller for Alfred Hitchcock, will go to a fund for needy children and to encourage young sportsmen.

The official statement of this was intended to end rumors that Princess Grace, the former Grace Kelly, was going back to films because Prince Rainier's little principality of Monaco was near bankruptcy.

Some observers, however, noted that the official statement referred to the "proceeds from this (the Hitchcock) film," and did not mention the proceeds from any later films Princess Grace might make.

And the proceeds could be quite substantial, if guesses about her first film income are correct.

Estimates in Hollywood and London range from £125,000 to £300,000.

When I phoned Princess Grace's American secretary, Phyllis Blum, she followed the stonewalling tactics Prince Rainier had obviously ordered.

"No, I really can't tell you how much Princess Grace will be paid for the film," she said with enormous charm and tact, sounding really sorry she could not be more helpful.

"You see, her contract has not even been written yet."

It was the same with the question of further films: "We really don't know."

On one point, however, she was adamant: "I am sure the Princess would not have decided to do this for any other director. She is a great friend of Mr. Hitchcock's and respects his work.

"I think it is more likely that this is a personal favor than that she particularly wanted to do this script."

Nevertheless, from the description I got first-hand from author Winston Graham it seems the script might have been tailored to fit her.

Grace Kelly was once described by Hitchcock himself as "an iceberg that is about to explode."

Role as thief

Winston Graham, who wrote "Marnie," told me his heroine is a psychiatric case, whose childhood experiences turn her into a thief and a woman who is frigid toward men.

"But she has the potential warmth which we see in her attitude to her mother and her horse, of which she is passionately fond," he said.

"Marnie's boss is in love with her and when he catches her absconding with money from his printing works he marries her to save her from prison.

"He does not realise until later that she is cold and unable to love him."

He says that in his book the girl Marnie is 24 and her husband 28. But he thinks Princess Grace, at 33, looks quite young enough for the role and he would be very happy with an older actor like Gregory Peck, Frank Sinatra, or Cary Grant for the husband role.

At the Palace in Monaco, Phyllis Blum denied that Princess Grace was making any special preparations to lose weight before the film.

"I don't think she needs to," she said. "She is just fine as she is now."

Other reporters have pointed out that the Princess is a good 10lb. heavier than she was six years ago, when she married.

In any case, Hitch again comes to the rescue by saying, "She is irreplaceable. She is the only one with sexual elegance."

The only really worth-hearing remarks are those which we are not permitted to hear: from Prince Rainier and Her Serene Highness herself.

For a long time now Prince Rainier's pocket principality has been in dire trouble with its parent State, France.

It has been threatened with extinction and Rainier with forced abdication.

His special tax-free rights, which attract moneyed citizens to this tiny pinpoint on the Riviera, may soon end.

If they do, a vast revenue will be lost to Monaco.

Such affairs of State and finance have kept Prince Rainier busier than he has ever been in his life before.

Now he plans to renew parliamentary government and has promised that women in Monaco will have a vote.

Many see the hand of his forthright American wife behind this promise.

It is interesting that it was the Prince himself who authorised the statement about his wife's return to films.

Princess Grace's secretary made a point of this several times during our conversation.

And this fact may give a hint of other motives behind the Princess' decision.

● *Prince Rainier and Princess Grace romp in the snow with their two children, Prince Albert and Princess Caroline, during a Swiss holiday.*

Perhaps an all-American girl like Grace, who had revelled in her own independence and successful career, has, despite her obvious love for her husband, been a little frustrated by the almost feudal household into which she married.

By tradition, modern American women have two great ambitions — at least in their dreams.

The first is to achieve the fame and glory of an independent career, preferably as a film star. The second is to marry into European royalty.

Normally these are the fantasies on which second-rate, over-colored movies are made.

But with Grace Kelly both became facts.

Many titles

In just a few years she was an internationally recognised movie star and a princess—to say nothing of her other titles: twice a duchess, nine times a countess, three times a marquise, and six times a baroness.

No one, American or otherwise, had ever achieved so many dreams at once.

On top of it, she soon became a happy and devoted mother.

The pumpkin had certainly turned into a coach and the horses were whiter than white.

At the time of her marriage Grace said: "I have agreed with the Prince never to make any more films. Anything His Highness wishes is fine with me."

Then just before the birth of her first child she said: "I want to have three or four children. I want to have them close together. There's the answer to whether I'll return to the movies: I'll be too busy raising a family."

Now, with two children, it seems she has changed her mind.

Many Monegasques have been shocked at the thought that the woman whose head is on their stamps will be featured on film posters by this time next year.

To those who point out she may be bored with her round of palace duties and Red Cross functions, they reply: "Our Princess is a head of State. She should not be involved in a commercial film."

It is recalled now that Princess Grace rejected previous offers to return to the movies.

When it was rumored that she might play the role of the Virgin Mary in "King of Kings," the Palace hotly denied it.

Perhaps the key to her change of mind is the death of her father, the millionaire who began as a bricklayer and who once said, "We hoped she would give it up. Those movie people lead such shallow lives."

Perhaps Her Highness found that serenity could be equally shallow if not backed up by a chance for personal effort.

One thing is certain—those who have watched Prince Rainier's face when he looks at his wife know that such a doting husband could not deny her anything.

If it was his wife's wish to return to her old career, then nothing of his personal feelings or his State's disapproval would prevent it.

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'Inspiration Florence' fashion adventure in 'Orlon'

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The Russians fell for Shirley Abicair

By BETTY BEST, in London

● Before Australian singer Shirley Abicair made her Soviet concert tour recently she went to a Russian-born friend and painstakingly learnt three Russian songs, writing the words down phonetically.

"I FOUND that people in the audience in Russia rolled about in the aisles, literally, at the end of one of the songs," the Zither Girl said.

"I asked my interpreter, Galina, what I could be saying that made them laugh so much. She made me promise not to change it if she told me.

"It was a love song about a young couple who finish going off hand in hand together. The way I said it, they went off hand in hand *with a fish.*"

"Gozconcert," of the Ministry of Culture, summed up at the end of the tour: "Never has a Western artist been so taken to the hearts of the Soviet audience."

Shirley Abicair was the first Australian popular artist the Russians had ever seen, and she describes the tour as the most stimulating experience of her life.

Her records had already given her a reputation in Russia, and as she stepped from the plane at Moscow she was received with hugs, kisses, and bunches of wattle. The Soviet Minister for Culture, Madame Furtseva, was there.

"I was amazed," said Shirley. "I had no idea they regarded me as such a celebrity. But the best was still to come."

She was led to a car and driven through the snow to a television studio. There, as she combed her hair in preparation for the cameras, she noticed that the girls on the studio staff were bursting with excitement. Yuri Gagarin was in the studio, to be interviewed on the same programme.

"I was pretty thrilled, too," Shirley said. "He looked much taller than I'd expected from the photographs. I must say he was loaded with charm, and really rather a dish.

"I went straight on after the cosmonaut. I gave an interview and sang two songs —a Russian song and 'Waltzing Matilda.'

"As I finished and stepped back out of camera range, Yuri rushed up to me, gripping both my hands in his, and said 'Welcome' in Russian.

"Then for a few minutes it was bedlam. Cameras were popping off flash-bulbs all round us. It was all too noisy and thrilling to hear the translation of anything more that Yuri said. But I was most conscious of his strong hand-clasp, which was so sincere and friendly that I might have been back home in Australia among my mates.

"All I know is that it was after midnight by the time I got back to my hotel."

At her concerts Shirley sang folk-songs from many countries, but she found that "Waltzing Matilda" was the top favorite everywhere.

"I had it in the first half of my programme," she said. "Then in the second half, which was composed mainly of requests, I always had to repeat it at least once.

Our "greatest"

"Finally the audience would hum it with me. They regarded it as Australia's greatest song, perhaps because they became familiar with it during the war. It's popular everywhere, but I don't think it has ever been as much of a success as it was in Russia."

Shirley had rehearsed a two-and-a-half-hour programme, but the audiences never let her end on time.

"It was as if we were tuned-in together from the moment I stepped on-stage," she said. "They were astonished at my easy-going Australian style.

"I used to 'bring them in' with sign language and ask them to sing something they knew with me. It rocked them. I used to say, 'You' (pointing at them with great emphasis) 'sing with me' (pointing at myself and grimacing madly).

"They knew I had an interpreter, but they liked being addressed direct. Then we would do a chorus together out of one of the Russian songs I had learned. They were all in stitches if my pronunciation was rather eccentric."

Wherever she went, Shirley was loaded down with gifts from fans. They presented her with caviare, books, and song albums until she thought she could never bring it all home.

There are two special souvenirs.

One is a hastily scribbled note in Russian which she received on-stage one night in Moscow before she had completed the first half of her programme. It read: "I have fallen in love with you."

The other is the list of names and addresses of three ten-year-old Latvian schoolgirls who came backstage to see her after a concert in Riga.

They arrived loaded with chocolates and pride at being able to speak a little English. They bounced round her dressing-room with enormous excitement, and finally admitted they had a favor to ask.

Shirley, delighted to be able to return their gifts in some way, asked what it was.

"We want to write to penfriends in Australia," they said in unison.

So Shirley promised to tell The Australian Women's Weekly. The girls are:

Trata Baumane Viduss, Ieta 6/6, Riga, Latvian S.S.R., U.S.S.R.; Anna Liacena F. Kupala, Ieta 20/11, Riga, etc.; Daina Basco, Eksponta Ieta 2/10, Riga, etc.

Shirley Abicair told me: "I am now determined to go to sing wherever I am asked. I believe there are real personal bonds we can forge between countries in this way.

"I went to Russia without a word of their conversation and yet we understood one another immediately."

● *Shirley Abicair made the trip fully equipped with furs and zither.*

● *Shirley meets Russia's No. 1 cosmonaut, Yuri Gagarin. "I must say he was loaded with charm and really rather a dish," she comments.*

NEXT WEEK . . .

● Hand Knits No. 2— 24-page book

Remember the 24-page Woolworths Hand Knits book in our February 28 issue? Next week we publish Hand Knits No. 2—another 24-page book with 34 new patterns for the family.

Included are full instructions for:

- **Matching suit and handbag.**
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The designs are attractive and colorful; the directions easy to follow. As well, there's a guide to better knitting.

● "I watched Liz Taylor make a close-up"

David McNicoll, Editor-in-Chief of Australian Consolidated Press, saw Elizabeth Taylor make a close-up during the filming of "Cleopatra" in Rome.

And this he described as being as hard to achieve as a dinner invitation to Buckingham Palace. His story is illustrated with color pictures of Liz and her co-stars Rex Harrison and Richard Burton.

● Easter eggs

In Teenagers' Weekly, how to make Easter eggs—from hen eggs. On the cover of Teenagers' Weekly, a pretty pink party dress for which a pattern is available.

● Dog's life

Superb color pictures that capture the expressiveness of a dog's face. In the five pages are appealing pictures of an Afghan, French poodle, bulldog pups, basset hound, cocker spaniel, and Irish terrier.

● Apples and pears

With the apple-and-pear season at its peak, recipes that make the most of these two fruits, including five variations of apple pie.

● How to best the school bully

Expert advice to help a child who becomes a target for a school bully.

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From here to Lagos: with love

By FREDA IRVING

● An Australian nurse who went to London on a working holiday three years ago and found herself leading a glamorous life among film stars in England and America is now beginning a new life in Nigeria.

THE nurse is 25-year-old Maureen Wade, formerly of Melbourne. Her marriage to Englishman John Alabaster was arranged for last Saturday in Lagos, where John is stationed with Barclay's Bank.

Her romance was a finale to the interesting and exciting two and a half years Maureen spent as Nanny to the children of British stage and film star Wilfrid Hyde White, 59, and his American wife, Ethel Koreman, a former actress.

When Maureen, who'd trained at Melbourne's Alfred Hospital, first arrived in England, she registered for employment at the London Clinic.

Luckily her name was the first to come up on the clinic's lists following an application by the Hyde Whites for someone to look after their son, Punch Alexander, who was then just a few weeks old.

The Hyde Whites were looking for an Australian or American Nanny rather than an English one, because they wanted their son "brought up tough."

So off Maureen went to a life of luxury apartments in London, New York, Hollywood, and Los Angeles, meetings with film stars, jet flights between America and England.

She even had a Rolls-Royce and chauffeur on call at times when the Hyde Whites were away, and she was left in sole charge of Punch.

Soon after Maureen joined the Hyde White household, Wilfrid went to Hollywood to film "Let's Make Love" with Marilyn Monroe.

Maureen stayed on in London in the luxury Wimpole Street flat till Christmas, when she flew to New York with Punch to stay with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Koreman.

From New York she and Punch flew to Hollywood to join the Hyde Whites.

They lived in a suite opposite the baby's parents in the plush Chateau Marmont on Sunset Boulevarde, and Maureen was treated as one of the family.

BRITISH FILM STAR Wilfrid Hyde White and his American wife with their children, Punch Alexander and Juliet (above), at their house in Los Angeles during his work on the film "On The Double" with Danny Kaye.

Glamorous life

She went with the Hyde Whites on all their outings, and met a host of film stars who escorted her to night-clubs, Disneyland, etc.

After several weeks in California, Maureen was given three months' leave to fly back to London to see her mother, Mrs. G. P. Wade, of South Yarra, Victoria, who was on a brief visit to England.

As the Hyde Whites were still in America during this period, they offered Maureen and her mother the use of their London flat.

Maureen had her second American Christmas in 1960 when she and Punch once again flew from London to join his parents, and this time also his sister, Juliet, a new arrival.

JOHN ALABASTER and MAUREEN WADE

On this occasion Wilfrid was making "On The Double" with Danny Kaye and the Hyde Whites were living in a lovely Los Angeles house, complete with floodlit swimming-pool.

About five months after their return to England, Maureen decided to give up being a Nanny and to return to nursing.

She remained firm friends with the Hyde White family, however, and in December, 1961, when she announced her engagement to John Alabaster, Wilfrid and his wife wanted to give them a wedding reception at the Savoy in London.

When Maureen decided that she'd rather marry in Lagos, where her fiance has lived since 1954, the Hyde Whites insisted that she stay with them in London till she flew to Nigeria at the end of February, and Mrs. Hyde White bought her a glamorous and expensive trousseau.

Maureen met her fiance, the son of ear surgeon Mr. E. B. Alabaster and Mrs. Alabaster, of Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, in London, when he was home on leave from Nigeria.

None of Maureen's family went to Lagos for the wedding, but her mother and her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Curran, of East Ringwood, Victoria, and their eight children all celebrated at a party at the Currans' home.

They then phoned Maureen, who had only one disappointment—that she didn't have the chance to say hallo to her brother Brian, too.

But Brian, like Maureen, is seeing the world, and is at present in the Far East aboard H.M.A.S. Melbourne.

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DAME MARGOT WRITES FOR US

● *Dame Margot dances "Swan Lake" with David Blair, who will partner her on the tour of Australia. She leaves the spectacular technical pieces to others: "They do it so much better than I do," she says modestly. "I am not the spectacular kind of dancer. I am better at telling a story and doing the expressive pieces."*

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A BALLERINA'S LIFE IS HARD WORK

By DAME MARGOT FONTEYN

● The world beyond the footlights, stripped of its glamor. is just plain hard work. Dame Margot Fonteyn here tells of the arduous life of all ballerinas, her own struggles and rewards. Britain's prima ballerina is due to begin her Australian tour on April 5 with the Royal Ballet Company.

BALLERINAS are depicted as frail, ethereal creatures, wisps of thistledown, light as birds. This is the impression they create from the stage.

The facts are that ballet dancers use as much energy and need as much nourishment as any Olympic runner.

They need the strength, discipline, and muscle-control of highly trained athletes.

Tamara Karsavina, one of the world's greatest ballerinas, once made a remark which I have cherished.

She said: "I have been dancing for 35 years and I've been exhausted all that time."

This sums up the life of a ballet dancer. It demands hard physical work every day from the time you are a student until you retire.

Until I was 12 I learned the usual primary ballet steps taught at most dancing classes as a basis for good movement in any type of dancing.

When I began advanced exercises I hated them. They didn't seem to have anything to do with the lighthearted spontaneous movements I thought of as dancing.

But serious ballet lessons were so difficult and exacting at first that I could find no link between them and the flowing beauty which enchanted me on the stage.

A dancer must know and be able to do every step and movement of ballet, but this does not mean she can do each one successfully.

As a young student I didn't realise this and for a long time I didn't believe I could ever become a ballerina.

I would watch other dancers perform with ease steps I could never do well, no matter how hard I tried. I still do.

Old wives' tales

Constant daily exercises and practice are very good for ballerinas, and although, like Tamara Karsavina, we feel exhausted most of the time we are probably the healthiest group of people you could find.

There is a curious collection of old wives' tales about ballet dancers.

They shouldn't swim because it is bad for their muscles; they mustn't smoke or drink; the women find it difficult to bear children; they must watch their diet very carefully.

Most of my bonny godchildren are the sons and daughters of very successful ballerinas.

As for the other "taboos," I adore swimming and I eat and drink what I like. I don't keep fit for dancing — it's the dancing that keeps me fit.

There is probably more nonsense talked and written about the ballet than about any other form of art.

It sometimes seems to me that opinions and criticisms of it are pretentious.

Often people tell me: "I'd love to see you dance, but I'm afraid I don't understand enough about ballet to appreciate it." What they mean is that they have been baffled by some of the obscure things they have read about it. So have I!

Ballet should be easy to enjoy. If it isn't, then usually the ballet, not the audience, is at fault.

The steps of each ballet are handed down from decade to decade, giving dancers a strong sense of tradition. But, limited to dancing these old-fashioned ballets, a ballerina begins to feel as though she is wearing only great-grandmother's clothes and never anything new of her own.

I always longed to have an important three-act ballet for myself.

● Continued on page 14

● *Dame Margot poses beside the portrait which Annigoni painted of her in Panamanian national costume. Her husband, Dr. Roberto Arias, is the Ambassador for Panama in London. Holidays with him are the only complete rests she has from dancing.*

● *Russian dancer Rudolf Nureyev helps Dame Margot with her costume in the wings at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Nureyev escaped from a plane at Paris airport last June while on tour with the Leningrad Ballet Company. He is hailed by critics as a second Nijinsky.*

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GREEK pianist Gina Bachauer with royal pupils Princesses Irene (left) and Sophia, whom she has been teaching for two years. Sophia is to marry Don Juan Carlos, of Spain, in May.

King Paul's "lovely talent"

● "If King Paul of Greece were not a king, he would be a wonderful concert pianist. He has a lovely talent."

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

GREEK concert pianist Gina Bachauer added that she "discovered" the Royal musician in World War II when both were refugees in Alexandria.

When Madame Bachauer is not travelling the world on concert tours or at her flat in London, she lives in Athens, where she gives music lessons to the Greek Royal family.

"I spend as much time as I can at the Palace," said Madame Bachauer, who recently began in Canberra her three months' tour of Australia for the A.B.C.

"The Princesses Sophia and Irene are very keen pianists. It is nothing for them to fly to London for a night to hear a special concert. But the pupil I am most proud of is their father, King Paul."

Stranded in Alexandria in the war, Madame Bachauer was giving concerts for the Allied troops. King Paul, then Crown Prince of Greece, was exiled there with his family.

She started to teach the Princesses two years ago and last saw them in Lausanne, Switzerland, the day the elder Princess, Sophia, announced her engagement to Don Juan Carlos, of Spain.

"I was to give a concert there," said Madame, "and the Princesses were coming to my hotel for a lesson that day.

"Sophia's telephone call in the morning woke me. 'Gina,' she said, 'I have some wonderful news. I'm engaged.' "

"Very happy"

Despite the excitement both Princesses turned up for their scheduled piano lesson.

"Sophia was very happy," said Madame Bachauer. "She was wearing the most beautiful ruby engagement ring.

"I have given her a white lace dressing-gown for her trousseau."

Madame Bachauer has many informal snapshots of most of Europe's royalty taken during holidays at "Mon Repos," the King's summer palace on the island of Corfu.

"It is simply," she explained, "that the Royal family has honored us with its friendship."

"Us" is Madame Bachauer and her husband, Alec Sherman.

An Englishman and former conductor of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and founder-conductor of the London Orchestra, he gave up his musical career to become his wife's manager.

"Otherwise, we wouldn't ever see each other," she explained. "It must have been a difficult decision for Alec to make, but . . ."

"We have a lot of fun constantly touring," he said. "We're complete gipsies."

They first met in London in 1948.

"Alec gave me my first London engagement," she said. "Rehearsals were terrible, because I spoke no English and he spoke no Greek."

Three years later, in 1951, they married. She learnt English and he learnt Greek.

Wherever she is, Gina Bachauer tries to practise for at least six hours a day, so a hotel with a piano is a must.

While his wife is practising Mr. Sherman attends to the "office work."

This entails anything from finding a good local dry-cleaner for heavily embroidered concert gowns to a report of each engagement, including the make of piano and hall acoustics.

Madame Bachauer's 25-year career takes in performances and study with most world-famous musicians, including Rachmaninov.

"He was very moody on the stage," she said, "but as a human being he was wonderful."

His piano concertos comprise a large part of her Australian repertoire.

"We're going to New Zealand after that, and then back to England," she said. "But we want to be in Athens by December 14. That is King Paul's birthday, and it is traditional for me to play at the palace concert."

MADAME BACHAUER and her husband, Alec Sherman. Their home is near Athens, but they mostly "live out of suitcases."

SOCIAL

HER Royal Highness Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, will make an overnight stay in Sydney as the guest of the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward at Government House on her arrival here aboard the Oriana on April 7.

The following evening she will go on to Brisbane to spend several months with her son-in-law, the Governor of Queensland, Sir Henry Abel Smith, and her daughter, Lady May Abel Smith.

Princess Alice, who is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, is an inveterate globetrotter, and has a wonderfully zestful personality that wins her hosts of friends and admirers.

During her stay at Government House in Brisbane she will have her usual suite — the one specially decorated for the Queen.

★ ★ ★

BUSHRANGER Ned Kelly will provide a never-ending talking point in Margo McKendry's New York home on her return there to continue her topline modelling career. Margo's mother, Mrs. Marjorie McKendry, of Double Bay, is giving her a Thomas Gleghorn watercolor abstract painting of "Ned" as a parting gift when she flies back to America on March 29. Margo is keen to build up a collection of paintings by noted Australian artists as a feature of the decor of her 16th-storey penthouse on the corner of 83rd Street and Lexington Avenue. The apartment has a marvellous view ranging from looking down-town over the Empire State Building, to the East River and Hell Gate Bridge, which she says makes her "awfully homesick at times, because it is like a pocket edition of the Sydney Harbor Bridge." Margo is also taking back a complete wardrobe of clothes made for her by a young Sydney designer. She says they're all "madly simple," but have a superb cut and are made of materials she could never afford to buy in New York. One of her "dreamiest" outfits is a slim, pink lace short evening gown with a matching box jacket. Another is a charcoal wool dress which looks right for 9 a.m., yet is elegant enough for wear at a late night party.

★ ★ ★

POPULAR young bachelors Jeff Burns and Brian and Barry Thornton have neatly solved the problem of saying au revoir to both their contemporaries and older friends and relatives with a series of four parties before they sail for abroad in Orsova on April 10. Brian and Barry will set the ball rolling with a Sunday morning party on April 1 for senior guests at the home of their mother, Mrs. James Thornton, of "Glenwood," Gladswood Gardens, Double Bay. Later that evening Brian and Barry will entertain their young friends. Jeff will follow the same pattern with a party for youthful guests on April 7, followed by another the next day to say farewell to his elders. The trio have mapped out a fabulous sightseeing-working tour. Jeff is an architect, Barry an engineer, and Brian a solicitor.

★ ★ ★

A FAMILY "heirloom" silver trowel will be used by Jann Melville to cut her wedding cake at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel after her marriage to young engineer John Kuner at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, on March 31. The trowel was presented to her late grandfather, Mr. F. A. B. Peters, when he laid the foundation stone for the first of his chain of ice-cream factories in 1911. Among guests Jann's stepfather and her mother, Mr. and Mrs. George Brooke, of Bellevue Hill, are hoping to receive at the reception are the bridegroom's uncle and aunt, Air-Marshal Sir Ronald Lees, R.A.F., and Lady Lees, who plan to fly from London for the wedding. John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kuner.

LEAVING St. Patrick's Church, Binalong, Mr. Ross Gibson, of Canberra, and his lovely bride, formerly Miss Narelle Garry, of "Mylora," Binalong. Pictured with the young couple are Monsignor William Cahill, who officiated at the ceremony, and bridesmaids Miss Mary Anne Meagher and Miss Gail Garry (at the back). The bride wore a beautiful gown of white alencon lace and the bridesmaids were frocked in a crushed strawberry satin-backed shantung.

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ROUNDABOUT

By Mary Coles

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, Darling Point, was the setting for the wedding of Mr. Richard Skipper, of "Dunley Vale," Guyra, to Miss Patricia Charlton. Their attendants were, from left, Mr. Jimmy Alker, Mr. Bill Skipper, Mr. Graham White, and bridesmaids Miss Jan McCarthy, Miss Margaret Chapman, and Miss Carolyn Helps. AT RIGHT: The bride pictured arriving at the church with her father, former world-famous champion swimmer, Mr. Andrew ("Boy") Charlton, of "Kilrea," Bora. A reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Charlton at Princes followed the ceremony.

'MY MY!" commented famous actor Mr. Edward Everett Horton when, with Mrs. Sydney Lennon (at left) and Mrs. M. A. Alldritt, he made a close-up inspection of model hats at a parade at Princes arranged by the Forget-me-Not Committee of the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children. Mr. Horton is starring in "Nina" at the Palace Theatre.

PRESIDENT of the Harlequin Committee, Miss Anne Morck (at left), greeting Mr. Terry Moloney and his fiancee, Miss Diane Langdale, at Masquerade Ball at The Quo Vadis arranged by the Committee to raise funds for the Royal Blind Society of New South Wales. Miss Morck had a wing-shaped mask.

FIRST-NIGHTERS. Mrs. Robin Bailey and her elder son, Nicholas, at the gala opening performance by the celebrated Danish humorist Victor Borge at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mrs. Bailey and her husband (Professor Higgins of "My Fair Lady") are returning to England with their sons in the Orsova on April 10.

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From page 11

A BALLERINA'S LIFE IS HARD WORK

THREE years ago that dream of having my "own" ballet came true when Frederick Ashton, the greatest living choreographer, suggested a subject for me.

It was the legend of the water-sprite "Ondine," which I loved immediately.

A choreographer works with the dancers while he is creating a ballet. The dancers try out the steps and sequences he has visualised.

And as he watches them he adds, discards, changes.

In this way a new role becomes a very personal thing to the dancer who has shared in its creation, because it is very largely designed to display her individual gifts.

"Ondine" is a completely modern ballet and I enjoy it more than any other.

On the night I danced the most hesitant, unsure performance of my career I was given the most moving ovation I have ever received.

It was the first time I had danced after five months' absence from the theatre.

I caught diphtheria, which was followed by a period of semi-paralysis.

I hate to miss daily practice even for one week; the longer one rests, the harder it is to regain suppleness.

After such an illness it was incredibly difficult to do even elementary steps.

I hadn't the strength to dance any major roles, so I chose to do a very easy and romantic ballet. I just managed to get through it.

There was no brilliance, no attack, no real command in my performance, yet for 12 minutes people clapped, cheered, and called me back to take 18 curtain calls.

I found myself crying. People were telling me how much they would have cared had I never danced again. I was greatly moved.

It remains the most rewarding moment of my career, one I always remember when young dancers ask my advice on entering the ballet.

I want to encourage them and at the same time say, "Don't do it."

My own life as a ballerina has brought me much happiness, but it has not been easy and I have seen many others suffer heartbreak.

The first big ballet entrusted to me was "Giselle" when I was only 17.

I was so terrified I might let everyone down that after rehearsals I went home to work alone in front of a mirror.

This incessant concentration brought rewards, wonderful ones. It also consumed the whole of my life.

Then I realised that my world had become the ballet company. My struggle for two ways of life began and this time I put dedication where it belongs in a woman's life, not first but a good second.

Soon after this I married, and it is only since my marriage that I have found complete happiness in my work and in my personal life.

So I would tell a young dancer that, though she should be prepared to give to ballet all the devotion of mind and energy it will demand, she should also understand there is a risk to human happiness in dedicating herself completely to something which can neither fill nor last a lifetime.

If she is wise she will make sure there is someone, and something, else in her life besides dancing.

A ballerina has a limited number of years in which she can dance. After that she may only have her dedicated spirit and her memories.

For most of us they are poor companions against loneliness for the rest of a woman's life.

● *The ballerina and her husband, Dr. Roberto Arias, the wealthy son of a former President of Panama. They married in 1955, when Dame Margot was 35.*

I never expected him to call me!

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A mother's story

Behind THE MAN'S SUCCESS stands THE WOMAN

(but she doesn't always get much thanks!)

● ***The old thought "Behind every successful man is a helpful woman" is very true. I'm one of those women, and I sometimes wish people would remember it!***

NOW that does sound self-opinionated, but I'm thinking not only of myself but also of those hundreds of wives and mothers who have husbands still attending university or technical college in the evenings.

My husband now has three professional degrees, and each time he mounted the platform to receive another roll of paper tied with blue ribbon (or whatever color it happened to be on that particular occasion) I felt that there should have been another one for me, on which could have been the words:

"For services rendered above and beyond the call of duty."

B—— and I were married quite young, and an important factor in making us decide to marry before he had completed his studies was his attitude to study and his home-life.

An interrupted school life had resulted in his failing some examinations, and now he was quite sure that only the utmost in concentration and determination would see him through.

Noisy teenage brothers and sisters were no help; neither were blaring wirelesses and radiograms; and the disapproving attitude of his parents at the time was: "A trade was good enough for your father and should be good enough for you."

Even I came in for criticism when my parents decided to spend money on three years' tertiary education for me, a mere girl.

Happily, the career my husband chose has now proved suited to his capabilities, and today his mother is very proud of her son.

After pushing my social life into second place while doing my own study, I found that again I had to stay home nights during our courtship, the worst time being when examination times ran into Christmas party-giving times.

Still, I didn't mind, as our future was being built and I knew B—— had to be helped, guided, and his confidence boosted.

When our family started arriving I settled down to domesticity. At least, I tried to take an interest in the usual things a mother was supposed to: mothers' clubs, women's sessions, baby ailments, and so on.

I tried never in mixed company to hold an intelligent conversation in which a knowledge of current affairs, politics, science, or literature could be shown.

For five years all I seemed to do was feed baby, feed toddler, feed myself, then at 9.30 three nights a week feed husband, after which baby appeared again to be fed.

Most conversation or discussion we had was done hurriedly over the breakfast table, as I couldn't talk at night while he was working.

After a day of conversation in baby language I had to exercise great restraint to stop myself from bursting into conversation, usually trivial, anyway, at night.

I tried to have the children bathed, dressed, and fed early on the nights when Daddy came home, so that they could be popped into bed early after tea and so give B—— a long peaceful evening in which to work.

[I know a man who is starting a five-year evening course this year and **his** wife allows the youngest two of their children to sleep until four o'clock in the afternoon, have dinner at night with the family at 7.15, and then go to bed at 9 o'clock, **after which husband can study.**

I feel that this man is going to have a long, uphill struggle ahead of him!

He had previously begun the same course before he was married, but his girl-friend, now his wife, didn't like being neglected.

The same attitude holds with quite a few young girls of today—and of yesterday.]

The time when our home was being built was another very disturbing period.

Some nights I could hardly contain my enthusiasm to discuss ideas I had dreamed up during the day, but mostly B—— was preoccupied when he did come home, and such points had to be discussed at more opportune moments, which, to me, seemed few and far between.

I know that women's conversation must seem very uninteresting to men with interesting jobs, but the new home was all-absorbing to me and a real outlet from "over-the-back-fence" type of conversation.

Imagine my frustrations when I had to observe the "Silence Is Golden" rule!

Books were always left all over the dining-room, from term-beginning to term-end; and what a job it was cleaning up and transporting them —still open, of course, at all important places—to a less conspicuous spot if I happened to have girl-friends in for lunch!

Just as trying was remembering to keep small hands off Daddy's books if and when I forgot to shut all doors.

Dusting was impossible. All cupboards and drawers were always overflowing with papers that "just might come in handy."

But the joy experienced when tidying up and throwing out the mess was indescribable, for it meant not only were the decks clear again but another year was finally and successfully finished.

Weekends, especially at examination time, had to be organised around B——.

I usually tried to visit my family or take the children to the beach or on a picnic so that my husband could work in the day instead of sitting up until his usual bedtime at one o'clock in the morning.

Often I attended social functions by myself, for at least I had a built-in baby-sitter, and my most frequent comment was, "If we ever turn up anywhere together everyone will faint."

Now he has finished, and how proud of him I am, for I know that if we had not persevered B—— would have gone through life dissatisfied, yet not knowing the reason why.

Our future is as secure as is possible these days, his confidence in his abilities shows not only in conversation with close friends and family but in his stance and appearance in all groups, for he has proved himself **to** himself.

Perhaps you might think I spoilt him in my attitude toward his study in the home; but a man with a job and study has enough to worry about without bothering with all the everyday worries of home and children.

In the back of his mind was always the fear of failing, with its consequent waste of time and money.

Yes, and he did fail once; another time his subjects and standards were altered during his course, so that students "lost" a year repeating some subjects.

Now when friends say how clever he is and how lucky I am I sometimes wish I could explain it wasn't luck that carried him through; it was hard work, sacrifice, and quite a lot of hope.

So now, hats off to wives with husbands doing evening courses.

All the sacrifice and patience will pay off with the successful passing of that final examination, and for a while you will probably hear your husband say—as B—— did when he finished—"What on earth am I going to do with all my spare time!"

"Feed toddler, baby, husband"

"Dusting was impossible"

"He hadn't time to talk to me"

● **The writer has supplied her name and address, but wishes to be anonymous.**

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GOLDRUSH CHEESE SHORTCAKE

CHEESE SHORTCAKE: *12 ozs. self-raising flour, 2 ozs. butter, 6 ozs. grated natural cheddar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper.*

Sift flour, salt and cayenne, then rub in butter with fingertips, stir in grated cheddar. Beat egg and milk together, add to flour mixture and mix to soft dough. Turn on to a floured board, knead slightly, divide dough in two and with palms of hands shape each portion into large scone shape about 7" across. Place on to baking slide. Glaze with milk and sprinkle with a little grated cheddar. Bake in hot oven 400°F. for approximately 20 minutes.

FILLING: *2 tablespoons butter, 3 level tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, ½ pint milk, 6 ounces grated natural cheddar, ½-¾ cup chopped gherkin, 1 10 oz. tin sweet corn kernels (or one small pack frozen corn kernels).*

Melt butter, add flour, salt and cayenne, stir till free from lumps. Remove from fire and gradually add milk. Return to stove, add cheese, well drained corn and gherkin. Stir till it thickens. Place one shortcake on hot dish, spoon over filling, top with second shortcake. Garnish plate with carrot slices, serve immediately.

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FATHER

"If there's anything at all you need, just call on me and I'll tell you where you can borrow it."

MOTHER

"Mum, will you hear these History dates while you make breakfast?"

It seems to me

By

SO it wasn't a monster. So it was only a "large marine animal."

Excuse the stubborn look on my face, but as far as I'm concerned a large marine animal IS a monster.

Its flesh, according to the report of the official party of scientists, was "not inconsistent with blubber."

What they meant was they thought it was probably a piece of whale.

Whether their cautious wording was due to scientific reserve or to a kind wish not to be spoilsports I don't know.

But what, when you think about it earnestly, is more monstrous than a whale?

★ ★ ★

READING about a rich American who likes to drive his family around his estate in an old English coach-and-four set me speculating on what I would do if very rich.

Usually my mind goes no farther than Paris dresses and a couple of racehorses. But after those, what?

I couldn't be bothered with a coach-and-four. I think I'd build a weekend house on several levels connected by escalators, not the sort that wrench your stiletto heels away but the modern type slightly hotted up.

An alternative downward method of communication between levels would be slippery-dips. There would be armchair swings in the outdoor living area. But no see-saws. Mustn't be eccentric, must we?

★ ★ ★

BUILT in Detroit, U.S.A., a school without windows.

The man behind the experiment, a Michigan University professor, thinks windows encourage day-dreaming.

The theory disregards the fact that children have to be taught to concentrate. And how can you teach concentration without distractions? There are few occupations which can be followed in cell-like quiet.

When I was a small girl in a bush township my notion of glamor was derived from the occasional visit of a circus.

The most glamorous creatures I had ever seen were three trapeze artists who wore pale blue spangled tights. Oh, to be a trapeze artist. I used to gaze at the rafters of the school, which lacked a ceiling, and picture myself (in blue spangles) swinging from beam to beam.

You don't need windows for day-dreaming.

★ ★ ★

FRIEND of mine, back from Melbourne, reports a solution to a worrying problem.

In Sydney stores when she helps herself to a carrier-bag from a rack and puts sixpence in the money-box she always wonders whether anyone would notice if she put in threepence or a button. (Who doesn't?)

In Melbourne the money-boxes are made of glass.

CHAIRMAN of the British National Society of Non-Smokers, Mr. Leslie Jerman, wants Sir Walter Raleigh's statue moved from its place in central London to Kew Gardens.

Blaming Sir Walter for the smoking habit—he brought tobacco to England 400 years ago—Mr. Jerman thinks he doesn't deserve such a conspicuous position.

I don't know whether there's a British Society for the Preservation of Good Manners, but there probably is. England has always provided fertile soil for such societies.

If there is, the good-manners people are bound to spring to Sir Walter's defence, because he is most remembered not as a tobacco importer but for throwing that cloak in the mud.

"Fellow members," an impassioned speaker might say, "Sir Walter not only displayed courtesy and loyalty to his Queen but he set an example which must be kept before the young men of today who, I regret to say, let young ladies slosh through the mud with never a second glance. And furthermore, he drew attention to the regettable state of the footpaths and roads, which, I might add, still leave much to be desired . . ."

Loud cheers and Sir Walter stays.

★ ★ ★

DEAR Edward Everett Horton! It is a pity that "Nina," the play in which he is starring in Sydney, is so thin.

He has always been one of my favorite comedians. He has the quality which I value above all in funny men—he makes me laugh as soon as he comes on stage or screen.

He doesn't have to say anything. I know that the way he says whatever he says will amuse me.

In a different field, George Wallace, sen., used to affect me in the same way.

"Nina" is described as a "sparkling French farce." It's set in Paris and the author is French. Horton plays a hypochondriac husband. Apart from his performance, the play has no sparkle. He shines likes a diamond in a dull setting.

★ ★ ★

MANY modern advertisements urge people to drink or eat more of staple products. In Britain the Indian Tea Bureau is directing its campaign to teenagers. In America the ads. plug tea as a sophisticated drink.

Drink more milk, eat extra eggs,
Apples, pears, and (goodness me)
Overseas the ad-man begs:
"Have another cup of tea."
Sirs, we'd like to help but, gosh,
Cups of tea? Another one?
Speaking frankly, I'm awash,
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HILDEGARDE

...Her clothes are a backdrop to her moods

"WHITE SATIN, covered with chiffon, oriental embroidery, and crystal beads. I bought this specially for Australia. It's young and gay — like spring. That's how I think of Australia," says Hildegarde. The dress was designed by Estevez of America.

"CHIFFON — so very feminine, so flowing. And in yellow I feel gay, like a butterfly." It's by Martha of America. "I learned the trick of wearing long gloves from the Royal family."

"SATIN embossed with velvet roses. I wear it with the fox stole and feel like a queen." It's by Curiel of Milan. Hildegarde has satin shoes to match each dress.

WHEN nightclub entertainer Hildegarde flew to Australia recently for a four weeks' season in Sydney, she brought 400lb. excess luggage—including ten hats and 17 evening gowns from such famous designers as Dior, Balenciaga, and Fontana.

Hildegarde, three times named one of the world's 10 best-dressed women, is shown here wearing three of her evening dresses.

Her clothes are a backdrop to her moods. "I feel miserable when something I'm wearing doesn't feel right," she says. "The color, the fabric, the line all help in creating pleasant moods."

Though the incredibly youthful-looking singer regards clothes as so important, she thinks the "face is the first thing people see, and it must look good, too."

She became famous as an entertainer before World War II, and her theme song, "Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup," written for her in 1934, is still a favorite.

Hildegarde (full name Hildegarde Loretta Sell) has many business interests. She owns several oil wells in America and has a personal staff of 10.

Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

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TOP TV SHOWS UNDER FIRE

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Bonanza" and "The Untouchables," two of Australia's favorite TV shows, have been attacked lately by famous Hollywood movie stars Frank Sinatra and Tony Curtis.

FRANK SINATRA was first in the field. He made an official complaint that he objected to Italians being portrayed as criminals in "The Untouchables."

Sinatra was born in Hoboken, New Jersey, U.S.A. His parents are Italian.

Right on top of Sinatra's objections came a strong voice from Las Vegas, centre of America's big gambling resorts.

The complaint came from a number of Las Vegas gambling - casino operators, who have banded together to lodge their objection with America's Federal Communications Commission.

They don't mind about the Italians; their complaint is that "The Untouchables" shows their fellow unionists cheating at the roulette wheels and card tables.

"Bonanza" came under fire from dimpled Tony Curtis, who made a public statement that he didn't like it or the acting in it.

Producer David Dortort, of "Bonanza," answered him publicly:

"I'm sure Lorne Green, Dan Blocker, Pernell Roberts, and Michael Landon do not require defending," Mr. Dortort said, "but the plain fact is they can all act rings round Mr. Curtis.

"They not only can act better but do so for international audiences to see and enjoy every week of the year."

All that the "Bonanza" Cartwrights offered against the criticism were those wide, happy grins for which they are famous. Mr. Curtis didn't grin, he retired, discomfited, in silence.

● Leah Andrew with Bob Dyer during her winning run two years ago on his "B.P. Pick-a-Box."

Mind-reader hit jackpot

FAMOUS mind-reader Al Koran, who appeared recently on Bert Newton's "Channel Nine Show," caused great excitement among the studio audience at GTV, Melbourne.

Among other things he told his subject, Leah Andrew, she had won a lottery or a lot of money somehow, and followed it with, "I see a man called Bob in your life."

The gasp from the audience echoed right round Australia.

Leah gasped, too. She was one of those non-professional TV stars who come and go on the big-money TV quizzes.

She was on TV from July 4, 1959, to September, 1960, when she appeared almost every week on the "B.P. Pick-a-Box Show" with Bob Dyer.

In that time Leah won £9250 worth of prizes, including £3250 in cash, a car, a trip to America for herself and her husband, and probably 9,000,000 friends who cheered her on week after week.

She appeared before the camera again when Melbourne's Channel 9 were looking for a nationally known personality as a subject for Koran's mind-reading act.

Mrs. Andrew is both shy and retiring, and has no hankering for the bright lights of show business and big money.

"No, I would not want to go on another big quiz," she told me when I talked to her after the show. "Being anonymous is very nice."

I asked her whether she had found added happiness from her big winnings. She was surprised.

"These things don't affect your happiness one way or the other," she said.

"They have made my home more comfortable and given me added security and leisure, but they haven't altered the contentment I feel or our way of life."

"Our" are Leah's husband, an industrial chemist, and her two little girls, Ruth, 8, and Helen, 5.

Housewives coping with the task of well-laundered business shirts and clean clothes for two active little schoolgirls will appreciate Leah's reply when I asked which of her prizes she liked best.

"The washing - machine," she said without hesitation. "I bless it every time I use it. You have no idea what a bore the laundry used to be before I won it.

"But what astonished me most, and I treasure most highly, is the affection I received from televiewers.

"They were so very nice about my appearances and my winnings. They were not envious. They would stop me in the street, introduce themselves, wish me luck, and go on their way. They just amazed me, I have never appreciated anything more."

Although the "man in her life called Bob" has practically disappeared from it, Mrs. Andrew remembers Bob Dyer and his wife, Dolly, in a special way.

"They are genuine and wonderful people," she said.

Swotting for quiz challenge

I MET George Black, another "B.P. Pick-a-Box" contestant, too, the other day.

Mr. Black, a P.M.G. executive when he's not before the camera, is swotting like mad for his big contest against the undefeated "Pick - a - Box" champion, Barry Jones, which starts on April 16.

He's using a special memory system, involving the use of facts and pictures, that he has worked out, and is learning 200 facts a week by it.

A colleague of Mr. Black told me that Black pits his knowledge against Frank Partridge, the current star of the quiz, every time he appears, and has done well.

"He's good," he said, talking of Mr. Black. "He's got confidence in himself in a very quiet way. He has no conceit at all."

Talking to Mr. Black later, I asked him what he thought his chances were against Barry Jones.

"It all depends how the questions come," he said. "Barry would leave me for dead on history, but if it's one of those speed tests with quick pressing of the button I think I would do quite well.

"Put it this way. I'd sooner meet Frank Partridge than Barry."

Mr. Black hasn't won as much as Barry Jones yet, but his quiz experience goes back to 1946 when he won £24 on a national radio quiz run by the War Loan.

He went on from there to Jack Davey and other radio quizzes and made more than £2000 from them.

His next excursion into the quiz field was on Channel 9's "Tic-Tac Dough," where he won £680, and then came his big chance with Bob Dyer.

He has won £11,500 in prizes and cash so far on "B.P. Pick-a-Box," still some thousands short of Barry Jones' grand total of £15,500 from the same show.

****

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****

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HISTORIC HOMESTEAD

Pictures by staff photographer Jonathan Evetts.

● *"Annandayle," century-old homestead belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Bowler, near Holbrook, was built by Samuel Bowler of granite blocks quarried on the property he bought in 1836.*

● *A giant pear tree, more than 100 years old, shades the courtyard at "Annandayle." In the foreground is a water-lily pond; at back, left, are golden and silver pheasants in a high-roofed aviary built round an old figtree. The seat was once the front gate.*

FOR more than 100 years there has been a Bowler at "Annandayle," a welcoming old homestead in the Holbrook district of N.S.W.

The present owner, Mr. Cyril Bowler, lives there with his wife and daughter, Elizabeth-Ann, 13.

The house was built by his great-grandfather, Cornishman Samuel Bowler, one of the first settlers in the district. When he bought the land from George Bardwell in 1836, it was known as the Ten-Mile Creek No. 2 Block of 50,000 acres. Today only 11,000 acres belong to "Annandayle," but five other members of the family have holdings on the rest of the acreage.

Seven rooms of the granite house are as good as the day they were built and form living-rooms and bedrooms. The present Bowler occupants have added extensions. A wide, creeper-framed verandah goes along most of the front.

Continued on page 23

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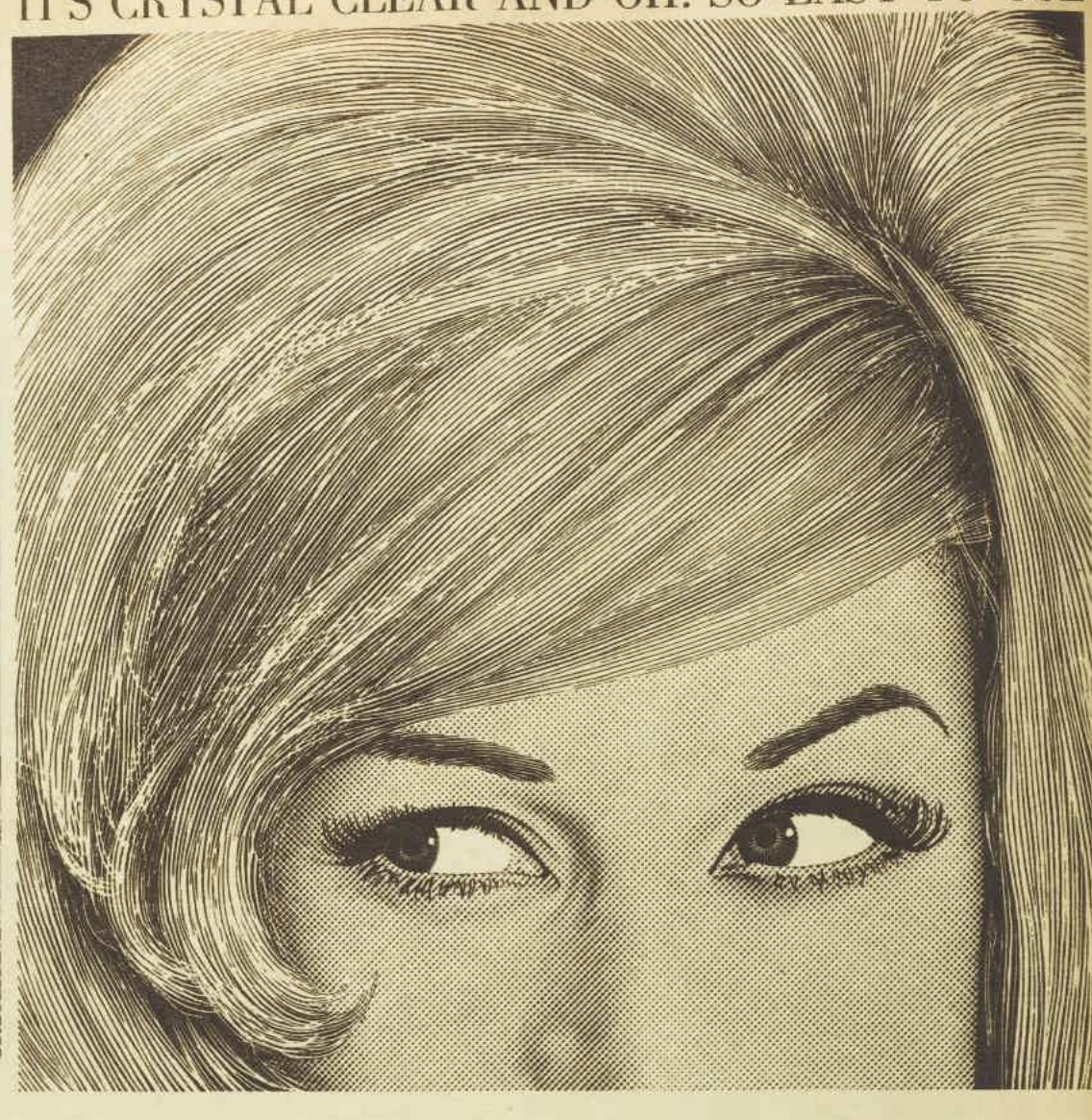

24 HOURS AGO...SHE WAS JUST ANOTHER MOUSE!

...then she gave herself a Spray-Tint. Today, she's all glitter and shine. Brand-new Bandbox Spray-Tint is the newest way of colour-lightening the hair. Just spray it on and comb it through.

WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A SPRAY-TINT? Spray-Tint keeps your hair at a pretty peak of colour, shampoo after shampoo – and it never rubs off. Try it! Then see your hair glow with new light and colour.

NOW, WITH THE MAGIC OF SPRAY-TINT SHE IS LOVELIER WITH LIGHTER COLOUR.

The SPRAY-TINT guide to the new lighter colours

YOUR HAIR COLOUR	SHADE TO USE	LOVELY SPRAY-TINT EFFECTS
BLONDE	LIGHT BLONDE	Gives lighter tone and sparkling glints
FAIR	HONEY BLONDE	For a soft blonde tone with shining silkiness
MOUSEY	GLOWING GOLD	Gives a lovely blonde glint with golden sheen
BROWN	SOFT BROWN GLINTS or BURNISHED BROWN	For a warm tone with highlighting effects • For greater lightness
DARK BROWN OR BLACK	SOFT BROWN GLINTS or CHESTNUT GLINTS	For beautiful, brilliant glints and sparkle • For greater contrast
AUBURN	AUBURN HIGHLIGHTS	Gives burnished tones, glowing highlights

bandbox

SPRAY TINT

REGD.

Clean because it's crystal clear, the easiest way to tint your hair.

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Continued from page 21

HISTORIC HOMESTEAD

● *View of the lovely garden at "Annandayle," looking toward the swimming-pool. Surrounded by shrubs and lawn, the pool is a favorite spot for local young people in summer.*

● *Handsome cedar sideboard dominates the dining-room. The sideboard was made in the 1860s by an old Scottish craftsman, who used to wander round the district working as a cabinetmaker. Doors lead from the dining-room to the shaded courtyard.*

● *Comfortable living-room has a landscape window overlooking the garden and the magnificent old pear tree, which still bears fruit. This is one of the seven rooms of the original homestead, to which Mr. Cyril Bowler has added extensions. Over the mantel is a leather-framed mirror brought to Australia by Samuel Bowler from Cornwall.*

Energy-packed EGG FLIPS

Take seconds to fix . . . quick to drink as a glass of milk. Ideal for late risers . . . nourishing as a sit-down breakfast. Active people (especially teenagers) need at least two eggs a day. Everyone will love egg flips . . . any way. Try them!

SUNRISE EGG FLIPS

MOCCA FLIP	SAVOURY FLIP
1 egg yolk	1 egg
sugar to taste	1 cup milk
coffee to taste	1 teaspoon
1 cup milk	tomato sauce
1 egg white	worcestershire sauce
beaten stiffly	salt to taste

Mocca Flip—Beat egg yolk, sugar, coffee and milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white, and serve.
Savoury Flip—Beat egg with sauce and seasonings. Beat in milk. Serve.

SUNRISE

eggs are good mixers!

EB180/62

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NEW HATS FOR NOW

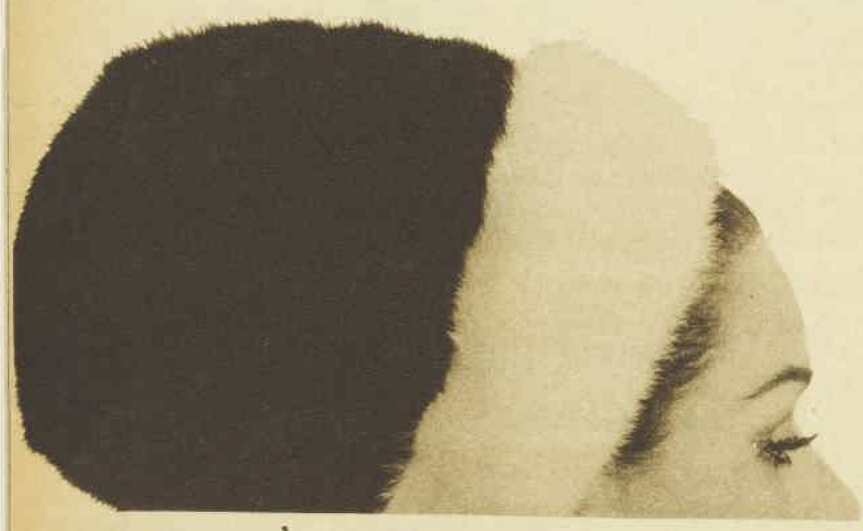
● Here is a selection of hats from the autumn - winter showing of the Australian Millinery Manufacturers' Association. Hat shapes are appealing, becoming, frequently off-the-face; colors are vivid and delicate.

DEEP off - the - face style (above left) is of stitched violet satin and white fur fabric. Beret style (above right) is glowing green melusine.

ELEGANT bonnet shape in bone velvet, pearl-sewn on the sides and deeply banded in Eastern mink.

CLOCHE design in pale green velvet and draped organza has a matching bow on the side.

PALE PINK ostrich-feather hat for a glamor occasion floats into delicious pony-tail at back.



"and then she said...

'We're moving to Blues Point Tower! We looked at the three-bedroom units yesterday and honestly, they're a dream. We made out a checklist of all the features we'd want and Blues Point Tower had them all!

You know, it's so near the city and everything, it's really modern, they've got a shopping centre downstairs, a huge parking lot . . . and the view—it's unbelievable! You can see the harbour for miles. There's a whole glass wall in the big lounge room and all the other rooms have views, too.'

Anyway, I decided to have a look for myself. We've been thinking of moving and now we've found the ideal. Blues Point Tower is simply marvellous!

Why don't you come with me to see Blues Point? Let's ring their office now and make an appointment."

* . . . and we'll be pleased to see you, too! Inspect the newly released 3-bedroom penthouse suites. We're open 9-5 every weekday and you can 'phone us at Blues Point Tower, 92 0358.

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FIVE VERSIONS OF THE LITTLE BLACK DRESS

● *Consider the wardrobe mileage and chic that's sewn into a little black dress. Here the dress is in georgette, velvet, fine wool, and wool-knit, and there's fashion bounty enough for round-the-clock wear in each and every silhouette.*

Right for right now, black is riding high in fashion favor, and there's a definite place for "a little black dress" in every woman's fashion planning.

● *Wool and ribbon-lace (right) shapes a smart black dress for those who like a covered-up look and dateless styling. Sizes 10 to 20. £12/19/11.*

● *Drifting dress of silk georgette in a style that's all things a dinner dress should be at its best — black, simple, perfect worn plain or bejewelled. Sizes 10 to 18. £12/19/11.*

● *Simple knitted dress with gently fitted bodice, lowered waist, and easy skirt comes in sizes 10 to 16. £8/19/11. (These fashions from David Jones Ltd.)*

● *Smooth velvet skims the waist, carries a single self-rose for adornment in this version. Sizes 10 to 18. £12/19/11.*

● *For you (right), if you're modern as tomorrow or delightfully 30-years-too-late, sleeveless black wool, fringed and arrow smooth. Sizes 10 to 16. £5/19/11.*

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Ideal Fruit Whip
1 cup Ideal evaporated Milk — chilled, 2 tablespoonsful sugar, 1 teaspoonful gelatine, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, ½ cup hot water, 1 small tin sliced peaches.
Method: Drain peaches free of syrup and set aside. Beat chilled Ideal Milk and lemon juice with sugar. Dissolve gelatine in hot water and add to mixture. Beat until creamy. Fold in peaches, and allow to set. Serve with chocolate sauce. Serves 4.

Ideal Milk is economical too! Chilled Ideal whips to 3 times its own size!

Ideal Jelly Foam
All you need: *1 cup boiling water, 1 packet jelly crystals, 1 cup Ideal Milk.*
Method: Leave Ideal Milk overnight in refrigerator. Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water, allow to cool but not to set firmly. Whip icy-cold Ideal Milk thick, blend in jelly mixture. Set in refrigerator. Makes 6 servings.

* * *

It's wonderful poured straight from the tin on to fruits and cereals, too. Ideal's the purest milk you can buy — it's recommended even for babies.

Ideal Dessert Topping
½ cup Ideal evaporated Milk — chilled, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, 2 tablespoonsful sugar.
Method: Beat chilled Ideal Milk and lemon juice with sugar. Beat till mixture is creamy. Use as topping for desserts.

THE BLUE AND WHITE STRIPES TELL YOU IDEAL IS MORE THAN TWICE AS RICH

3 creamy whips
made in seconds with
Ideal Milk
it whips in a jiffy... just like cream!

LOOK FOR THE RECIPE LEAFLETS AT YOUR STORE NOW

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AUTUMN-WINTER PATTERNS

● Here, and on the next two pages, is a special autumn-winter pattern section. The designs are all in tune with current fashions. One of the highlights of the section (on page 29) is pattern No. 7532, a Paris-inspired jacket-dress ensemble budget-priced at 4/9. Address mail orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Continued overleaf

7486.—New square shoulder-line is seen in the classic-cut two-piece suit (above left). Details to note — glitter buttons and chiffon scarf. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2⅞yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

7485.—Smart two-piece jumper-suit (left) is belted at the hipline with a self-material tie. The straight skirt is slender. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2⅞yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

7531.—Success interpretation (above) of the coat with a whirling skirt. The design has a single-breasted fastening and is finished with a small collar and wrist-length sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4¼yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

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Cashmere Bouquet

TALCUM POWDER

keeps you

fresher...

smoother..

daintier...

You'll love the feel of Cashmere Bouquet talcum powder —so soothing, so fresh and romantic. It drifts on to your skin, wraps you in a cloud of flower-scented fragrance that lasts day long. Cashmere Bouquet talc—the talc you will love to use every single day.

REGULAR SIZE 3/9 • MEDIUM SIZE 3/-

Here is an extra comfort hint

Cashmere Bouquet talc helps girdles, stockings and shoes slide on smoothly. So cooling, so fragrant and refreshing to hot, sticky skin.

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC KEEPS YOU FEELING LOVELY ALWAYS

THERE'S MORE FOR ALL THE FAMILY IN BRIGHT NEW

ONLY 1/-

Everybody's

Continuing . . .

AUTUMN-WINTER PATTERNS

TO ORDER: Address mail orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please write name and address in block letters and state clearly size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

7491. — Figure-moulding one-piece (right) has high-to-the-throat neckline and fitted midriff section. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

7489. — Jumper suit (above) in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: With short sleeves, 2yds. 54in. material; with three-quarter sleeves, 2¼yds. 54in. material, 2¾yds. braid. Price 4/6.

7488. — Neat-as-a-pin suit (above) is always an elegant fashion for any daytime occasion. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3⅛yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

7490. — Two views of that current twosome, sleeveless one-piece dress with a flirty skirt and shapely short-cut jacket. The jacket has a single-breasted fastening, three-quarter-length sleeves, and twin pockets. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

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THE NEW PLANNED LOOK

7532.— All-purpose Paris - inspired jacket - dress ensemble (left and right). Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

7529. — Slender-line coat to wear solo or with matching dress (far right). A new feature of the coat is the slit side seams. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

7530. — Shapely one-piece dress designed with a bow-tie belt and twin hip pockets. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material and ¼yd. 54in. contrast. Price 4/9.

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ON YOUR FEET A LOT?

Supp-hose

THE SHEER SUPPORT NYLON STOCKINGS THAT EASE TIRED LEGS!

Women everywhere are discovering blissful comfort with SUPP-HOSE — the only fashionable stockings that support your legs! Housewives, working women, mothers-to-be and those suffering from varicose veins have all found blissful relief from aching legs with SUPP-HOSE. They look and wash like any other sheer nylons — yet their gentle pressure gives wonderful support. Try them! **42/- PAIR**

*** ALL NYLON * 7 PROPORTIONED FITTINGS**
*** GUARANTEED 9 TIMES LONGER WEAR * 4 COLORS**

HH244

SUPP-HOSE by HILTON

Goddard's *Silver Dip*

BANISHES STAINS AND TARNISH *WITHOUT RUBBING!*

Go ahead and be downright **proud** of your gleaming Goddard's-dipped silver. No need to tell that those stubborn stains and tarnish went with no work at all—even between fork prongs and filigree. Good silver stays good forever with Goddard's Silver Dip. **7/9.**

GODDARD'S, *specialists in fine polishes for over 120 years.*

LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Craze for speed

MY little girl used to love reading and would go over and over her favorite stories. But now, with the introduction of speed-reading, her reading has become a nightmare to her. We have tears about going to school on the days the reading laboratory is to be used because she is one of the slowest readers in the class. Appreciation of the beauty of words or even of a good plot seems to take second place to speed. Reading is one of life's greatest relaxations, yet we are putting tension into it for our children.

£1/1/- to "Mother" (name supplied), Langwarrin, Vic.

Handyman at 22 months

AT 22 months of age our "pride and joy" is a past master in the art of anticipating one's requirements. The other day I mentioned "vaccing out" the house. In ten minutes the vacuum-cleaner was brought from the cupboard, fittings were laid out, and the cord was extended along the carpet to within three inches of the plug. He has been helping me like this for months!

£1/1/- to "Marie" (name supplied), Roma, Qld.

Expensive party custom

AFTER giving a children's party recently I found I was expected to send home cake, balloons, and sweets with the little guests for younger brothers and sisters. When I mentioned to several friends that I didn't think it necessary, they all agreed they disapproved of the practice but nevertheless conformed. What do other mothers think?

£1/1/- to "Stranger" (name supplied), Hornsby, N.S.W.

Sensible road courtesy

ON narrow highways Malayan drivers switch on their right-hand indicators as a warning to drivers following behind that it's not safe to pass. When it is safe, they wave you on by hand signal. This courtesy gesture could happily be emulated in Australia.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. O'Brien, Butterworth, Malaya.

The making of a delinquent

THE shop assistant watched as a little girl—she couldn't have been more than eight years old—popped a small toy into her bag. When the assistant asked to see inside her bag as she was leaving the store, the child said, "I owe you 2/-," and paid up. The man in charge of the store refused to reprove the child because he was "too busy" when told of the incident. Surely parents should be informed of such misdemeanors, although small, to give them the opportunity to correct a potential juvenile delinquent.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. D. M. Dawe, Elizabeth North, S.A.

Scary rhymes

I WOULDN'T worry, "Ducky" (Qld.), about nursery rhymes—such as "Humpty Dumpty," "Jack and Jill," "Three Blind Mice," and "Pussy's in the Well" — being too harsh and cruel for kiddies. Think of the millions of children who have heard them and survived!

£1/1/- to "Nana" (name supplied), Romsey, Vic.

* * *

NURSERY rhymes were written for adults. In Tudor England they were used as a means of spreading Royal scandal among the lower classes. Today they're used to introduce children to poetry—through the beauty of their rhythm.

£1/1/- to "In Defence" (name supplied), Bentleigh, Vic.

* * *

IT wasn't until my daughter cried when told certain nursery rhymes that I realised the frightening meaning they have for small minds. The thought of the poor dog having no bone from "Mother Hubbard's" cupboard instantly brought tears, so I added the dog had to wait only until the butcher called.

£1/1/- to "Mother Hubbard" (name supplied), Cairns, Qld.

* * *

AS he is very fond of cats, my four-year-old was particularly upset by "Pussy's in the Well." He often woke up crying after dreaming of the poor stranded puss.

£1/1/- to "Why-Jay-Bee" (name supplied), Goondiwindi, Qld.

* * *

INSTEAD of dwelling on the tragic aspect of nursery rhymes, these tales can be turned to good account in teaching the little ones pity and kindness to animals and thoughtfulness for others.

£1/1/- to "Mary Lou" (name supplied), Tarro, N.S.W.

* * *

MANY of the old jingles were written in honor or mockery of a certain occasion, and the only reason they're still with us today is because so many relatives can't be bothered to look—or don't know where to look —for better ones.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Vivian, St. Ives, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

OUT THEY GO

"*PLEASE* don't throw the mattress out, Dad!"

My son made this plea to me during the Council Clean-up Week. He was referring to an old inner-spring mattress that had been lying under the house.

Nobody took any interest in it before. But as soon as I said I was going to give it to the Council men the mattress became a cherished possession. Children turned somersaults on it on the lawn and said it was "beaut fun." My wife said: "They do like playing on it. Perhaps we shouldn't let it go."

Every Clean-up Week we have these arguments. People suddenly get sentimental over old bedsteads, clothes-horses, and birdcages.

I remember the emotional scenes when I put the living-room sofa, the one known as Emily, outside with the junk. It came on to rain and my wife said: "I can't bear seeing poor old Emily out there in the wet." Heavy as she was (the sofa, I mean), I had to drag her back on to the verandah.

This time I insisted on throwing out the mattress, also the old garbage-tin (we have a new one with fluted sides). I was prevented by family pressure from discarding a ruined rocking-horse, a seatless deckchair, and a rusty toy garage. All these things, they maintained, were worth keeping.

Yesterday a man came to deliver some cement. When he stowed it under the house he said: "Nice lot of stuff you've got here. Are you going to leave it out for Clean-up Week?"

I told him Clean-up Week was over and we were keeping these articles for sentimental reasons. He nodded understandingly.

"People hang on to their junk now," he said. "Few years ago it was different. I furnished my week-ender at Sunburn Beach with Clean-up Week stuff. I used to go round early in the ute before the Council coves came.

"I got some beautiful things — a fridge in going order, rocking-chair good as new, a piano-accordion, couple of sports coats. You don't see stuff like that now."

He was rather sad about it. He seemed to think people could live happily by taking in each other's junk.

Personally I don't like having broken beds and things round the place. I prefer to make a clean break with relics of the past and would get rid of more if I could.

One thing I found out this Clean-up Week. It is hard to get rid of old garbage-tins. The Clean-up men didn't take ours away—they thought it was still in use. The problem is, how to make an old garbage-tin look totally dilapidated. Next time I may have a go at it with the axe.

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CONCLUDING *Fanny and the Regent of Siam*

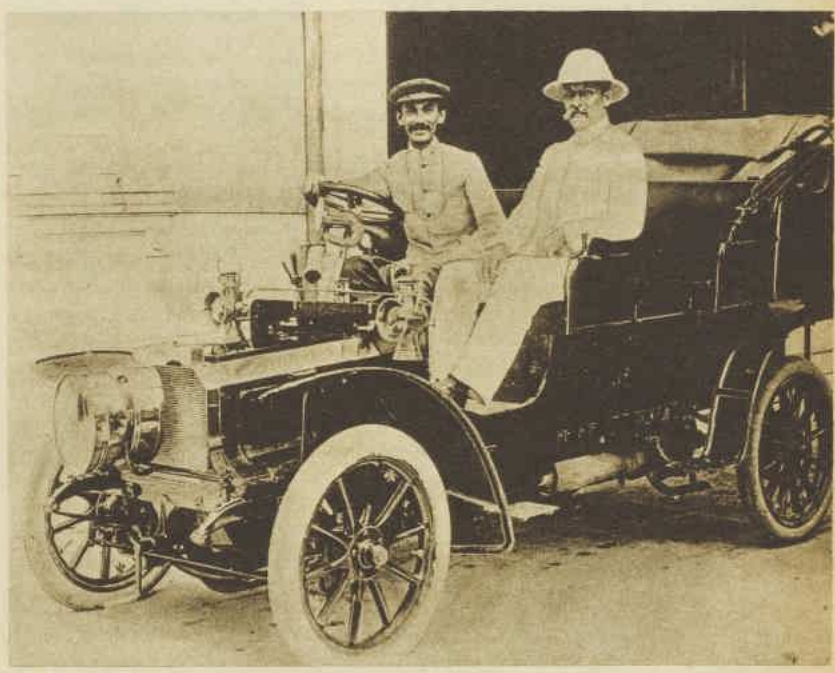
SHE LED AN "INVASION"

● *"I shall come back to Siam. I have a score to settle here. I owe it to Preecha that such a thing should never happen again."*

With these words, Fanny, daughter of the British Consul-General in Siam, farewelled her mother at the consulate on a morning in November, 1879, and left for London with her dead husband's two young children and her own baby boy.

Her husband, Phra (Baron) Preecha, had been beheaded after concocted charges were brought against him because his marriage offended the Regent of Siam. Now Fanny was taking the children out of harm's way.

The young widow had been under a fearful strain, but wasn't giving way to it. She wanted to see the Regent deposed, the law courts reformed. She wanted to urge English intervention in Siam, and her first step was to join her father, who had been recalled to London.



● *Louis, the son of Anna Leonowens, became a prosperous merchant. Here he sits beside his chauffeur in Bangkok. ABOVE: Fanny ("scarcely 5ft. tall"), who became the widowed Baroness Preecha.*

WHEN Fanny arrived in London she found that the Foreign Secretary had asked her father to resign. Old Thomas Knox was leaving the consular service with honor; he was, in fact, to be knighted; but the Foreign Office considered that, because of the dispute over his daughter, relations between Britain and Siam would best be served by his removal.

Fanny still didn't give up.

She engaged a nurse and governess for the children, saw her father settled for a rest-cure in the south of France (his wife was staying with their younger daughter in northern Siam), and then began to work out a new plan of action.

If England could not be persuaded to intervene in Siam, she decided, she would turn her attention to French Government circles.

This was the age of colonial conquest and spheres of influence. Near Siam, the French had already seized the little kingdoms of Annam, Cochin-China, and Cambodia.

Fanny was determined to induce the French to take over Siam. To do this she realised that she must go to Paris, but whom was she to see when she got there? She knew no one in the French Government. And she could hear her father's stern voice: "What! Ask the French to annex Siam? It would most seriously affect the interests of Great Britain. Siam is a valuable market. I am surprised at you, Fanny, for even entertaining such a thought."

Yet she felt it would be criminally callous to leave the Siamese people at the mercy of the cruel, arbitrary whims of the Regent.

There now began a remarkable new phase in her life.

ONE evening at the Biarritz casino Fanny met Madame Chalais, an ageing but still beautiful Frenchwoman. Until the death of her husband she had lived in Saigon. Then she had come to the south of France, where she had bought a large villa. Her one interest in life was her son Charles.

Not long after Fanny made friends with her, Charles arrived to visit his mother. Fanny had expected to see a slender, pampered mother's darling, but the young man was tall, burly, and extremely attractive.

He had fair hair, bright blue eyes, and a gaiety of spirit and a tendency to tease which attracted her.

His left arm hung in a sling, and Fanny learned later that it had been broken in a riot. For some months France had been greatly agitated by the Government's attempt to expel the religious orders. Hostile demonstrations had taken place in Lyons and Nimes, Marseilles and Toulouse, and Charles Chalais with his love of excitement had gone down to Lyons to join in the fray. He had made a lucky escape over the rooftops when chased by the police.

"I would not have thought that you were very religious," Fanny said with some surprise, when he told her of the incident.

"I am not. But I'm against interfering with the liberty of the priests. The decree is arbitrary, and therefore odious. I suppose I was born too late. I missed the Franco-Prussian War. It wasn't a good war. But—well, anything's better than these decrees and persecutions."

"Are you looking for a war?" she asked.

"No. Why? Have you got one up your sleeve?"

"Not exactly," Fanny replied. "But if you have any influence in the Quai d'Orsay you might tell them that France could have Siam for the asking."

A true narrative by R. J. MINNEY

Fanny told Charles the story of her marriage to Preecha. "The country has to be taken over," she concluded. "I want other women to be spared the anguish I've been through. I will not rest until I have achieved this."

Charles was moved and excited. To Fanny he seemed the only man who was prepared to take her seriously. He left for Paris soon afterwards, and returned to Biarritz shortly before Christmas. When they met she questioned him anxiously.

"I talked to one or two friends in the Quai d'Orsay about your plan," he replied. "They are not prepared to do anything." He laughed. "I'll tell you what," he went on, slipping his arm through hers. "Let's go out to Siam—just you and I—and conquer the country ourselves."

Fanny agreed that nothing would please her better, but pointed out that this plan wasn't a very practical one. However, they had endless discussions about the possibility of contriving some incident which would compel the French Government to take action in Siam, and Charles, who was by nature an adventurer and enjoyed plotting, found the topic fascinating.

FANNY herself arrived in Paris on March 12, 1881, and stayed at the Hotel Windsor, in the Rue de Rivoli.

It was six years since she had been there. Paris seemed to have changed very little. The Champs-Elysees was filled with elegant phaetons and landaus with high-stepping horses, in which women carried gay-colored parasols.

Charles called early on the evening of her arrival, bringing a young woman, Corinne, with him. She was dark, slight, and very striking. Her eyes were unusually wide apart. Above her pale face, her jet-black hair was piled high. Her manner was casual.

She was an artist's model, had posed for Degas when she was only thirteen, and was very proud of being the third girl from the left in one of his ballet pictures. She spent her days posing in one or other of the ateliers, and her evenings going with Charles from cafe to cafe so that she should be seen by artists and get more engagements.

They discussed how Fanny could obtain an interview with some important member of the French Government. Charles' contacts were not very promising. He moved in a world of artists, and not of politicians. Nevertheless, he did help to open one or two avenues of approach.

Charles Chalais was present one evening in a Parisian salon when Fanny brought an official to the point of saying: "Not only I but many French politicians are aware of the civilising mission we might have in respect of Siam and of the economic advantages that might accrue to us if we annexed the country, but we cannot march in without a pretext . . . There would need to be at least a frontier incident involving French nationals." He said this almost as a joke, but Charles noticed the intense concentration in Fanny's expression as she asked:

"What do you mean by a frontier incident?"

"Oh . . . the crossing of the Cambodian frontier by armed Siamese or the arrest of French nationals by the Siamese. After this, notes would be exchanged and even if there were an apology the Government could always pick holes in it and act." He spoke lightly and was startled by the emotion in Fanny's voice as she asked:

"But would France act?"

Briskly he replied: "I trust you are not considering instigating an incident, Baroness? Remember, you are not French, so we could do nothing about it."

"I realise that," Fanny answered. The reply did not put the official at ease; it seemed to contain a threat.

That evening, sitting in a cafe with Charles, Corinne, and a friend of his called Michel, who was a painter, Fanny said cautiously: "You know my plans. Well, I've come to the conclusion that no one will help us. So I must take action myself. Would you three come with me to the East if I decided to go?"

"Are you going to raise an army and march into Siam?" Charles inquired. He looked at Corinne, then at Michel, and said: "By God, I will! What about you, Michel? You could paint better pictures there than you've ever painted in your life before."

Michel was short and square; he had quick, jerky movements. When he dived into his pockets for cigarettes it was almost as though he were wrestling with himself. "It would cost a lot to get there," he said. "Otherwise I've no objection, for I would certainly be able to paint some really remarkable pictures . . . I could have the whole of the Petit Salon to myself when I came home."

Charles turned to Corinne, remarking in a lordly manner, "I'm taking you."

She raised her eyebrows and looked at him. "And what if I say I don't want to go?"

To page 49

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14 stars from the top 40

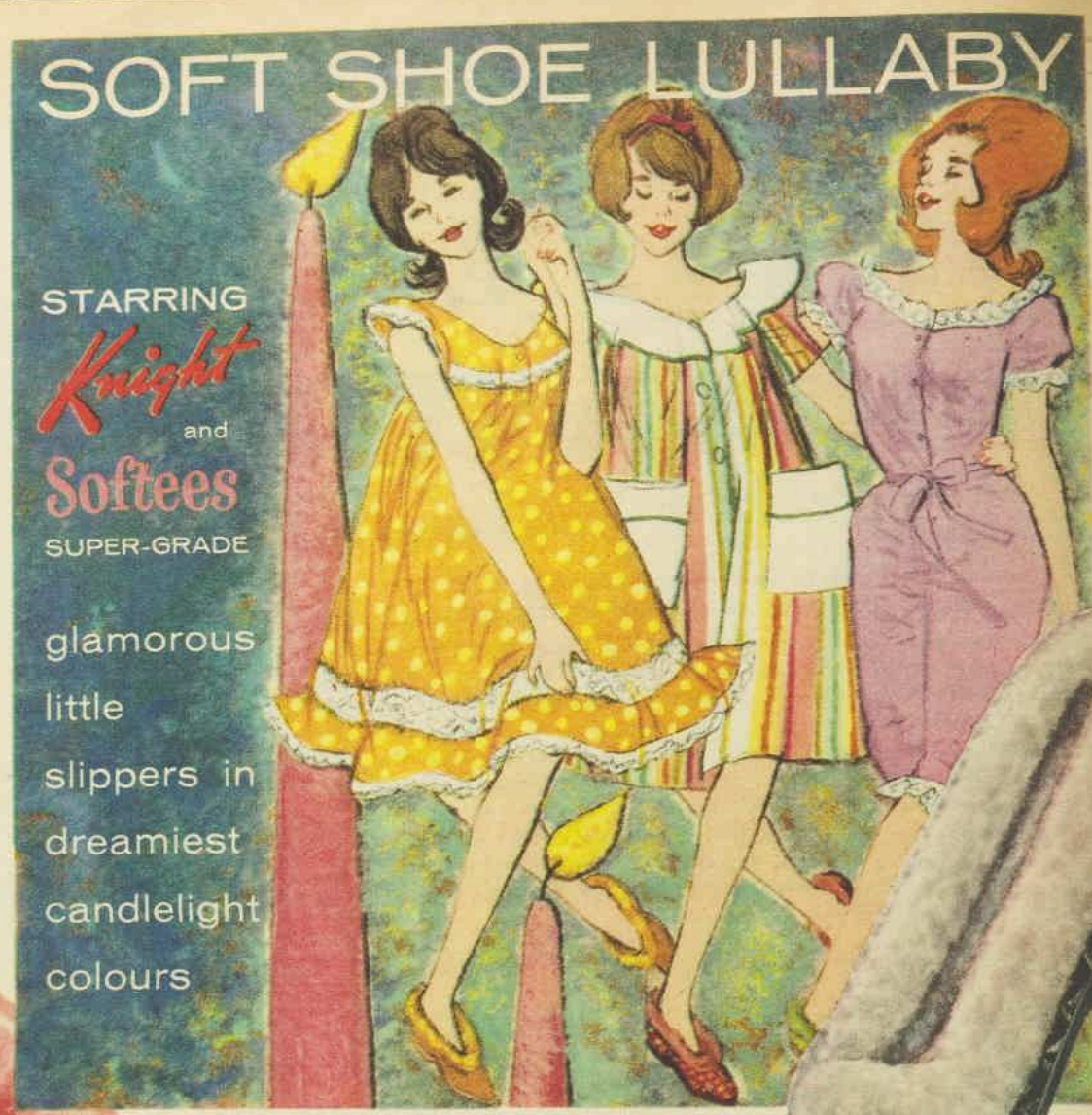
AUTUMN'S TOP 40 * SHOE FASHIONS *

HIT PARADE OF

SOFT SHOE LULLABY

STARRING **Knight** and **Softees** SUPER-GRADE

glamorous little slippers in dreamiest candlelight colours



Slippers...so soft, so glamorous...to fill cool evenings with the shimmer of brocade and shadows of velvet. Softly finished... flexibly light...to bring you a new world of slipper comfort

Knight, Style No. KM036 in crushed Velvet. Colours: Blue, Red, Pink and in many pastel shades.
19/11

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Worth Reporting.

WITH each thud preceded by much respectful bowing, body after body crashed to the canvas floor of the gymnasium.

A mixed class of judokas (a judoka is one who follows the art of judo) was practising at the Young Women's Christian Association, Sydney.

Present — on their feet, in orbit, or in heaps on the floor — were housewives, business girls, models, doctors, schoolgirls, and schoolboys.

"Why?" we asked a tori (one who executes the throw) as she sent a uke (one who submits to the throw) flying in an ogoshi (hip throw).

"It's a fabulous sport," said the tori, Judy Shepherd, 14, a pupil at Meriden School, Strathfield, N.S.W.

"Judo for housewives seemed a different way to relax," said the uke, housewife Mrs. Moore, of Coogee.

"It's marvellous self-defence for girls coming home late at night," agreed accountancy machinist Fay Brown and telephonist Pamela Gooley.

The judokas, young and old (one is 64), practise once, twice, or thrice a week, depending on keenness, to master self-defence or to go on from Yellow Belt through other colored belts to the highest degree of the Black Belt.

We watched teacher Marguerite Wilson separate the judokas into groups — Tachiwaza (throwing from standing positions) — and Osaekomiwaza (immobilisations, holding opponent on floor).

"Would you excuse me now?" she said. "We're practising to demonstrate Ju-nokata (forms of gentleness) to Lady De L'Isle."

HOUSEWIVES at judo . . . Watched by "Black Belt" teacher Miss Marguerite Wilson, Mrs. Beryl Coleman (Ramsgate) throws Mrs. Beryl Moore (Coogee) at Sydney Y.W.C.A.

★ ★ ★

WHAT thoughts does Gracie Fields have when she listens to some of her old records? "Only that when I made them I usually had to get up early to do it," she said.

HENRY FRANKLIN KELSEY, personal florist to Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, wife of the American President, is in Britain on a pot hunt.

He intends to spend three months in Britain looking for antique flower-pots for the White House in Washington.

On the subject of what to put in the pots, Mr. Kelsey, 35, said: "Mrs. Kennedy loves lily of the valley, freesias, and sweetheart roses."

And on Mrs. Kennedy: "She is like a white camellia."

Tumut's tints of autumn

AGAINST its famous backdrop of autumn-dressed trees, Tumut, N.S.W., will stage its "Festival of the Falling Leaf" for the eighth year in succession from April 28 to May 6.

Competing with a huge programme of festivities, the organisers tell us, will be: The pin oaks ("gleaming in tones of red"), elms ("rivalling the sunlight itself"), liquidambars ("in their glorious reds, yellows, and purples"), claret ash ("perfection in scarlet and crimson"), and 150ft.-high Lombardy poplars ("awe-inspiring in their golden beauty").

Sydney's Lord Mayor, Alderman H. Jensen, will open the festival, highlights of which will include a float competition, garden contest, R.A.A.F. exhibition, the Princess competition, chrysanthemum show, and trout fishing contest.

An art show, for which 200 entries are expected, is the curtain-raiser on April 27.

Busiest man in the N.S.W. Railways at present is Mr. W. J. Wilding, Senior Inspector, Passenger Transportation Section, who is organising a special train tour to Tumut.

YOUR BOOKSHELF

with Joyce Halstead

"Promise At Dawn"

Romain Gary (Michael Joseph), 31/-.

The central figure in this autobiography is the author's mother, a flamboyant character whose all-consuming ambition was for her son to be an Ambassador of France. That they were Russian refugees mattered little to her—her determination would move any mountains of officialdom. Deserted by her Jewish husband, Romain Gary's mother needed all her skill and energy to keep them both in a manner which she felt befitted them, and to educate Romain to take an exalted place.

Treading where angels feared to tread, ignoring snubs and barriers, she was an impossible woman with a big heart and an overwhelming love for her son. She lived to see him become an officer of the French Air Force, but died before he had fulfilled her greatest desire and entered the French diplomatic service and become a famous writer. Like all his work, the book has a delicacy and sensitivity which makes his a special story.

"The Fox In The Attic"

Richard Hughes (Chatto and Windus), 22/6.

Beginning in England just after World War I, the story moves to Germany and the first serious emergence of the Nazis and Adolf Hitler with their unsuccessful 1923 Munich rising. Augustine, the central figure, has been too young to fight in France, but his slightly older cousin having been killed he is now heir to a large country estate in Wales. After the war he visits German relatives in their baronial Bavarian castle.

Here he encounters the conflicts of post-war Germany—the baron is a monarchist, while his son, the young baron, secretly backs the new movement, which he, like so many of his generation, feels will be Germany's salvation. The author's deeper thoughts are fairly detached from the story; fact, gleaned from eyewitnesses, mingles strangely with fiction, not always closely enough knit to make this a truly satisfying novel. It is rather a moving and authentic record of Germany's first steps on the path to World War II destruction.

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Nothing resists the dictates of the heart . . . a short story

Love will find a way

By AUDRIE MANLEY-TUCKER

IT had rained, fitfully, all the morning, but the sun came out as Charles drove into Wimbury and parked his car outside The Bugle Hotel. He found a vacant window-table and ordered lunch indifferently; from where he sat he could see the bustle of the market, a tide of people flowing around the stalls. Because it was Easter Saturday, the crowds were thicker than usual, and a man was selling colored sugar eggs from a nearby stall.

His Easter gift to Annabel had always been a chocolate rabbit, he remembered; and he was no longer indifferent, with such fierce pain wrenching at him.

Back in town was the empty flat; when its door closed behind him, he would be alone until Tuesday, he reflected, unless he sought distractions he did not really want.

Ten miles ahead of him lay the village, tucked under a green shoulder of hillside, and he knew he had no need to go back to town that way; it would add a handful of miles to his journey, and it was futile to turn again toward yesterday, he reminded himself.

Automatically, his hands closed over the key he always carried in his pocket.

I wouldn't go into the house, he argued. I'd look at the garden, that's all. To see Annabel's flowers.

He came out of the hotel and stood hesitantly in the spring sunshine, not knowing what compulsion drove his thoughts so relentlessly toward the idea of returning to the cottage; or perhaps, he thought tiredly, the desire has lain at the back of my mind ever since I knew that I had to come to Wimbury on business today.

Abruptly he got into his car and drove toward the village.

The cottage lay half a mile beyond the village street and squat, grey-towered church. He pulled up outside the white-painted gate, feeling a sense of anti-climax. Curtains still hung at the windows, and the brass horseshoe that was a door-knocker shone brilliantly.

He supposed that Kate had arranged for someone to come from the village to clean and air the house, since she had returned to her family at Bristol. When they parted they had not come to a decision about selling, and his last letter to her, asking curtly whether she planned to return to it, had brought no reply.

He walked, reluctantly, toward the small plot of earth near the kitchen window, where Annabel's flowers grew—pale pink tulips and narcissi.

He had watched her plant them — a thin, brown girl, with an eager vivacity that was reminiscent of Kate.

"You always plant the same flowers!" he had teased.

"Because I like them." She could be curiously adult, sometimes, for a child, he had thought. "They look nice in church on Easter Sunday."

There had been nine Easter Sundays in his marriage to Kate, all of them following the same secure, familiar pattern. Colored eggs for breakfast, violets from him to Kate, the chocolate rabbit for Annabel; sitting beside Kate in church, smiling over the silly, frothy hats she always chose to wear for this first festival of the year.

He had hoarded every memory fiercely; and memory was suddenly touched with a longing for Kate. He had watched her packing her cases that January day and said incredulously:

"It can't end this way! Not after nine years—it isn't possible!"

"It's the only thing possible!" Her voice had been quite without emotion. "We've nothing left: too much has happened."

She had not mentioned Annabel during that last week together, Charles remembered despairingly; once when he had mentioned her name Kate had turned away, a frozen look on her face.

He looked down at the flowers; if I leave them here they will die, he thought; Annabel grew them to put in church on Easter Sunday.

Suddenly he stripped off his gloves, tossed them on the grass, and knelt to pick the flowers; he laid them on the car seat and drove toward the church.

To page 36

"Why did you bring me these violets?" Kate asked Charles.

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Continuing . . .

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY

from page 35

It was shadowy and cool inside the grey walls, beads of color scattered along the aisles from the sun that came through the stained-glass windows. The few women working on vases and bowls of flowers looked at him with mixed curiosity and pity.

"These are Annabel's flowers," he said gravely, holding them out. "Will you put them beneath the font, please?"

He turned and walked away quickly, head bent.

As he closed the lych-gate behind him he saw Grace Conway walking toward him; a tall, graceful woman with a smooth knot of blond hair.

"Charles!" She looked at him, grave and unsmiling. "The last person I expected to see here today! How is Kate?"

"I don't know; it's two months since I saw her."

"You both left the cottage so hurriedly. I wanted to talk to her."

"It wouldn't have been any use," he replied wearily.

"She blames me for what happened; perhaps if I had been Kate I should have felt as she did about losing Annabel. She wouldn't see me before she left, Charles," Grace told him unhappily.

She blamed us both, Charles thought; Grace, because she had asked me to drive her to Hazelbridge. It was an innocent enough request, with her car in the garage, and Hazelbridge only a couple of miles out of my way. And Kate blamed me also for taking Annabel.

"I would never have let her go!" Kate had stormed at him in a fury of tears. "Not with you and Grace Conway! If I had been here that afternoon, I'd have kept Annabel with me —and then Grace would have been beside you in the driving seat, not Annabel. The lorry would have killed *her!*"

He had been appalled at the twist her thoughts had taken and he had replied bitterly.

"Annabel was your world, wasn't she? Oh, I loved her, too — never forget that; but your love for her was all-absorbing."

"Why should you care how much Annabel meant to me? You had Grace!" she had retorted contemptuously.

"Never in the way you think; a friendship that would have included you if you had let it; one I might never have needed if there had been time for me in your life!"

CHARLES had sighed wearily. "I don't know where things first began to go awry, Kate; when Annabel was a baby she wasn't so all-important that no one else mattered; when she began to grow up, you saw yourself again and you became possessive over her."

"And I suppose I am possessive over you because I dislike your being friendly with Grace Conway?" she cried.

"You hold too tightly, Kate." He could remember clearly every word he had spoken on that last afternoon together in the bitter grey twilight of a winter afternoon.

"I give Grace a lift to town sometimes, we exchange books and borrow records, occasionally we lunch together because her office is around the corner from mine. She's a born career woman, I like her; she's stimulating company; it was never more than that — you know it, Kate. There was never anyone but you for me."

"How can I believe you?" She had turned away, a stranger, stiff and unyielding when his hand touched her shoulder. "How can I ever forget that if Grace hadn't wanted to be driven to Hazelbridge, Annabel would be alive today?"

"You know that isn't fair; it was an accident — the lorry skidded out from a side road; it could have happened to anyone. You must see that."

He came back to the present and an awareness of Grace's troubled eyes on him.

"Goodbye, Charles. I'm going north for a couple of months, to the firm's new branch. I wrote to Kate — maybe when I come back——" She shrugged, smiled, and left the sentence unfinished.

Charles was turning into the main London road when he remembered that he had left his gloves in the cottage garden; they had been a Christmas present from Kate, part of a happy memory, and he turned back the way he had come.

But when he reached the garden the gloves no longer lay on the grass where he had tossed them; he heard the kitchen door open behind him, and saw Kate standing there, a small accusing figure.

In her duffel coat and tweed skirt she looked no more than a schoolgirl; the dark hair was pushed back carelessly from her thin face; she could look so alive, so vivid, he thought — this person was a stranger, with cold, contained anger in her eyes.

She held out the gloves. "I suppose you came back for these?" she said.

"Thank you," he said formally, holding out his hand; and Kate had the curious feeling that he was master of the situation.

He has grown thinner, she thought, he looks tired; she had not expected to see him, and the finding of the gloves had been a greater shock than the stripped flower-bed.

"You had no right to take the flowers!" she said furiously.

"Why not?" His eyes travelled slowly over her from head to toe, and she colored, not knowing the rigid discipline that held him from putting his arms around her. "Annabel grew them for Easter Sunday; I took them to the church."

"Did you come here just to do that?" she asked slowly.

"Yes." His voice was curt. "Better than leaving the flowers to rot in the ground. I'd no idea you were back at the cottage, Kate. Are you staying?"

Her voice was as cool as his. "Yes. I came a couple of days ago; I've been down to the village, shopping."

"Why did you come back?" he asked.

She shrugged and asked indifferently:

"Are you coming in?"

"I may as well; there are some books I need."

It was a spur-of-the-moment excuse, an impulse he could no more explain than the one that had first brought him here; it covered a curious longing to walk through the familiar rooms, where once he and Kate and Annabel had been happy.

She held herself stiffly as he walked past her, to the room at the top of the stairs that had been his own particular retreat; he took half a dozen books he did not want from the shelves, standing there in the thin sunshine, knowing that there was no way of reaching Kate.

When he went back to the kitchen she was stacking the groceries she had bought.

Charles, watching her, thought that she moved slowly, almost clumsily, with none of her old, lithe grace.

SHE looked sharply over her shoulder at him. "Did you find what you wanted?"

"Yes." He fingered the books, looking at the straight back, the uncompromising set of her shoulders. "I'm glad you've come back here, Kate."

"Why?"

"Because it's still home, surely — as Bristol could never be?"

"It's a house; I felt stifled, living in a city again," she said flatly.

"What are you going to do—get a job?"

"I expect so." She hesitated. "Do you want the cottage yourself, Charles?"

"No." He spoke with quiet deliberation. "Not unless we share it together; try to rebuild what's left of yesterday."

She faced him, hostile because of the longing that threatened to overwhelm her; it would never work, she thought bitterly—I should remember Grace and Annabel; it would be the wound that never healed and Charles would always know it was there.

"We could never make a success of things, Charles!" she retorted, looking away to the bare patch of earth under the window. Charles' action in picking the flowers and taking them to the church had struck hard at her defences.

"We could try; but if you still blame me for Annabel's death, then it wouldn't be any use."

She folded her arms across her chest, looking down at him sombrely.

"Do you think that I lost Annabel because I loved her too much?" she asked.

"Not in the sense you mean; you're too intelligent for superstitious nonsense of that kind, Kate," he retorted.

She looked past him, not seeing him, and he was filled with angry, hopeless despair. If she made the smallest move in my direction, he thought, then I would walk all the way to meet her. But she is still wrapped in her own grief, her preoccupation with what has happened.

He picked up his gloves and said, "Goodbye, Kate."

Two miles beyond the village Charles stopped for petrol; restlessly, he got out of the car and lit a cigarette. Get back to London, away from the memories, begin to plan a future that doesn't hold Kate, he thought; knowing how near-impossible that would be, how foolish he had been to return to the cottage.

He had not expected to find her there, and seeing her again had roused a storm of longing in him.

When the old-fashioned maroon car pulled in behind his, Charles recognised it at once—but it was too late. Dr. Walters had seen him, and was already opening the door, his smile delighted.

To page 46

FROM THE BIBLE

● *"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts."*
(Authorised version.)

● *"Let Christ's peace be arbiter in your hearts."*
(New English Bible.)
— Colossians 3:15.

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Preface to love

This was the beginning, the declaration would come later . . . a short short story

By MARY JANE WALDO

For a moment Julie held the mother cat gently in her arms while it purred.

WHEN I got home, mission accomplished, Julie met me at the door with the kind of misery in her eyes that you are likely to feel at nine or ten and then, if you are lucky, perhaps never again.

"One died," she said. Her tone implied that if I had hurried, such a thing would not have happened.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said. "It's because they're so little."

"And nobody cares about them," said Julie.

"Well, I wouldn't say that," I said. "Your mother was up all night with the doll's nursing bottle. And you've done all you could."

"I mean their own mother didn't care about them," she said.

It is not mothers that Julie worries about; it is fathers. I guess it is easier sometimes to disguise your problem to yourself, so that you needn't be so fiercely identified with it.

"Any sign of Jezebel?" I asked. When we named our cat Jezebel we couldn't know how suitable the name would prove to be. How could we tell that the joys of first motherhood would pall so quickly, and that she would callously abandon her young and return to the streets?

"I hope we never find her," said Julie. "I hate her. Mean old cat, leaving her babies."

"You hate quite a lot of things," I said. "And besides, I found a substitute. Another mother cat, whose kittens were taken away from her. She has lots of milk. And if we're lucky, she may be willing to accept Jezebel's children as her own. So quit hating old Jezebel. All that hate will curdle your blood."

Julie regarded me with frank scepticism. She often regards me this way, especially since I married her mother. I can't say that I blame her. The thing is, Julie does not trust men. And especially she does not trust me, whom she considers an intruder.

"I'm not sure it will work," I admitted. "But we can try. I think I remember a couple of tricks."

My wife, Carol, looked in from the kitchen. "Need some help, Ned?" she asked.

"No, thanks," I told her, giving her the look that means "I think I'd better handle this one myself."

"Don't be too long," she said. "Dinner's nearly ready."

"We have to hurry or more of them will die," Julie said as soon as her mother had left.

"Yeah," I said. "Do you know where there's a clean, soft rag?"

She ran and got me an old pair of men's shorts. I have not lived in this house long enough to wear out my underwear, so they must have been her father's. Tony, old chap, I thought, you may turn out to be some slight use around here yet.

I took Julie outside with me and opened the station-waggon door and showed her the cat lying polite, patient, and resigned, waiting for whatever painful or curious thing human beings might have in store for her next. She trembled when I stroked her with the cloth, especially when I touched the swollen places where the milk was hurting her, but she wasn't hostile.

"Why are you doing that?" Julie asked. "Is she dirty?"

"No," I told her. "Just wait and you'll see." I rubbed the cloth over the cat a few more times and then Julie and I let ourselves into the garage, where the tiny orphans crawled blindly around their box, still hopeful, still searching. I picked up the kittens one by one and rubbed each in turn with the same cloth.

Julie's eyes opened wide. "Oooh," she said.

"Sometimes it works," I said.

"She'll think they're her very own kittens," said Julie.

"I hope so."

"But how can she be so stupid? They can't look like hers."

"Maybe she thinks any children at all are better than none," I said, proceeding with great care in this delicate area. "Maybe she just wants very, very much to take care of some babies, and planned it for a long time and prepared herself, and she's so full of love that she has to give it away. I've heard of cats who adopted little puppies, or even rabbits or squirrels they found in the woods."

Julie turned to me with the tight, closed expression I find so difficult to penetrate. Her voice came low and bitter. "I guess she could even like them better than her own kittens, because they're prettier or smarter. Or nicer."

"I don't believe mothers ever feel that way," I said.

"Maybe not mothers. But fathers do sometimes."

I felt like the man in the cartoons when a light bulb switches on in his head. Tony Chaise, the radio announcer who was once husband to my wife and father to my daughter, had married a woman with two little girls.

Dear heaven forgive us all, I prayed, for the wounds we have inflicted on this child.

"Fathers never feel that way," I said most positively. "They have enough love to go around for all the children who must share it. You can't always tell how parents feel by the way they act. Parents are only people. Having children doesn't always make them very smart. They don't do everything right, even when they're trying very hard. You have to be patient with them; you have to forgive them sometimes."

She would not look up at me, and I sensed that she was about to cry. I got to my feet hastily and fetched the substitute mama cat, hoping that this small miracle, at least, would work for Julie.

Before I put the cat gently into the box, Julie held her for a moment. Then she directed the kittens in their frantic search. The cat winced as they began to drink, but I held her, talking to her softly and stroking her head. She turned to sniff at the orange one, the black one, the spotted grey one, and then she got up. We held our breath—but she only wanted to change her position. She was suddenly very displeased with their untidiness, and seized them one by one to give them a rough, brisk washing, to which they objected loudly.

Julie laughed, and it was the prettiest sound I'd heard in weeks. "It's all right!" she said. "She's cleaning them. That means she loves them."

Julie was leaning against me where I crouched on the cement floor. Usually she holds herself stiff from any contact with me, but now she was actually leaning.

"I guess we should call up the dog pond and tell them how it came out," she said. She always says "dog pond"; it is the only childishness I have ever heard from her. I think she imagines all the animals swimming bravely around and around until someone comes to claim them.

"I didn't get this cat at the pound," I said.

"Where, then?" she asked.

"I just happened to think of somebody I know who gives newscasts on the radio," I said, and watched her little face close up again like a day lily at sunset because she knew I was talking about Tony. But I went on. "He said he would be very glad to make a request to help a little girl," I said. "And sure enough, about five minutes after the newscast he had three offers of suitable mother cats. He went and picked one up and brought it to me at the office."

"He could have brought it here himself," she said.

"Of course he could. He wanted to. But he's really quite a decent fellow. He wanted me to get the credit for it."

"He did?" she asked. "Why?"

I sat there, stroking the mother cat and not saying anything, and after quite a long while Julie said, "Oh."

She smiled at me shyly, and I saw that she was far from being ready for a declaration of love, though that would come in due time. We got to our feet and went hand in hand to the house, so as not to be late for dinner.

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ESCAPE FROM FEAR

A dramatic, tense short story by BRIAN CLEEVE

THE wind fingered the shutters, seemed to knock. Beside me in the dark I could hear Isabel catch her breath, almost hear the beating of her heart. I reached out my hand and touched her. She was lying rigid as stone.

"Isabel," I whispered, "what is it?" Although I knew.

"I can hear someone," she breathed. "Someone trying to get in."

"Only the wind." I put my arms round her, tried to warm her. "There's nothing to be afraid of — nothing."

"If only I could believe it," she whispered. "When you hold me close—" The shutters creaked again. Somewhere in the three-hundred-year-old inn a timber cracked sharply as the night chill touched its fibres. Isabel buried her face against my throat and sobbed with terror. I stroked her hair, pale gold in the darkness.

"It's nothing," I soothed her. "Nothing." Her heart beat against mine like a bird dying. And I lay staring at the shadowed beams of the ceiling, thinking for the seventh night in succession that I would give everything I possessed in the world for just ten minutes alone in a quiet place with Lieut. Mark Anthony Tarrant of the 12th Hussars and the Bloods' Club and Shepley Hall, Herefordshire. Just ten minutes — and then perhaps another five when he'd recovered.

It had been a mistake to bring Isabel here to the Inn of the Golden River, high up in the French Pyrenees —too quiet, too lonely, too old, too like Shepley Hall. But, then, when I'd been arranging the honeymoon I hadn't really known what Shepley Hall had been like, what Isabel's life there had been like. It was only in these last nights that I'd begun to understand.

Although even from the beginning, from the first time I saw her, I'd sensed that there was something wrong. It was at the Herons' party—a dozen or so men getting intense over a mixture of gin and politics, the usual ration of Chelsea girls with Bardot hairstyles, and two people looking hopelessly out of place.

I noticed the man first—big, with a face like raw beef and little hot blue eyes, a thick, already heavy body cunningly disguised in a very expensive tweed suit. He could have been a young country squire up in town to buy a new pair of guns and see the shows—not a bad type at all.

And I wondered for a moment why I felt a shiver of distaste for him—until I noticed his mouth. The lips were thin and small and yet bent into an exaggerated Cupid's bow—a little rosebud of a mouth in that great red expanse of face, like a worm in a rosy apple.

And then I saw the girl. He was standing beside her chair, half masking her from the room, as if he were guarding her. I saw a great sweep of impossibly fair hair, a pale, carved face that seemed in the shaded lighting almost transparent, like alabaster. She had long legs, with her feet drawn back to one side and the ankles crossed, exactly as the books of etiquette require. And suddenly every other girl in the room looked like a grubby, sprawling doll.

But they looked free, and this girl didn't. Not free —that was it. The man was standing too close to her, too much over her. And she was too tense, too rigid, as if she were praying under her breath that this would soon be over. I found John Heron and asked him who she was.

"A nice girl," he said vaguely. "Isabel Stewart."

"And the gruesome companion? Husband? Boyfriend?"

"Some kind of third cousin. Something military, I gather. I don't know why she brought him."

"Take him away from her," I murmured.

"You haven't a chance," he said. But a few minutes later I saw him lead the red-faced man away almost by main force and I'd drawn a stool beside her chair before anyone else could move in.

"Peter Chisholm," I said, and noticed that before she answered she glanced very swiftly over her shoulder, toward the doorway through which John Heron and her escort had disappeared. Only when she saw that he was really gone her tenseness relaxed a little, her mouth smiled.

"I'm Isabel Stewart," she said a little breathlessly, a little huskily. Within five minutes we were friends. And within another five I knew how to reach her on the phone.

I was just getting out my notebook to write the details down when a sudden movement of her head stopped me short. Her escort had come back. I got slowly to my feet, and he looked into my eyes without any attempt at pleasantness at all.

"This—this is Peter Chisholm, Mark," Isabel said, almost as if she were begging him for something. "Mr. —Mr. Chisholm, my cousin, Mark Tarrant."

"How do you do," he said, and then immediately, almost without a break between the words, "I think we should be moving, Isabel. We've been here long enough." She came to her feet instantly; and within what seemed a minute they were gone.

"You owe me a bottle of whisky," said John Heron at my elbow. "Ten such minutes I will not spend again. An ego like an armor-plated truck. I feel as if I'd been run over. Did you find out why she brought him along?"

"His father is her guardian."

"I didn't know," John said. "She's Mary's friend, really. They met at some hairdresser's. Keep me posted how you get on."

But within a few weeks the thing had gone beyond anything I'd discuss with John Heron. I loved her, and I thought she loved me. Although it was very difficult to tell what she was really feeling—always that tension in her like the strings of a violin. Only sometimes, when we'd meet for a late lunch in Soho or tea somewhere, she'd relax a little, smile, even laugh—until it was time to go; then the tension would come back.

"I'm supposed to be having my hair done," she'd say —or it'd be buying gloves or a dress. And with that strange suddenness of hers she'd be gone. I knew that she was unhappy, of course. But I couldn't understand why. And it was like prising pearls from oysters to get her to talk about herself. Books, yes, music, plays, me—but almost never her own life, except the first ten years of it. Then she lighted like a star at night.

"We lived on the island," she said. It was in the Caribbean—sugar and rum, and a sprawling Spanish house, servants who believed in voodoo, sunlight like a golden curtain all day long. And her parents coming back from Miami, or New York, or Paris, or Rio in a swirl of presents and excitement, turning the island upside down with guests and speedboat races and parties that went on till everyone had passed out. It didn't sound quite the life for a child, but when she spoke of it her face glowed from within.

"And then one time they didn't come back," she said, drawing her finger through a drop of spilled red wine. "It was a long time before I realised they were dead—in an air crash. I couldn't believe I'd never see them again, until my guardian—my father's cousin, Major Tarrant—came to take me to England."

She stopped, and when I tried to make her go on she remembered the time and fled. All our meetings were like that. I was only to ring her at certain times, when she would be by the phone. If anyone else answered, I was to pretend I'd got a wrong number. And whenever we met there was the same air of secrecy. Then one day I rebelled.

I lay now in the dark, Isabel's sleeping head against my shoulder, thinking of that day, a quarter of my mind still listening to the wind and the shutters. I realised suddenly that there was a difference in the sounds. There was a soft scraping, almost like a rat gnawing metal—or a man with a knife blade trying to force a catch.

Very gently I slid my arm from beneath Isabel's head, eased my feet to the floor. There was a scrape of metal on metal—a long pause. I stole across the room,

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Mark whispered to Isabel, "We must get to the car quickly!"

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Serve this golden good

CHEDDAR BREAKFAST

For each serving:—Lightly butter a piece of toast. Cover with slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and a slice of tomato. Arrange half a rasher of bacon on top and grill until cheese has melted and bacon is cooked.

For Supper . . .
Grill Cheddar on toast and sprinkle lightly with curry powder for a zesty treat. Serve cut into fingers.

For Lunch . . .
Toast a slice of bread until lightly browned. Butter toast and cover with a slice of pineapple, or any of the following suggestions. Top with slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and grill until cheese melts.

Grilled Cheddar Ideas for any time of the day . . .
Toast a slice of bread . . . butter it . . . and cover with any of the following foods . . . then top with slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese until the cheese melts: Canned fish; Baked beans; Asparagus; Sweetcorn; Spaghetti; Vegemite; Fried onion and tomato.

FROM THE KRAFT KITCHEN

KR220/R

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Mark pleaded with Linnet, "If only you would come with me to the dinner, I'd be the proudest man in Cornwall."

Castle Dor

Fourth instalment of our enchanting serial

By "Q" and DAPHNE DU MAURIER

HANDSOME young Breton sailor AMYOT TRESTANE left the employ of the cruel CAPTAIN FOUGEUREAU upon the advice of MONSIEUR LEDRU, a notary from France, who had come to stay at The Rose and Anchor, a Cornish inn run by MARK LEWARNE and his much younger wife, LINNET.

Monsieur Ledru had come to the locality to seek the facts behind the legend of Tristan and Iseult, and later had Amyot row him to the site of the old Castle Dor. That day Amyot was hurt when he stopped the Lewarnes' bolting carriage horses and DR. CARFAX, who found he had a mutual interest in the legend with the notary, sent him to be nursed by FARMER BOSANKO'S wife.

Some months later DEBORAH BRANGWYN, Linnet's maid, gave the notary a special nightcap, after which he died in his sleep. Meanwhile, Amyot had been working at the Bosanko farm and learning English from one of Dr. Carfax's patients, MR. TREGENTIL.

But MRS. BOSANKO, noticing a growing closeness between Amyot and Linnet, sees the Collector of Customs, MR. McPHAIL, about having Amyot sent back to sea. Late for his appointment, because he had met Linnet on the way, Amyot meets his old captain at the Customs House and knocks him down a flight of stairs.

Hiding from the police, he is found by MARY and JOHNNY BOSANKO, but before they can tell their parents Linnet meets them and persuades them to keep the secret.

Captain Fougeureau later dies as a result of the fight and Linnet has Deborah row her up the river to where Amyot is hiding. Just as they prepare to flee, Amyot hears Johnny call to him. The lad had fallen on his way with food for Amyot and been badly hurt. Although Amyot knows he will be caught if he stays, he determines to take the boy back to the farm against Linnet's wishes. NOW READ ON:

DR. CARFAX, returning from Bodmin Assizes in October with Mr. McPhail as fellow-passenger, had not proved himself a particularly lively companion. The Collector of Customs decided that the medical man was beginning to show his age, and if the somewhat testy manner in which he had given evidence during the hearing of the case against the young foreign seaman, Amyot Trestane, was anything to go by, he was getting short in temper, too.

Anyone would think that the doctor had taken it as a personal affront for the skipper of the Jolie Brise to have died as he had done, and so obliged him to certify the cause of death as cerebral hemorrhage due to a fall.

True, the doctor was only doing his duty by signing the death certificate, and he, McPhail, had reluctantly done the same as witness of the fight on the steps of his Customs Office, and of that fatal blow which was certainly unprovoked and, therefore, inexcusable by law.

But the whole business, from the post-mortem nearly three months ago and the preliminary hearing before the Magistrates, who had found that there was a case to answer and committed young Trestane to stand his trial for manslaughter at the next Assizes, seemed to have aged Dr. Carfax in a remarkable manner.

Amyot Trestane had been remanded in custody for the space of ten weeks, during which period he would, presumably, have ample time to reflect upon the grave consequences of losing his temper and causing the death of a fellow-countryman.

It said much for the discretion of the Police Inspector of Troy, and his young subordinate, that no word filtered back into the town of the inexplicable presence of the hostess of The Rose and Anchor in Lantyan woods on that morning they arrested Amyot Trestane. It was assumed that Mistress Lewarne and her maid, Deborah Brangwyn, had risen early with the idea of picking blackberries and their attention had been drawn to a child's cry in the woods. The fact that they stumbled upon the fugitive carrying the child to Lantyan was pure coincidence.

One thing was certain: the young seaman did not attempt to evade arrest. Indeed, by bearing the child home to its parents he deliberately walked into the arms of the law. It was this mitigating fact, insisted upon most warmly and

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A MEAL IN 29

● Busy women can entertain e
can be initially prepared the
an hour — 29 minutes for cook

Cheese with veal

MENU

Surprise Veal Steaks
Broccoli Potato Chips
Symphony Salad
Ice-cream

SURPRISE VEAL STEAKS

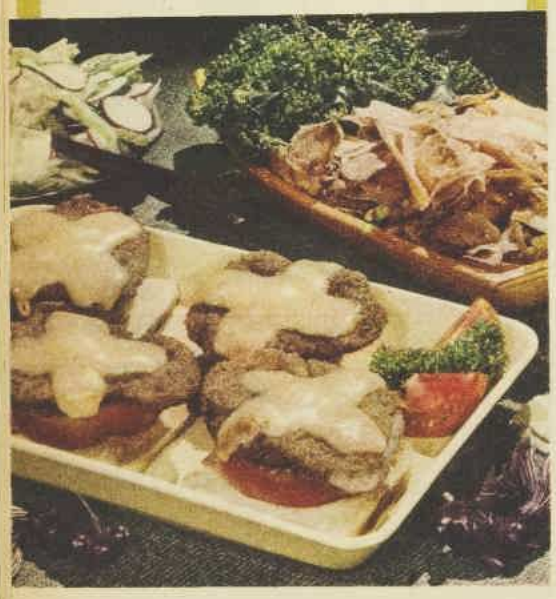
Six veal fillets, seasoned flour, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons fat or oil, 6 slices bread, 2 tomatoes (thickly sliced), 6oz. mozzarella cheese, tomato wedges, and parsley to garnish.

Pound veal until flattened with a mallet or rolling-pin and coat with seasoned flour. Dip in mixture of beaten egg and milk and toss in breadcrumbs. Press on well with a spatula. Heat fat or oil in a pan and fry veal until golden-brown and tender. Meanwhile, toast bread slices and grill tomato slices. Place toast on serving-dish, top with tomato slice and then veal steak. Place slice of cheese on top of each and lightly grill to slightly melt cheese. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley. Serve accompanied by broccoli and potato chips.

SYMPHONY SALAD

One lettuce, 2 sticks celery (cut diagonally), 1 cucumber (leave skin on and cut into thin slices), 4 small radishes (cut into slices), 1 small green pepper (sliced).

Place vegetables in refrigerator to crisp and chill. Break lettuce leaves under running water and place on serving-dish. Arrange celery, cucumber, radish, and green pepper slices attractively on lettuce and serve well chilled.



Pork: Hawaiian-style

MENU

Lentil Puree
Hawaiian Pork Bake
Tossed Salad

HAWAIIAN PORK BAKE

Two pounds pork steak, seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons fat or oil, 1 large tin pineapple chunks, ½ cup brown sugar, salt, pepper, 12 small baked new potatoes.

Cut pork into serving-size pieces and coat with seasoned flour. Brown in hot fat or oil in frying-pan. Drain syrup from pineapple, add brown sugar, and stir until dissolved; season with salt and pepper. Arrange pork in a greased ovenproof dish, place potatoes around the edge, and decorate with pineapple chunks. Pour over pineapple mixture and bake in a hot oven about 20 minutes or until pork is cooked through. Serve hot.

TOSSED SALAD

One lettuce, 2 tomatoes (cut into wedges), 3 stalks celery (cut diagonally into pieces), 4 shallots (chopped, using green section as well), salt, freshly ground black pepper, ½ cup salad oil, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 clove garlic (crushed).

Break lettuce into pieces and place in a bowl with tomato wedges, celery, and shallots. Just before serving combine oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and garlic in a screw-top jar. Shake well. Pour over salad and toss lightly until all ingredients are coated.

A chicken dish

MENU

Orange Juice
Chicken Macaulay
Alpine Salad
Dessert Cake Coffee

CHICKEN MACAULAY

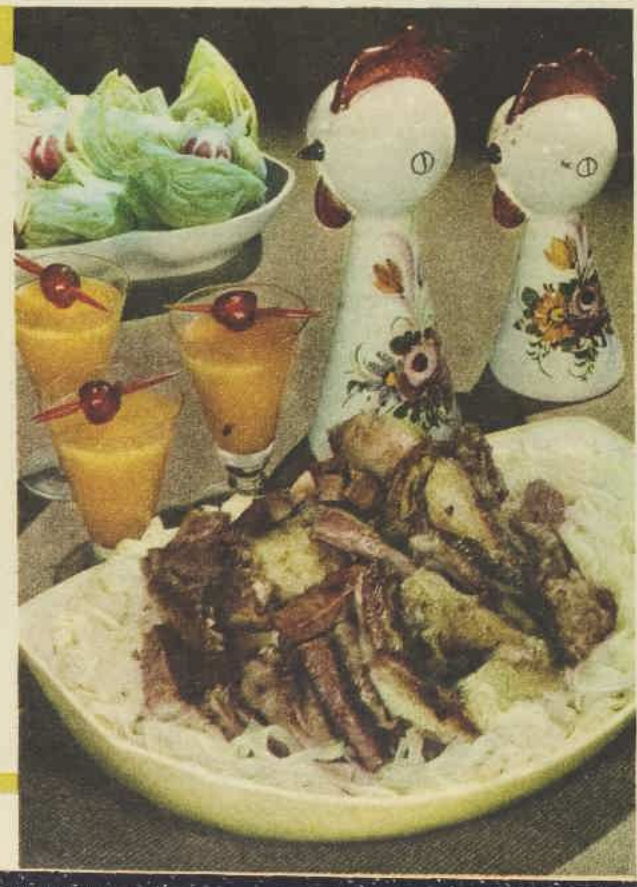
One barbecued or ready-cooked chicken, seasoned flour, fat or oil for frying, ½lb. ham luncheon sausage (cut in one piece), 2 cups chicken stock (or use 2 cups water combined with 2 chicken bouillon cubes), 2 tablespoons cornflour, hot cooked noodles.

Cut chicken into service-size pieces and, if not a barbecued chicken, coat with seasoned flour and fry until golden-brown in heated fat or oil. Cut ham sausage into finger-lengths and saute lightly in the fat or oil. Pile chicken and ham on to a bed of hot cooked noodles and pour over glaze made by heating chicken stock and thickening slightly with cornflour which has been blended with a little water. Serve piping-hot.

ALPINE SALAD

Two small lettuce hearts, 1 jar Danish blue cheese spread, 6 radish roses.

Chill lettuce, cut into wedges, and pile on to chilled serving-dish. Spoon over cheese spread and decorate with radish roses.



MENU

Hakone Braise
Snow-capped Onions
Cantaloup Special

HAKONE BRAISE

Lamb's fry (2), salted water, seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons fat or oil, 2 cups stock, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 dessertspoon sesame seeds, ½lb. bacon, snipped parsley.

Soak lamb's fry in cold salted water 5 minutes; drain, remove skin, and cut into pieces. Coat with seasoned flour. Heat fat

All spoon measurements are level an

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

April 4, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

GINO CUNICO WITH SISTER NITA

—see pages 6, 7

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Girls should keep their place

I AM 18 and can't understand the female mind. Why are women always striving for equality with men?

Don't they realise that by giving up their seat in the bus men are placing women higher than themselves? They don't tell off-color jokes in front of women because they respect them.

When women have attained equality with men they will have come a step down. — *"Admiring Male," Berala, N.S.W.*

"After all . . ."

"AFTER all I've done for you" — how I hate that phrase! When I marry and my children are teenagers, they can be sure I will never drum that into them. To be continually reminded of their debt to their parents provokes anything but gratitude in children. — *"Teenager," Devonport, Tas.*

Letter from U.S.A.

RECENTLY I received many copies of Teenagers' Weekly from a pen-pal in Adelaide, and I found them very interesting.

I am crazy over clothes. You Aussie teens sure do wear nice clothes. The beach fashions almost made me drool!

As I am writing this letter it is a typical February day. The sun is shining but the wind is blowing the snow helter-skelter. Probably you'll faint when I tell you this, but on February 1 and 2 the temperature dropped to 55 degrees below zero!

It's rather uncomfortable going to school each morning when it's so cold. I don't mind it too much because I ride on a bus, but the kids who walk really have to bundle up! I am a sophomore (grade 10) at Anson Academy. It's a small high school, but it's really terrific. I've only got two more years of high school to go, then I plan to go on to college and study journalism or teaching as a career.

I imagine you are enjoying your autumn and going to the beaches. It must be nice to be able to go swimming all year round. In Maine we can go swimming in the months of June, July, August, and for a while in September.

This is just a letter to let you know I think you Australian teens are great, and so is your country. Do you feel the same way about the United States? I sure hope so. — *Jean McLean, North Anson, Maine, U.S.A.*

Visitor impressed

A VISITING Californian schoolteacher, Miss Shipway, has praised our Australian schoolchildren for their respect for their teachers, their courtesy, and the neatness of their uniforms.

In Sydney she was pleasantly surprised when schoolchildren in buses offered her their seats.

She also remarked that our 15-year-olds know as much academically as the average American 17-year-old! — *R. Lynne, South Perth.*

Book covers

HERE is a handy hint for covering those new school books so that they look fresh right through the year.

Firstly, cover with brown paper and then paint over with varnish. Leave for a day and then give a second coating.

By using varnish you keep the brown paper from rubbing and becoming rough along the edges, and the books retain their "new" appearance right through the year. — *"Teen," Colonel Light Gardens, S.A.*

Quotable quote

"YOU watch the fellow who drives ahead,
And the fellow who drives behind,
You watch to the right, you watch to the left,
You drive with a calm, clear mind.
But the fellow you really have to watch
On the highway you will find,
Is the fellow behind the fellow ahead,
And ahead of the fellow behind."—*Joan Thurecht, Hyde Park, Townsville, Qld.*

Catching men

LANDING that special man has been a girl's particular problem ever since the world began.

In "Ancient Legends of Ireland," I came across information on taming horses, making yourself invisible, curing any disease from St. Anthony's fire to the chin cough, and how to catch your man.

For instance, you might like to dry ten leaves of hemlock (not the poisonous kind), powder them, and mix them in food or drink. "This will make the one you love to love you in return."

A simpler method is to "keep a sprig of mint in your hand till the herb grows moist and warm, then take hold of the hand of the one you love and he will follow you as long as the two hands close over the herb." No invocation is necessary; but silence must be kept between the two parties for ten minutes to give the charm time to work with "due efficacy."

Another "charm of God that none can break" is this invocation to be repeated three times secretly over a drink given to the one beloved: "You for me, and I for thee and for none else; your face to mine, and your head turned away from all others."

These love potions were the most frequent resort of the country colleens of Ancient Ireland, even though it was considered an "awful act" and "full of danger." The powerful herbal remedies were generally prepared by an old woman, but had to be administered by the one who wished to inspire the "tender passion." — *Elizabeth James, University of Sydney.*

BEATNIK

"He refuses to go away. Either I'm irresistible or he thinks he is."

Next week

SOON it will be time to give Easter eggs, so see our fascinating feature on how to make your own —from real hen eggs. It's really fun. On our cover will be a dreamy party dress, for which a pattern is available from Candy Hardy & there's an article on how to tell which of your friends are about to announce their engagement. [redacted]

Girls
PLAN FOR BEAUTY
Complete Home
DIPLOMA COURSE
Beauty, Poise, Deportment, etc., plus Complete MODEL Training
The same Course as given at our 14 Victorian schools
Free Brochure from
Jocelyn Trevor
International Model Academy, 2 Queen's Rd., Melbourne.

How to win against acne

● For six years I lived with a gigantic inferiority complex, all because of that common teenage complaint acne.

I SUFFERED agonies of shyness and embarrassment, though a bad skin is no excuse to feel either. If my skin was very bad I dreaded leaving the house. All I wanted to do was hide.

I developed the habit of turning my face away if someone was talking to me; this became so bad that I automatically looked away when I passed someone in the street.

Make-up seemed to make my skin look worse. A remark by anyone about my face, or a glance in the mirror, was enough to reduce me to tears.

My mother tried hard to help me, but I wouldn't talk about it. She told me again and again that my skin was not as bad as I thought, but I wouldn't listen.

One day, when I had just turned 17, I pulled myself up. I told myself I couldn't spend the rest of my life in this frame of mind.

For the first time I opened up the subject of "my skin." I asked my mother what I should do. I think this was the winning of half the battle, for, instead of feeling outrageously sorry for myself, I had decided to do something.

My mother encouraged me to go to a skin specialist—something I should have done years before but had repeatedly put off.

So I went, and I must admit I felt very embarrassed and had one of my worst cases of shyness.

The doctor was wonderful. He said acne was curable—something I had doubted—and pointed out that the excess of oil in the skin clogged the pores, causing irritation, hence acne.

So my job was to reduce the intake of fat and dry out the skin.

Four basic rules

First I had to understand that the way to a clear skin is a long one—taking from seven to twelve months. I had to be prepared for a few setbacks and would need tremendous patience.

I was to follow four basic rules:

1. Do not worry about your skin—or anything else. Worry causes a worse skin.

2. Leave the skin well alone. Squeezing it stimulates the pores, causing the condition to grow worse and the skin to scar.

3. No fatty foods or chocolate.

4. Scrub the skin thoroughly at least twice a day with a coarse cloth, using a household soap.

The doctor stressed washing—and warned that if I didn't keep up the four steps I could not expect good results. He said that the best make-up was loose powder. But the glow of a clean skin does not necessitate this.

I gritted my teeth, and as I walked out of the office, several inches taller, looking straight ahead, I mentally prepared for battle.

Now, eight months later, I have a near-perfect skin. Sometimes I feel I could hurl soap and washer out of the nearest window, and the urge to eat fried foods and cream buns has overcome me more than once, but with disastrous results.

But the loss of that inferiority complex, replaced by a bright new outlook on life, has been worth it all.—*Celia Dobinson, Lane Cove, N.S.W.*

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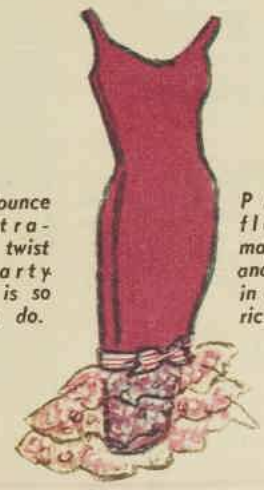
GIVE A TWIST TO YOUR NEXT PARTY

● *New and catchy theme for autumn-into-winter parties is the Twist—and what better way to keep warm when the nights are chilly? Here are some easy ways to give a new twist to that simple old dress—turning it into a party eye-catcher. And overleaf you'll find some exciting, easy-to-make party recipes—all with a Twist theme.*

RIBBON style requires 18-20yds. 2in. petersham ribbon, which can match your dress, contrast, or be multicolored. Beginning just underneath bust, tack lengths of ribbon, long enough to reach hem, on to the dress. Overlap each length of ribbon about ¼in. over the following one. Oversew or fringe each ribbon at hem edge. Now, tack extra ribbon over rough edges under bustline. Finish with a small bow in front. If you're short, match or tone this ribbon band—contrast ribbon will make you look shorter.

FRINGE dress requires 20-22yds. 3in. silk fringe. Don't use wool fringe—it won't jiggle. Fringe must overlap, so pin lines 2in. apart evenly round dress, starting from neckline and down to hem. Tack fringe firmly along pin lines. Where fringe joins, overlap at least 1in. Vary position of joins so they aren't all in the same line. For a more economical version just have six rows of fringe beginning at hemline and working upwards. Always sew fringe from hem up, then ends won't tangle. Fringe should match dress.

—or what about a flounce?



TIERED flounce is an ultra-feminine twist for a party frock and is so simple to do.

PLEATED flounce can match your dress and can be made in a billowy fabric like organza.

FLARED flounce is made from four pieces of material and finished off with a ribbon band.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING FLOUNCES OVERLEAF

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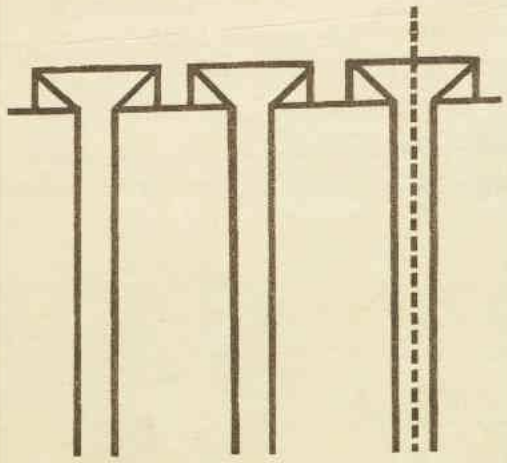
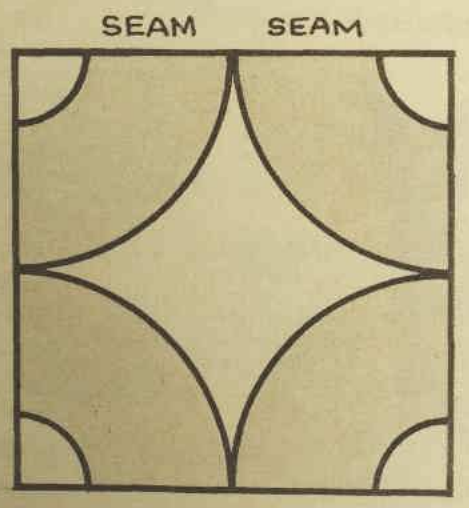
HOW TO MAKE DRESS FLOUNCES



Pleated: The flounce should be about 15in. long, plus 3in. for hem and top seam edge. Make flounce three times thighline circumference of dress (to allow for pleating). Thighline would measure roughly 36in. and, if so, flounce will require 1¼yds. 36in. material. Cut material into three 18in. lengths, machine pieces together at selvedge (18in.) seams. Turn up 2½in. hem. Pleat into box pleats. Tack pleats into place lengthways, press into place so pleats have a knife edge. Remove pleat tacking. Tack flounce on to dress, 15in. above hem. Cover rough edge at thighline with a matching or contrast band and finish with a flat bow at one side.

Flared: Requires 1yd. 36in. material. Cut four pieces from fabric as shown on diagram below. Machine 12in. seams together and allow flounce to drop for at least 48 hours. Pin each seam of flounce on to dress — one at each side seam, one each at centre front and back. Gather top edge slightly if necessary to fit flounce on, then tack firmly into place with top edge of flounce 11½in. from dress hem. Level off flounce hem, then whip ½in. hem by hand or on machine. Cover rough edge with band and finish with bow.

Tiered: Use diagram below as your guide. This flounce is very pretty but more expensive than flared or pleated flounce. It is made in four varying lengths and requires 3yds. 36in. material. Flounce seam edges would measure 12in. (see diagram), then 9in., 6in., and 3in. Finish with band and bow as for other flounces.



● FROM PAGE 3

YOUR TWIST PARTY

Put your food in the mood

● Your Twist party can have appropriate clothes and music — why not food in the mood? Here are some special easy-to-make recipes:

Twisted Peel Punch

YOU'LL NEED: Eight teaspoons tea, 3 cups sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 2 cups lemon juice, 2 cups cold water, 4 oranges, 1 cup strawberries (tinned, frozen, or fresh), 1 small pineapple, 2 bananas, 1½ pints chilled ginger ale.

METHOD: Pour boiling water over tea, infuse 5 minutes. Strain into medium-sized bowl. Add sugar, stir until dissolved. Then add cold water and lemon juice, chill well. Cut pineapple into small cubes, slice bananas thinly. Carefully peel oranges, cut into small sections. Reserve peel. Pour tea mixture into punch bowl, add chopped fruits and strawberries. Lastly add chilled ginger ale. Serve in punch cups and decorate tops with "twisted" orange peel and have cocktail picks on hand for spearing fruits.

Checker Burgers

YOU'LL NEED: One pound sausage mince, 1 medium-sized onion (finely chopped), salt and pepper, ½ dozen toast slices, 3 small tomatoes, 1 pkt. cheese slices.

METHOD: Mix thoroughly sausage mince, onion, salt and pepper. Spread mixture on toast slices, grill for 8 to 10 minutes. Arrange slices of tomato and small squares of cheese in a "checkered" pattern on top of meat, then grill for a further few minutes until cheese is slightly melted. Serve immediately.

Honey-kissed Twist

YOU'LL NEED: Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1¼ cups milk or milk and water, 2oz. sugar, 2 teaspoons spice, 3oz. mixed fruit, extra 2oz. butter, ½ cup honey, extra honey, chopped walnuts.

METHOD: Sift flour, sugar, and spice into a basin. Rub in butter or substitute. Add chopped mixed fruits, then mix to a soft dough with milk or milk and water. Roll dough out on a floured board into an oblong shape, brush with butter and honey which have been creamed together. Roll dough up into a long sausage shape, place on to a greased slide in a circle shape, slash ring at 4in. intervals almost through. Carefully "twist" each section so that filling is exposed. Bake in a hot oven for approximately 20 minutes. After removing twist from oven, brush with extra honey and sprinkle with walnuts.

Candy Twist Cake

YOU'LL NEED: Half cup butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1¾ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

METHOD: In a basin cream butter or substitute and sugar. Beat one whole egg and two egg-yolks together and add gradually to butter mixture. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk, beating gently. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8in. sandwich-tins in a moderately hot oven 25-30 minutes. Cool and ice with the following:

Pink-and-White Icing: Place 1½ cups sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 egg-whites, 1-3rd cup water in a heat-proof basin over hot water. Cook 10 minutes, beating continuously. Remove from stove, add ¼ teaspoon vanilla, beat till thick. Color a small portion of frosting with pink coloring. Cover cake with white frosting, decorate with spirals of "twisted" pink icing.

Chocolate Twists

YOU'LL NEED: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, 1 egg-yolk, milk or sherry, 2oz. melted cooking chocolate, milk for glazing.

METHOD: Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg-yolk, mix well. Add sifted dry ingredients and mix to a stiff biscuit dough with a little extra milk or sherry if necessary. Divide mixture into two sections, leave one half plain and mix the melted chocolate into the remaining half, chill both sections to make handling easier. Roll small portions of each mixture into shapes the size of your little finger, glaze with a little milk, then "twist" one chocolate and one plain piece together. Place on to greased scone slides and bake in a moderate oven for approximately 15 minutes.

Going Steady? Then prove it to each other with a . .

Friendship Coin

Traditional in ancient Rome and now available in precious metals.
They are individually cut and each half fits only the other.
You can wear them on key chain, bracelet, pendant or watch as token of your mutual affection.
Sterling Silver 35/- Rolled Gold 37/6
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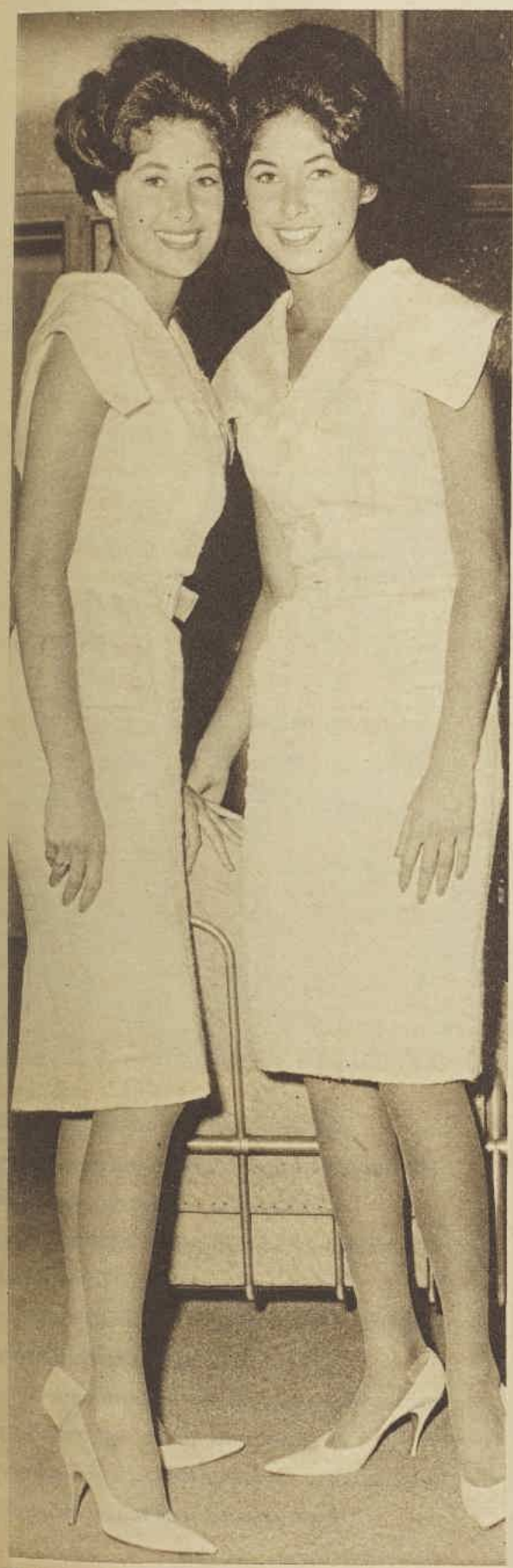
WHO'S SUE? . . . or the twins with but a single face



By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● Identical half - Chinese twins Sue and Susan Yan, of Maroubra, Sydney, have been sharing clothes, secrets, and interests for the 16 years of their lives. Soon they'll be sharing the same face.

THEIR face will appear on the label of a new hair-spray which is being launched on the Australian market.

But which twin is actually on the label? The answer is—both.

The picture is a composite of the features from each twin—blended so successfully that even the twins can't tell who owns what in "the face."

They both happen to be on the label because an advertising agency couldn't decide which of them to choose for the job.

How they came to land the job, with its wonderful three-month contract for demonstrating the new spray in leading stores and later on TV, was just one of those lucky breaks.

Wanted by no one

Having left Maroubra Home Science School last year, they'd taken a modelling course and registered with most of the advertising and photographic agencies in Sydney.

"But no one wanted us," said Sue—or was it Susan?

Until an advertising agency was commissioned to find a pair of eyes that would convey "the mystery of all the Orient."

Of all the photographs of models in Sydney, only one appealed. "The model" was asked to call on the advertising agency executives. And not one but two models entered the boardroom—Sue and Susan.

The outcome of the meeting was a brand-new advertising campaign. The name of the hair-spray was even changed to incorporate the names of the girls.

And a public-relations consultant was commissioned for a year to launch the twins in a modelling career.

This sudden success—and the good money it will bring — doesn't seem to have gone to the twins' pretty heads. What they're most excited about is that they've both got the same job.

Always acted together

"We've always done everything together," said Susan. "We've always worn identical clothes."

"And we even like and dislike the same things," added Sue. "We hated maths and sewing at school. But we love designing our own clothes—we have them made."

But who decides what to wear each day? "Mummy," they said simultaneously.

"Mummy" is blond and English. It's from their father, Mr. H. C. Yan, a produce merchant, that the Australian-born twins get "the mystery of all the Orient" in their hazel eyes.

SUE YAN and her 20-minutes-younger identical twin . . .

From the Chinese side, too, they get their willowy figure measurements of 5ft. 5in., 32-22-32, and their ultra-femininity, which seems a bit at odds with their favorite hobby of surfing.

But their maturity and self-confidence aren't inherited. They come from having each other for moral support.

"We never feel alone," said Susan.

Added Sue: "We're quite psychic. I can be humming a tune in one room and Susan, in another room, will be singing exactly the same thing."

How to tell them apart

The confusion caused by their likeness gives them a lot of fun. Especially on dates, when they usually go out in a foursome.

"If we like the boys we usually make things easier for them by each having a different hairdo," said Sue, the elder of the two by 20 minutes.

"There's another way of telling the difference," said Susan. "I usually wear something blue, like a ring or brooch. And Sue wears the same thing in green."

And if the boys are particularly observant they may notice one basic difference between the two: Sue has a beauty spot on her left cheek and Susan has one on her right cheek.

. . . SUSAN show off their identifying beauty spots. On the other side of the page they show off their 32-22-32 figures.

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TV singer is a dandy at twelve

FORMAL in a high-buttoned navy - blue terylene suit (left), Gino puts on the latest record of his favorite singer, Paul Anka. Gino gets most of his shoes from Melbourne, where he can buy the Italian styles he prefers.

DANCING the twist (right), Gino and Nita relax before they leave for a performance. Gino wears his linen suit, Nita a floral sarong. Nita has a beach-bag and bikini to match the gay, chic sarong.

CASUAL in a silk shirt knotted at front and worn with linen slacks, Gino (below) watches while Nita discusses a design for a dress Mrs. Cunico is making. Mrs. Cunico buys her material from wholesalers, and Gino's trim suit (at left) cost only £1.

OUR COVER COUPLE *this we*
14-year-old sister, Nita. Gino is already a suc
a fan club of his own—and both are
are all designed and made by their mother, w
when she was five. Gino, who has b
appears regularly on TV shows such as "Ban
Show." Nita has sung duets with him
ing on her own. In the meantime, she is studyi
Brother and sister are both pupils at S
love surfing at Long Reef Beach where our co
these pages) was taken by staff photo

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LEAVING for a "Bandstand" engagement, Gino (above) sports a polished gabardine jerkin and slacks outfit. Nita wears her "best"—an embroidered nylon-over-taffeta frock.

PRACTISING at home (right), Gino is accompanied by his two-year-old sister, Loretta, who can sing the first bars of "I'm Gonna Knock on Your Door" and some Italian songs. Gino is wearing a frilly TV shirt, black trousers; Loretta her "favrit" — a Kookie dress.

k are 12-year-old Gino Cunico and his
essful pop singer on TV, with
oted for their colorful clothes, which
o came to Australia from Italy
en learning the guitar for two years,
stand," "The Johnny O'Keefe
n several shows and will soon be sing-
ing ballet and Spanish dancing.
ydney's Narrabeen High School, and
ver picture (as well as those on
rapher Keith Barlow.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Problem of religion

"I AM an attractive 18-year-old girl, and since I was 15 I have been taken out by a large number of different boys. Up until about six months ago I was not interested in any of them in particular, but now I find I am very much in love with a wonderful boy of 21. He has a very good job and a wonderful future. There is only one problem: His religion is totally different to mine, and, since we are both religious in our own right, I am sure this would mean trouble in later life. This is worrying me very, very much, as I do sincerely love him. Should I give him up and try to forget him?"

L.M, N.S.W.

Marriages between people of differing religions are always fraught with difficulties, unless there is deep love and understanding between the two people concerned.

Some people are so constituted that they can happily change to another's religion. If they offer to do so it is ideal, but I don't believe anyone has the right to ask another to change religion. It is too much to ask, for religion is one of the basic things in life; it grows with you from childhood to maturity and on.

But the question of religion enters the marriage contract, for its observances and obligations are interwoven with married life, particularly, as you say, "in later life" — by which I take it you mean when you have children and the question of their religion comes up.

All such questions should be decided now once and for all. If they can't be decided amicably and if your heart isn't completely with the decisions, you should give up the young man.

Remember, they must be wholehearted decisions. Don't be sneaky and promise to allow so and so, thinking all the time that you will alter the decision later on. That is the first step towards married unhappiness.

You are the only one who can decide if your love and understanding are deep enough to make such a marriage a success. If they are not, make a life without this man.

"We blush terribly"

"WE are two 16-year-old redheads, and blush terribly. Whenever someone talks to us, we blush so that we stand out from our other friends. Our parents allow us to date boys of our own choice, but whenever any boys we have just met ask us for a date we blush, and the only word that seems to come out is 'No.' As a result, we go round with the same crowd that we grew up with, and we are getting extremely tired of the same boys, as they are like brothers to us. Our parents worry because we stay home so much; they say we should enjoy life while we are young. But we feel so uncomfortable every time we blush. We left school last year and are now at business college."

"Downhearted," S.A

You will have to learn to live with your blushing—it goes with the fine clear skin that redheads specialise in. Happily, it is considered attractive, particularly by young men, who dote on making a girl blush, thinking it is a sign that they stir her emotionally.

What they don't know is that you blush, anyway. But that doesn't matter.

Obviously, you can make your blushing work for you, if you only learn to take a deep breath when you feel a blush coming on and say (if you like the boy), "Thank you so much; I'd like to go out with you."

Romance in bus

"EVERY night when I come home from college on a bus, a boy I met at a dance a few weeks ago sits down at the back with the other boys and three of my friends and me. Every time I happen to look at him, he is looking at me, and he usually smiles at me. When I get off the bus he says 'Goodbye' to me. Do you think he likes me? Another problem is what time do you think a 15½-year-old girl should be able to stay out at a dance on Saturday night?"

"Concerned," S.A.

He likes you; and you should be home from the dance not later than midnight.

Slim figure remedies to try

"AN inferiority complex is my trouble, I am afraid. I am a wilting shy type, mainly because I am embarrassed about being very flat-chested. I don't measure even 32in. I am also thin. I weigh only 7st. 7lb. and am 5ft. 4in. tall. My legs are a very queer shape; they sort of go in at the middle of the thigh. Can you help me?"

"Blue," N.S.W.

I don't want to sound like Pollyanna, that rather irritating little fictional girl who was glad about everything, but goodness me, you ought to be glad you are the shape and size you are. It is so easy to improve your shape compared with other girls of your age who are overweight and thick-thighed.

To start, let's have a little counting of blessings. You are a good average height; are tall enough to show clothes off to advantage and be seen in a crowd; you are only about 10lb. under average weight; and you can enjoy yourself, adding a few pounds if you want to.

Your bust size can be enlarged instantaneously by wearing a padded brassiere of, say, size 32in. to start, and can be improved by long-term exercises. The shape of your legs can be improved by putting on a few pounds and doing some exercises that will improve your muscle tone.

Right off, get yourself to the nearest city or big department store, where you can be fitted by an expert for a bra which will improve both your shape and your spirits.

Then concentrate on putting on a few pounds. Have an extra slice of toast for breakfast, a little extra of each helping of food you eat, and every afternoon drink a chocolate malted milkshake in addition to everything else you eat or drink. In no time you'll start to add the pounds that will make you a better shape.

Don't tell me or anyone else you can't eat more than you do now. That is silly. You have to learn to eat a little more each day until your stomach gets used to the increased intake.

Don't work too hard at the exercises for a while, except to walk briskly wherever you walk, with your head up, your stomach muscles pulled in, and your shoulders back, and to do 12 deep knee-bends morning and night.

For the bosom, try brushing your hair upwards each night 50 times on the right side and 50 times on the left.

If you do all these things conscientiously day in day out, you'll soon forget that old inferiority complex you've labelled yourself with.

Why NOT believe and trust him?

"I HAVE liked a boy for at least two years, but have recently liked him more than ever. I met him at a party. After that I would see him every week at the swimming-pool, and during the Christmas holidays he went to the same play centre as I did and we became very friendly. Now I see him nearly every Sunday at the baths and every time I see him I like him even more. He was going with another girl for a while, but is not any more. I saw him on Sunday and his boy-friend wanted to know if I like him, because he said he liked me. I don't know whether to believe him or not. What do you think? I have been told by many people I am pretty. I don't know whether I can trust him to like me or not?"

"Lee," Qld.

Why shouldn't you believe what your boy-friend's boy-friend told you? I would until I proved it wrong—and that might be never.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Temper trouble

"I HAVE a very quick and violent temper. Would you please tell me some way that will help me control it? I've tried counting to ten, but it doesn't help."

"Trying," N.S.W.

You are more than halfway to controlling your temper already, because you want to. I don't believe much in this counting ten business, but it is a help. I believe in action.

When that temper flares count ten, but get up from wherever you are and go outside quickly and jump up and down or kick a wall or do something violent that will release some of that turbulence that is bubbling inside.

If it's impossible to go outside, there's always some place you can go and lock yourself in and jump up and down.

TABLE MANNERS

MORE DON'TS

From "Tiffany's Table Manners for Teenagers."

DON'T chew with your mouth open, and don't smack your lips — it interferes with other people's conversation.

DON'T talk with your mouth full; some of your lunch might fall out. However, you must learn to talk with a little in your mouth because you can't always wait till you've swallowed everything before answering a question. If you take a little at a time, you will be ready to converse.

WHEN eating corn on the cob, hold it in both hands. Don't stick your little fingers out. It looks too precious and artificial.

DON'T eat chicken with your fingers, except at a picnic or when served as "Chicken In The Basket." With practice, you can dislodge enough with your knife and fork to satisfy you until your next meal.

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MODEL YOUR EYES

● *"What make-up do the models use? Their eyes always look so big and glamorous, and I'd like to know how it's done." If you've ever said this, or felt like trying the look of high-fashion eyes just for fun, here's how to go about it. The trick is to achieve an attractive look without slipping into an effect that's clownish and not the least bit glamorous.*

By Carolyn Earle

MOST models take at least 20 minutes to apply full eye make-up and they use special eye-gadgets (and an exceedingly steady hand).

For the job you will need an eyelash-curler to help make the most of too-short eyelashes, or a set of false eyelashes; eyeliners in black and other colors, and a soft pointed brush with which to apply them.

Rest your elbow on the table to steady your hand and draw an outline just immediately above the upper lashes from the inside corner, gradually thickening the line until you reach the end of the eyelid, then flick the line upwards a trifle.

Now draw a finer line just below the lower lashes and bring this into a point with the upper eyeline. A soft eyelining pencil is essential for touching up eyeliner work—and for getting into difficult corners.

False eyelashes are wonderful for making a splash at parties. Quite often you can buy them with fine or thick lashes (you may have to shop around for them) and in varying lengths — although it is always best to cut them again yourself to suit your own eyes.

Follow carefully the instructions for attaching them and have an orange stick handy for pressing the strip of lashes gently but firmly down against the eyelid. Keep the inner lashes fairly short, otherwise blinking will be awkward!

And ALWAYS remove false eyelashes before getting into bed.

Finally, if you're still keen for the model-girl look, you will need a whole drawerful of different eyeshadow colors and mascaras: you will put different color eyeshadows on your lids in separate bands that don't really look like separate bands at all.

As a colorful example: dark blue, green, and then turquoise, blending each color cleverly into the next and using a thick camel-hair brush to avoid stretching the eyelid.

Eyeshadow is put on with at least as much close attention as you would lipstick. Pat the cream, or smear the eyeshadow stick, close to the lashes all along the top lid; then blend it very gently (beware of stretching this most delicate skin) upwards and outwards, until the color disappears just under the tips of the eyebrows.

To complete the color scheme, you will use a coat of midnight-blue mascara over a vivid green.

But whatever make-up can do to dramatise your eyes, one thing it cannot do is add real sparkle. This comes from a natural zest for life and is the best kind of wide-awake look to acquire.

And remember, these glamor looks are for rare occasions—or just practice for later if you're a young teen.

Is the song ended, or . . .

. . . DOES THE MALADY LINGER ON?

● **A woman pianist visiting Australia recently said too many women give up promising musical careers to get married.**

THE pianist said women musicians have to fight not only against male rivals, but also against romance.

I'm sorry, but she is Baching up the wrong tree: women can, and do, continue musical careers after marriage.

Isn't, for example, the very wedding the result of a concert-ed effort to lead the bloke a merry dance?

And the wife will always have a band on her left hand.

And, as the couple settles down, the woman becomes even more musical—even if the union is not harmonious.

She always has some (trom)bone to pick with him. Perhaps she chips him for his dress—and says he's an oboe!

Or maybe she suggests she's playing second fiddle to another woman—and you can imagine the re-percussions to the accusation of an eternal triangle.

Of course, she might be stringing him along.

Whatever the case, there are bound to be violin arguments—even if the claims are bass-less.

Even a happy marriage is note-worthy to one who knows the score.

Every wife is interested in keeping up with the Joneses—which is merely a pursuit of status cymbals.

So, you see, a husband is always facing the music.

The truth of the matter is actually that it's the men who give up musical careers when they marry.

One of the biggest sacrifices a male makes when he weds, of course, is to give up promising musical careers—to girls he tells he can put on to the stage!

All jokes aside, however, there are drawbacks.

No longer does he alone spend his money —so instead of being financially sharp he'll always B Flat.

Nor is he able to stay in with his old circle of male mates—sort of a lessening of esprit-de-cor (anglais).

Thus it is little wonder that a husband sometimes forgets how to conduct himself and sees his wife as a drummer . . .

. . . Telling her naturally to beat it!

I must say, however, such examples of discord are fugue and fa between.

Most people, I'm sure, find marriage musically satisfying—quite a fine arrangement.

—Robin Adair

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AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS

By Douglas Watson

Classical watercolors

3. CONRAD MARTENS (1801-1878)

● Conrad Martens was the first painter of any note to settle in Australia and earn his living as a professional artist.

HE was born in 1801 in the Parish of Crutched Friars, near the Tower of London. His father, a respectable merchant, encouraged his three sons to take up art.

Conrad studied with the most fashionable teacher of the day — a man called Copley Fielding. His training was sound and the young artist developed quickly in the style of the English watercolor painters.

In 1832 he left England for South America, where he lived for two years. Then he sailed for Tahiti, and finally arrived in Port Jackson in 1835.

"ELIZABETH BAY HOUSE," by Conrad Martens. Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Public Library of N.S.W.

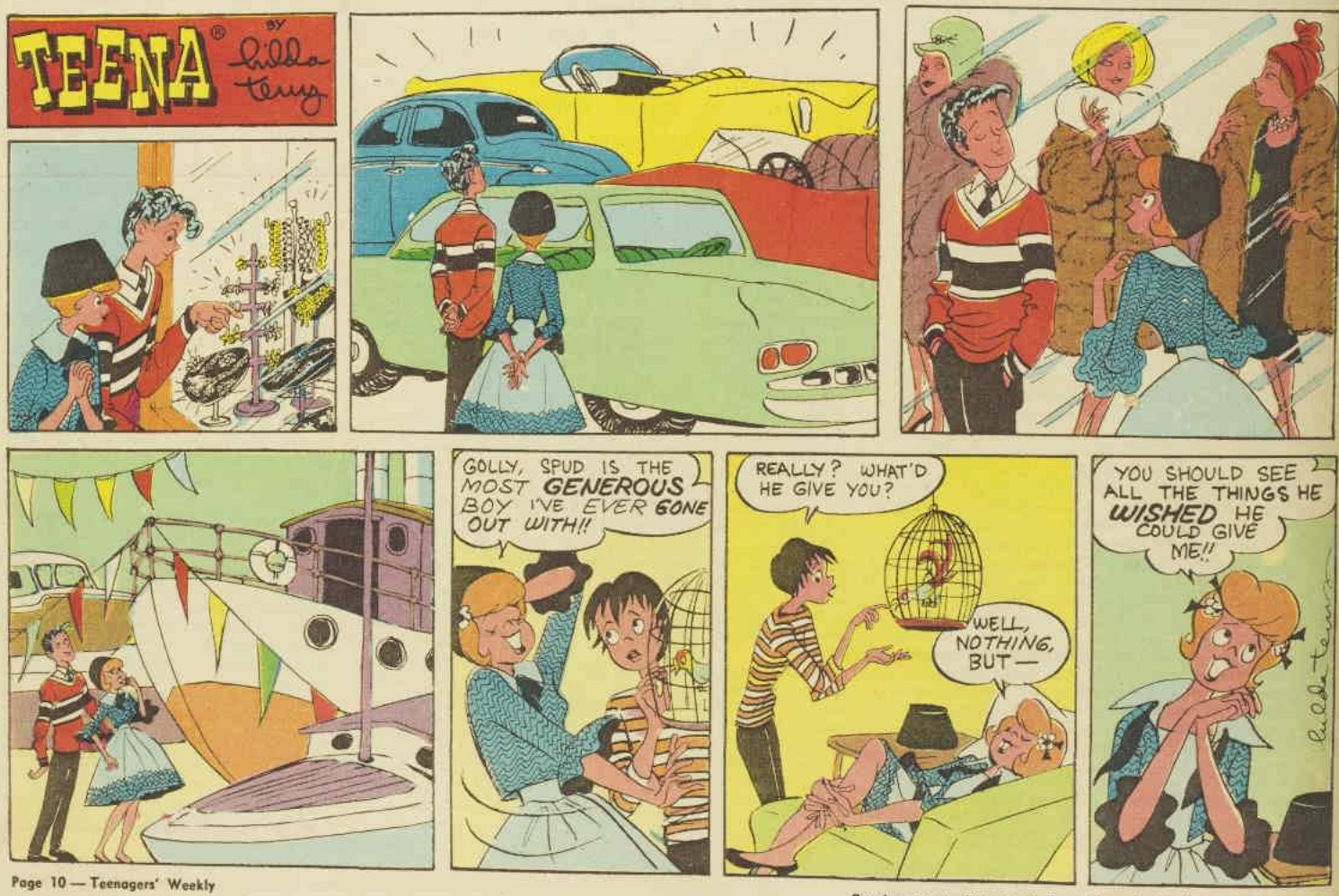
In Sydney he set up business as a drawing-master. Most of his creative work was directed toward painting pictures of large country houses for their owners.

The picture reproduced on this page—"Elizabeth Bay House"—was painted in the tradition of Turner, with glowing color and a classical feeling. The darker paint tones in the foreground help to give a three-dimensional effect to the painting.

Elizabeth Bay House was one of the most important homes built in Sydney at the time. It was the scene of spectacular parties and lavish entertainment. The house is still standing today.

Martens produced many watercolors and drawings and he was particularly skilled in depicting landscapes. These sketches are now extremely valuable, as they give us an idea of the Sydney of his time.

NEXT WEEK: Wenban



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LISTEN HERE—with Ainslie Baker

Talent quest reveals girl's real talent

● For as long as she can remember, the only thing pretty 15-year-old Marlene Atcheson ever wanted to be was a singer.

SINCE winning a Newcastle radio talent quest just on a year ago, her dream has slowly but surely been coming true.

So far she has had 11 TV engagements, including appearances on "Bandstand" and "The Johnny O'Keefe Show," and has worked in live shows in Newcastle with both Col Joye and Johnny.

At Wallsend High School, Marlene distinguished herself more at concerts and at cooking lessons than in the classroom, though she usually got good marks for history and maths.

Her mother says she's "marvellous in the house" and a dab at making desserts and curries.

Marlene is only 15 but looks a lot older—though she doesn't specially try to. She's tall and graceful and has modelled teenage clothes in Newcastle.

Her favorite singers are Connie Francis and Shirley Bassey. She has a pug dog named Blossom, wears a hat only when attending church, has a very feminine mauve-and-pink bedroom, plays squash, and goes swimming at night.

Marlene isn't the only musical member of the Atcheson family. Her older brother, Colin, is pianist in a band that he and a cousin run together.

Marlene Atcheson

WHEN they're on tour most singers breeze into a country town in a jam-packed station waggon. But not so **Jay Justin.** To give his Maitland (N.S.W.) fans and friends a kick, Jay turned up in a borrowed Cadillac for the one-night stand he did there recently with Lucky Starr, Judy Cannon, and The Chessmen.

Jay has already sung and had an interview on Newcastle's new TV station and hopes to have a new single disc out within a few weeks. It's in the Country and Western style — something different for Jay—and it will be the second one he has helped compose.

NOW that she's made her first interstate trip (two weeks in Tasmania with Barry Stanton and Dig Richards), lively little **Carolyn Young** is just longing to be off somewhere again, she says.

She has got three big ambitions at the moment: to knit a huge, sloppy, floppy jumper in time to wear it THIS winter; to save up for a TV set for her own room; and to be able to buy herself a sleek convertible.

A favorite with many "Johnny O'Keefe Show" viewers, Carolyn still works one day a week—Friday—in her father's Sydney real-estate office. She's switchgirl-typist.

Local talent: It's quite a thrill to hear local favorites **Col Joye, Johnny O'Keefe, Johnny Devlin, Noeleen Batley, Dig Richards,** and **The Joy Boys** sharing tracks with such overseas names as LLOYD PRICE, RAY CHARLES, PAUL ANKA, and STEVE LAWRENCE. They do it on Ampar's experimental LP "Official Top 40 Hits." If public response is good there could be others to follow.

POPULAR TV personality **Bert Newton** has followed up his "Letter To Virginia" and "Deck Of Cards" with another pair of "readings on record" that should have appeal for sensitive teenagers as well as for adults. These are "To A Sleeping Beauty" (a father to his young daughter) and "The White Magnolia Tree," a romantic story of lasting love. (W and G 45.)

Pops: Who doesn't know **The Tokens,** that wonderful four-voice group of former rock-'n-rollers from Brooklyn, whose ages range from 14 to 21? Their current hit single, "The Lion Sleeps Tonight," is the name of their R.C.A. LP and its first track. Their vibrant new folk sound is heard in old favorites such as "Shenandoah" and "Jamaica Farewell," though I liked them best in numbers such as "Big Boat" and "Hindi Lullabye."

MANY people will buy **Teresa Brewer's** Coral EP "Pretty Lookin' Boy" just to hear an American recording star singing Johnny Devlin's title-tune. But the other numbers are worth having, too, "Your Cheatin' Heart," "Walking The Floor Over You," "Step Right Up."

A BUNCH of pleasant romantic standards ("Kiss Me Again," "Breezin' Along With The Breeze") are given a rejuvenating new beat by the **Richardo Juarez** orchestra on a dance-worthy Ampar LP, "Happy Times Cha Chas."

Jazz: Will anyone who's really interested in music — jazz or classical—please make a point of hearing "Desmond Blue — **Paul Desmond** With Strings" (R.C.A.)? It's the first LP made by the lyrical alto saxophonist of the Brubeck Quartet and is a sheer joy, especially with "My Funny Valentine," Desmond's own "Late Lament," and "Body And Soul."

WORTH HEARING

CHOPIN: Studies and Nocturnes

TWO recent issues of Chopin piano works make fascinating comparisons. One presents the complete Nocturnes, played by Artur Rubinstein on two discs for R.C.A.; the other includes all the Studies (Opus 10 and Opus 25) on a single record, played by Paul Badura-Skoda (Westminster).

Comparisons first in the music. Chopin's studies were written in the early part of his career as a composer and in them he showed "what he could do" with his highly personal and revolutionary way of writing for the piano keyboard — a technique that influenced every pianist-composer after his day. The 19 Nocturnes, on the other hand, cover the whole of his relatively short life (1810-1849); as the name suggests, they express the lyrical, contemplative side of his nature.

It seems appropriate that the Nocturnes should be interpreted by the veteran Rubinstein, one of the last representatives of the older, Romantic school of playing, while the dashing and brilliant Studies should be played by Badura-Skoda, one of the finest of the younger school of pianists, which favors a clear-cut, rhythmically precise performance.

(But never forget that these are very fine distinctions, and critics often make more of them than they should. The fundamentals of piano-playing and the music itself always remain the same, and they are what matter most.)

—Martin Long

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BOB DENVER (as Maynard G. Krebs in the Dobie Gillis TV show)

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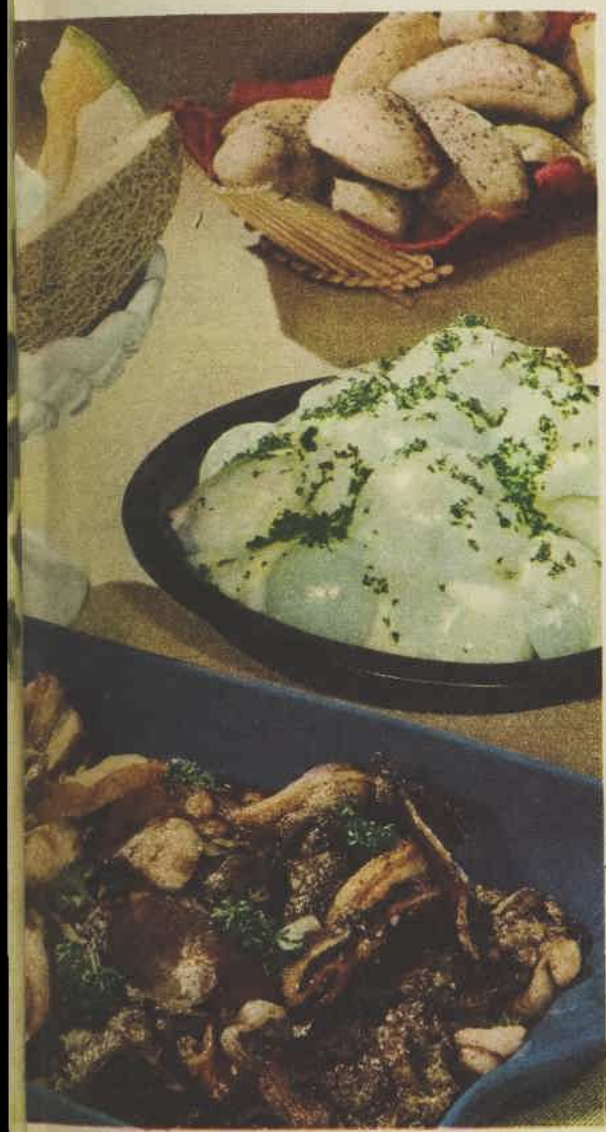
Minutes

ily during the week with these interesting meals which ight before, then produced with minimum effort in half g and serving, one minute for admiring your handiwork!



By

LEILA C.

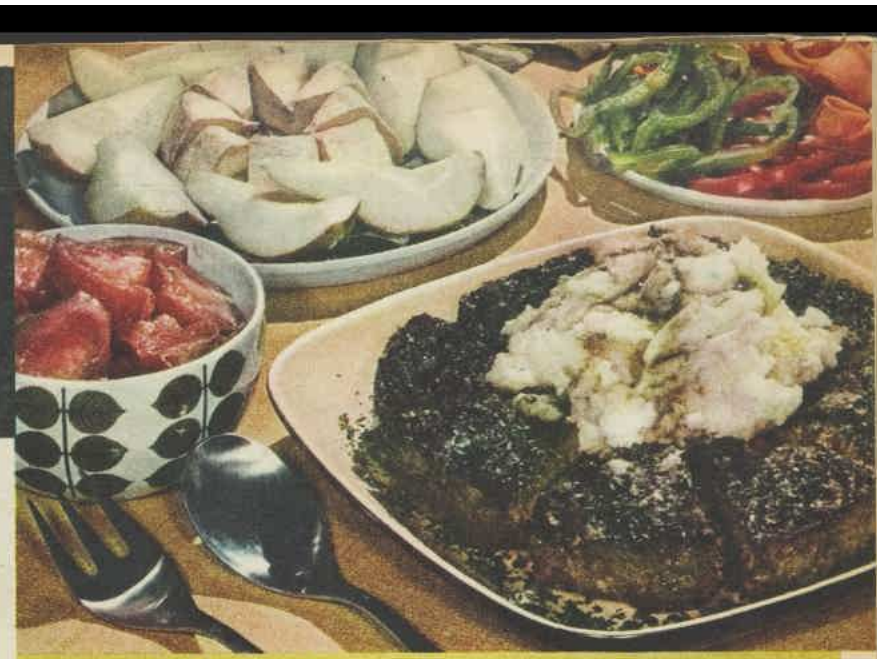
HOWARD,

Our Food

and

Cookery

Expert



Onion gives piquant flavor

MENU

Piquant Onion Round

Mashed Potato Buttered Tomatoes

Cheese and Pear Platter

PIQUANT ONION ROUND

One pound minced topside, 1lb. sausage meat, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, oregano, 1 packet French onion soup, 1 bouillon cube, 2 cups hot water, 1lb. cooked mashed potato, extra chopped parsley.

Combine in a saucepan minced topside steak, sausage meat, onion. Heat and stir over low flame until browned. Add flour, chopped parsley, season well with salt, pepper, and oregano. Dissolve bouillon cube in hot water and add to soup made up as directed on packet. Mix ½ cup soup into meat mixture, and press meat into a 9in. lightly greased sandwich-tin. Mark into sections with a sharp knife. Pour over remaining soup and bake in moderately hot oven about 15 to 20 minutes. Drain off gravy, reserve.

Place meat on serving-plate and cut into sections. Spoon seasoned mashed potato into centre, pour over gravy. Sprinkle with parsley.

BUTTERED TOMATOES

Six medium-sized tomatoes, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch black pepper.

Cut tomatoes into quarters and place in saucepan with butter, salt and pepper. Cover and cook over low heat 10 to 15 mins. Shake saucepan occasionally to prevent burning. Serve hot in a small casserole dish.

CHEESE AND PEAR PLATTER

One tin Camembert cheese, 3 pears.

Remove cheese from tin and cut into small triangles. Just before serving cut unpeeled pears into sections and remove cores. Arrange cheese and pear sections attractively on a platter.

Oriental touch

oil in frying-pan, add meat, and fry gently l golden-brown. Strain off fat, add stock, sauce, and sesame seeds. Cover tightly cook gently till lamb's fry is tender. before serving, fry bacon (rind removed) a separate pan and arrange on top of b's fry in hot serving-dish. Garnish with pped parsley.

SNOW-CAPPED ONIONS

welve small white onions, ¼ pint water, int milk, salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tableon flour, extra milk, pepper, 2 tablespoons pped parsley.

eel onions and place in saucepan with water, milk, and a little salt. Simmer until tender but not broken. Drain and reserve stock. Melt butter in a separate saucepan, add flour, and stir in enough stock to make up to ½ pint with milk. Stir over heat until sauce boils and thickens slightly. Season with salt and pepper; simmer 5 minutes. Arrange hot onions in serving-dish, pour over sauce, and sprinkle generously with chopped parsley. Serve piping-hot.

CANTALOUP SPECIAL

Chill cantaloup or honeydew and cut into wedges; remove seeds. Place in chilled dishes and serve with a scoop of vanilla-flavored ice-cream.

the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in all the recipes on these pages.

Sauces add spice to fish

MENU

Fish Tabasco (with Tartare Sauce)

Tossed Mixed Vegetables

Cucumber Spice Brazilian Tango

FISH TABASCO

Six or eight fish fillets, flour, 1 teaspoon salt, fat or oil, tabasco sauce, lemon wedges, parsley.

Combine flour and salt, and lightly toss fish fillets in this mixture. Fry in hot fat or oil (to which a little tabasco sauce has been added) until tender. Serve on a heated platter with tartare sauce spooned over. Garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

Tartare Sauce: One cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 2 gherkins (chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped olives, 2 teaspoons capers, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste.

Combine all ingredients and mix well.

CUCUMBER SPICE

Two green cucumbers, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup vinegar, salt, pepper.

Wash cucumbers and score with a fork, slice thinly, sprinkle with sugar, salt and pepper. Pour over vinegar, stand ½ hour before serving.

BRAZILIAN TANGO

Three bananas, juice 1 lemon, 1 orange, 1 grapefruit, ½lb. cherries, ½ cup chopped Brazil nuts, 1 lettuce.

Cut bananas into pieces and stand in lemon juice for a few minutes to prevent discoloration. Remove skin from oranges and grapefruit, and cut into sections. Remove stalks from cherries. Combine all fruits together, place in a bowl lined with crisp lettuce leaves, sprinkle with Brazil nuts.

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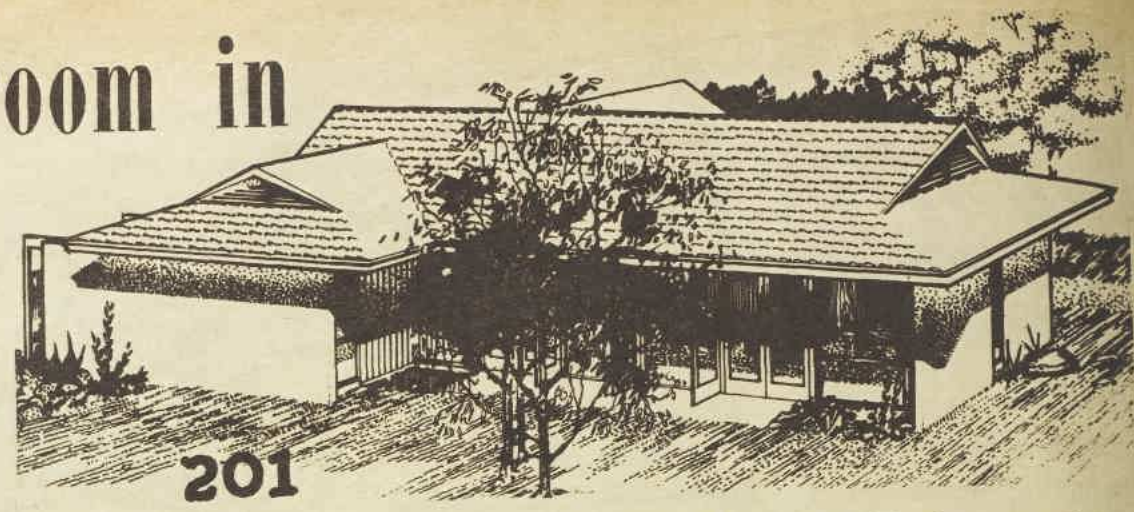
Double bathroom in family home



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows attractive exterior with concrete-paved terrace opening from living area. This view was taken from north-west side of the house; the carport and utility block face the street.

● ***Our Home Plan this week is one of the houses being built at historic Kingsdene Estate, Carlingford, N.S.W., for a six-week exhibition of homes—presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes—opening in May.***

DESIGNED by architects Towell, Jansen, and Rippon, Plan No. 201 is a commonsense 12.4-square home planned for family living.

The unusual bathroom has been designed so that several members of the family can use it at once. A bath and a vanity basin are at one end of the room, with the toilet and second basin at the other.

There are three spacious bedrooms, and the master bedroom, 13ft. 6in. by 11ft. 9in., has its own dressing-room with built-in cupboards.

Entrance to the house is from a short, concrete-paved path to the front door. This paving continues inside to form the floor of the entrance hall, kitchen, and laundry.

The kitchen is efficiently planned with plenty of bench space and a split gas stove—the oven in the wall and burners set into the bench.

Fish pond

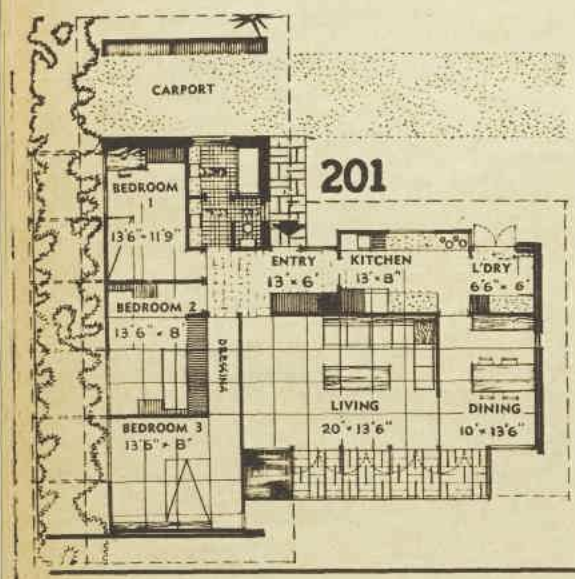
A large living-room opens through french windows on to a concrete-paved terrace with a small fish pond. Eaves which overhang 6ft. over the terrace protect it from the rain and sun.

Construction is of 4in. concrete blocks with a dark-grey tiled roof. The exterior is very pleasant, with a hip roof and ventilating gables (the gables are fitted with louvered panels to give maximum air circulation).

All the outside timber — door and window frames and external boarding—has been stained a mahogany color.

The interior and exterior finishes in Plan No. 201 are of the highest quality. The overall color scheme is white and off-white, with some walls accented with textured or patterned wallpaper.

Total cost of the house, without furnishings, is £6100.



FLOOR PLAN shows spacious master bedroom with dressing-room and unusual double bathroom.

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Continuing . . . LOVE WILL FIND A WAY

from page 36

"Charles! Good to see you and Kate back here again. Nothing could be better under the circumstances!"

Under the circumstances. The words fell slowly and separately like stones into a still pool. He frowned, remembering how Kate had moved across the kitchen, without her usual briskness; and she had seemed tired . . .

"Another child is the best thing possible," Dr. Walters added crisply. "I told her, when she came in for a check-up yesterday. You're pleased, of course?"

Dr. Walters had naturally assumed that he knew, Charles thought bitterly; that I am here today because Kate and I are together again.

"I'm glad—for Kate's sake," he said carefully.

Kate hadn't wanted him to know; he felt raw with hurt, shut out and angry, at this final rejection of him.

"It's three months since Annabel's death," Dr. Walters added. "She took it very badly; going away to her own people was no good at all. It's the best news I've heard for a long time—that she wants to have her baby back here at the cottage."

"Did she tell you that?" Charles asked slowly.

"Yes." Dr. Walters smiled benignly at him, his silver crest of hair ruffled in the wind. "It's a good sign. She isn't quite used to the idea of a new baby yet—you can see that for yourself. She'll have all the summer to think about it, anyway!"

There was no point in returning to the cottage for a third time, Charles reflected with grim irony as he walked back to his car; Kate's rejection of him had been complete.

But she had wanted to come to the cottage to wait for her baby, he argued, as he slipped the car into gear.

Some remembered words of Kate's, spoken long ago, came back to him: "You should never think too long about a thing, darling—if you have a feeling. Just obey the feeling, that's all . . .!"

He had laughed and teased her with talking nonsense; now he headed for the cottage once again, pausing only long enough to buy a large bunch of violets from the florist's in the village street.

HE left the car at the gate and walked round to the back of the house.

Kate was crying; he heard the sound, muffled and desolate, as he reached the kitchen door; gently, carefully, he lifted the latch. She was sitting at the table, her head buried in her arms, and she did not hear him walk softly toward her.

He laid the violets in front of her.

"Did you mind so much that I picked Annabel's flowers?" he asked quietly.

Her head jerked up, her startled, too-brilliant eyes widened; Kate never looked pale and beautiful when she cried, he thought, with sudden tenderness.

"Charles!" she whispered. "You had no business to come back!"

He recognised that the brief spurt of anger hid her sudden defencelessness; she had not cried during those last few days at the cottage.

"Did you mind?" he asked again.

"No." Her voice was still brusque, and he thought, hopefully, that it hid uncertainty. She looked at the violets, making no attempt to touch them.

"Why did you bring me these?"

"I always give you violets on Easter Sunday. You have them a day early this year, because I won't be here tomorrow," he said. He was calm, contained, watching her and waiting for some move.

When she did not speak, he added, with a bitterness he could not hide: "I met Dr. Walters. He assumed that I knew about the baby. I would rather have heard the news from you, Kate."

For the first time she stepped outside her own misery, to look at herself detachedly—and at Charles.

Nothing I have ever done has hurt him more than this, she realised.

She stood up stiffly, her head on a level with his shoulder, her eyes ashamed.

"I should have told you myself," she agreed.

"Why didn't you? You had ample opportunity today."

"It all went wrong, from the beginning!" Kate said unhappily. "I wanted to tell you—and I couldn't! What holds me back, Charles, all the time? As soon as I knew, I wrote from Bristol—half a dozen letters, and none of them were ever posted!"

He recognised the plea for help, knowing that on his answer depended their future happiness.

"Do your need me, Kate?" he asked, finally.

"Yes," she admitted. "Even when I don't want to, Charles! I found that out, after I'd left you, but I felt walled-up, somehow, a prisoner of my own making!"

The ghost of a smile lifted the corners of his mouth.

"You were always honest, Kate; and I need you, too; isn't that the answer, for both of us?"

"But, if I can't forget——?"

He put his hands on her shoulders.

"I can't help you; only give you love and patience and understanding. Perhaps I haven't given you enough, Kate — I don't know!" he admitted honestly. "You're going to have another child; no one can take Annabel's place, but it's a new start—for us both."

She smiled tremulously, and touched the violets with her fingertips; not looking at him, she whispered: "I'd like you to be here, tomorrow — and the rest of the tomorrows; if you'll stay."

His arms went around her, holding her tightly as though she were a child needing comfort; knowing that there was no easy road back to happiness for either of them.

But they had, after all, taken the first, uncertain step together, he reminded himself.

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● It often seems to me that there are two sorts of teenagers in the world — those you read about and those you know among your friends.

ALL the "experts" in creation won't convince me that there's such a remarkable amount of difference between the adolescents of today and the adolescents of my day.

People say that they're unruly and self-centred, and so they are, but can you point to any period in history where people were not saying the same thing?

And isn't a certain amount of unruliness and self-centredness a necessary step in the process of growing into an adult?

Life's very sweet in the days when your children are small and they think you're all-wise and all-knowing and all-powerful, but I'd say you could mark yourself down as a hundred per cent. failure as a parent if they went on thinking like that for very long.

I admit it's a bit irksome round about the 10-13 period when you suddenly find you've turned into a desiccated old fuddy-duddy who knows very little and nearly all of it wrong; but that phase passes in the normal course of events, and it's nice when you find that once again you're a useful confidante and sounding-board for ideas.

Almost all teenagers are nice to have around. The ones who aren't — the gate-crashers and the hooligans and the fast little gold-diggers who get themselves into the papers and the courts—are only more noticeable in this generation because they've got more money to spend on clothes and drink and fast cars.

"The farmer takes a wife"

A READER from South Nanango, in Queensland, has sent me this gorgeous definition of a farmer's wife:

She is "wife, companion, praiser, audience, correspondent, mother, nurse, baby-sitter, veterinarian, entertainer, go-between, adviser on birds and bees, teacher, preacher, planner, budgeteer, banker, laundress, scrub-woman, hirer, dishwasher, seamstress, dietitian, carpenter, plumber, painter, gardener, lawn-mower, shopper, barber, hostess, secretary, chauffeur, shoe-shiner, dictionary, Santa Claus, husband's right hand, and chief assistant to the dog when the cow has got through the fence!"

Children who are "duds" at sport

I WAS most interested in a recent "Mother's Story" written by a reader (March 14, 1962) who gave some very sound advice to the parents of children who are "duds" at sport.

There's another aspect of this that makes me hot under the collar—the way that in this competitive modern world of ours the schools concentrate all their efforts on the "stars" and let the "duds" go hang.

I don't say for a moment that this is true of all schools. I know it's not, but there are far too many where all the coaching and all the encouragement, and even the use of the courts and ovals and equipment, is reserved for the ones who are going to shine and bring some sort of glory to the school.

I don't go much for compulsion as a general rule, but I must say that I'm in favor of some sort of regular compulsory exercise for children who have to spend their days indoors making a gallant effort to sit reasonably still.

Most schools have some sort of P.T classes or movement classes or organised running-about games for the little ones, but then when the pressure of work gets heavier in the upper classes sport is only for those who want it.

The point is that all young things "want it," but those who haven't got a natural aptitude for games are embarrassed by their own ineptitude and get to the stage where they'd rather not play at all than play badly.

Arguments about sport and the need for regular exercise loom large in our family.

Kay is a reasonable creature—she plays an averagely good game of tennis, swims well, enjoys both, and manages to get a reasonable amount of exercise and do a reasonable amount of work.

Mike is extremely good at all forms of sport, and devotes a quite unreasonable amount of his time and thought to them—in fact, it would be fair to say that he never thinks of anything else.

Diana is no good at sport and professes to hate all forms of it.

This I find both sad and irritating—she's not nearly as bad at it as she'd like to make people believe, and if you can get her involved in some sort of fairly violent exercise she thoroughly enjoys it.

The trouble is to get her started—I can't imagine Di ever being the one to suggest a game of anything, or a long walk, or a bout of gardening or hill-climbing.

Being, as Hugh says, bone-lazy (I'm convinced myself that it's pride more than laziness that makes some kids avoid sport), Diana was pleased when she reached a level in the school where lessons took up the whole of the day and sport was left for people to arrange themselves in out-of-school hours.

The result is that Di and her particular groups of friends arrange nothing and get practically no exercise beyond the daily walk to and from the bus.

Trick with tinned baby-food

BY the time I'm a grandmother I'm going to be a walking encyclopedia of helpful hints. I'm always hearing of baby-care ideas that I wish I'd had the wit to think of for myself.

A young friend of mine who often uses tinned baby-food for her son's midday meal stands the tin over the little pilot-jet of her gas stove when she puts the baby down for his late-morning sleep.

When the baby wakes up the food is ready for him at just the right temperature; no waiting, and no wild waving of the spoon round in the air to cool the food.

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Fanny and the Regent of Siam

From page 31

"You'll come, just the same," Charles said.

Fanny laughed.

"I'd like to come," said Michel, "but——"

"If you need money," Fanny interrupted, "I will see what I can do. You can pay it back after your show."

They began to discuss the journey. Fanny said that they would go first to Saigon, and from there travel by river steamer along the Mekong to Pnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia. There they would have to engage a party of bearers to carry their tents, and get a contractor to provide some elephants for the journey to the Siamese frontier . . .

FANNY still had several thousand pounds of the money which Preecha had deposited in the Bank of England on her marriage. Now she obtained an additional £1250 by selling all her jewellery.

When the little party embarked for the East in January, 1881, it seemed to her that they had all brought too much gear with them. Michel had two large cases packed with canvases and paints. Corinne had more dresses that she was likely to need; but there was one item, most necessary in Fanny's view, that was missing. They would need to take rifles.

With Charles she went ashore at Marseilles, and, without much difficulty, though at considerable expense, obtained six Snider rifles, two pistols, and a supply of ammunition.

For Fanny the voyage to Singapore and Saigon was full of memories. It was her third passage through the Suez Canal (it had not been opened the first time she went home).

At Saigon she hired a river steamer to take the party up the Mekong River into Cambodia; then she bought food and engaged servants.

A week later they started off.

● *Spencer, Fanny's son, from an old pencil portrait.*

The Mekong was much wider than Siam's principal river, the Menam; indeed, it is one of the largest rivers in the world, but to Fanny it seemed far less attractive, for it lacked the laughter and the gaiety of the river at Bangkok. Michel, however, was not so critical, and at every bend of the winding river shouted with delight and soon got busy making sketches of thatched huts, bare-breasted women, naked children splashing in the water, against a background of tall palm trees and jungle.

It took them two and a half days to reach Pnom Penh, the straggling, dusty capital of Cambodia. Here again Michel found plenty to sketch.

Fanny was anxious to go on as soon as possible, but coolies and elephants had to be hired and some supplies laid in.

Inquiries in the bazaar led them to a contractor. He said that they would need three elephants and twenty men, and that some of the men would need to be armed, since they might be waylaid by bandits. He would buy spears in the bazaars; more rifles would have been useful, but would be unobtainable.

Next morning their river steamer turned out of the inland lake and pulled up at the small jetty of Kanchor.

The party lived in tents outside the town until, in their own good time, the elephants and coolies arrived.

Measured by the rate at which elephants travel, the frontier was barely two days away. The contractor had also brought horses, but the pace would be set by the elephants.

Three laden elephants went in front: the coolies, chattering and singing, followed behind the horses. For some miles the party travelled inland. The road was a wide, dusty track. Then they turned off into a smaller track.

At night the coolies pitched the tents and the party divided up, Corinne with Fanny, Michel with Charles.

A second heavy-going day followed.

THAT night their tents were pitched beside a river very near the Siamese frontier. The trees rose to a great height above them, and there was a tangle of undergrowth all around.

After the evening meal Fanny sat alone in the forest for some hours. She was wide awake. She kept on wondering what would happen when they got to the frontier. If they were arrested, would the French intervene?

For all the brave and defiant spirit that had sustained her so far, now that the moment was near she felt very nervous. Fanny asked herself: What would Preecha have advised? She held a locket in her hands, but the trees cut off the pale moonlight and she could barely see the pictures of Preecha and their son.

She looked at her watch again. She had dragged her friends into danger. Perhaps it did not matter to Charles. He liked excitement, even went out to seek it. But poor Michel had had his fill of danger during the war. He did not want any more excitement. He had only come to paint. And as for Corinne—she was sure that Corinne had hated every moment of the journey since they had left Saigon. She had only come because Charles in his high-handed way had told her to, and because she wanted to be with him.

● *The shrine in memory of Fanny's husband.*

Fanny covered her face with her hands. The hard gold of the locket pressed against her forehead, moist in the heat of the stifling, airless night. With her eyes closed, she could see Preecha more clearly; she felt closer to him. Now she believed that she saw a disappointed look in his gentle eyes, heard him ask: "What good can come of revenge?"

She wished she could be like him. If they had been together a little longer, perhaps in time his gentle influence might have guided and helped her. But her spirit had been roused, and her will was too strong to submit in meekness. "It is for your father and your brothers, who are still in gaol, and for our children, and their children that I am doing this," she argued to herself.

Suddenly Fanny felt hands clasp her firmly by the arms. A gag was pressed against her mouth, then other arms lifted her up and bore her off. She saw that there were half a dozen men around her.

For a mile or more they carried her to where an elephant and horses were waiting under the trees. One of the men leapt on to a horse and made off. The others raised her on to the back of the elephant and the small procession swayed slowly towards the Siamese frontier.

Fanny knew she was a prisoner of the Regent. On the backs of the horses walking beside her elephant were stacked the rifles she had bought in Marseilles and the spears she had bought in the alleys off the bazaar in Pnom Penh.

SOME miles on the other side of the frontier, Fanny's gag and the ropes which bound her were removed. As she jogged along on the back of the enormous elephant, with two men, both armed, seated beside her and two others on horseback, also armed, riding alongside the elephant, the mahout talked freely to her.

They had received instructions, he said, from the Government in Bangkok. They had been told to come and get her. The man who had ridden off on the pony had gone to Battambong to despatch a telegram announcing her capture

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Romance has faded right out of my life!

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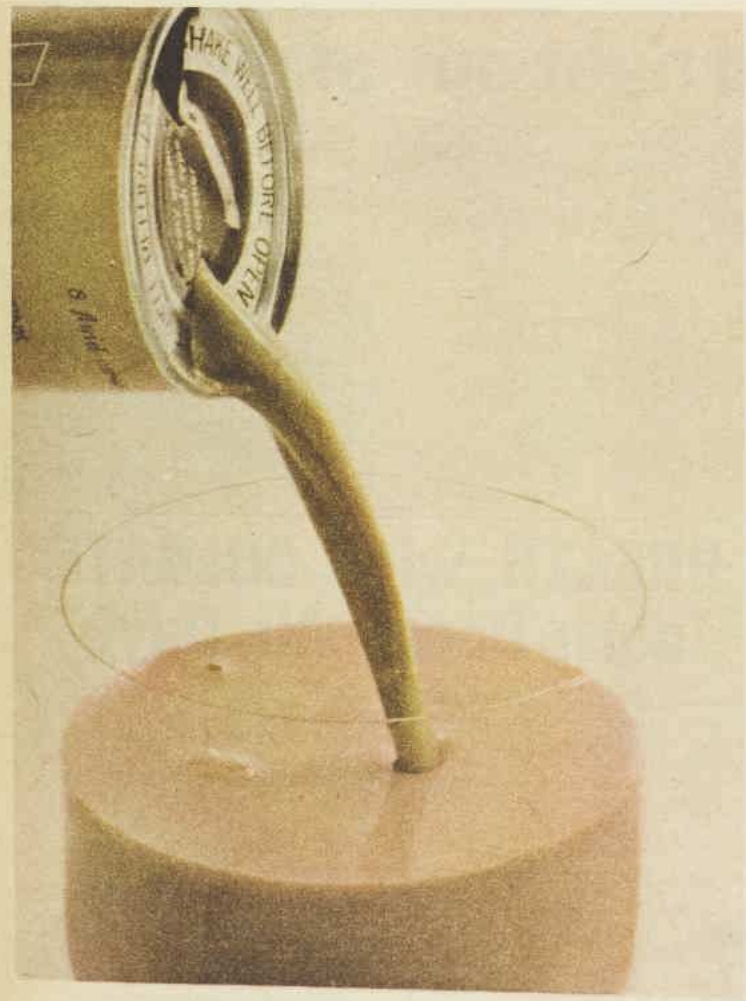

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Continuing . . . ESCAPE FROM FEAR

from page 39

praying that a board wouldn't creak, feeling my way toward the faint bars of starlight coming between the slanting laths of the shutters.

I flattened myself against the wall beside them and heard the catch fall back. The leaf of the shutter farthest from me swung softly outward. Wait for it. Wait till he is half in the room—and then the back of his neck. The second leaf swung out and I lifted my hand. Head . . . shoulders . . . one more second.

And Isabel screamed.

It was piercing, as if the knife were at her throat. The man went back as if he'd been shot. I heard him drop then run. Before I could look he was lost in the darkness—a bulk of shadow running. I turned, threw myself on my knees beside the bed, caught her to me.

"Oh, Peter; oh, Peter," she panted. "I thought you'd gone. I woke and you were gone . . . and then . . . I saw—saw him climbing through the window . . . Mark—"

"Mark?" I whispered. Mark?

"I knew he was following us. I knew."

"Rubbish," I said. "It was just a burglar."

Outside in the passageway someone knocked on the door and asked what was the matter. I wrestled briefly in my mind, weighing the effects on Isabel of questions, excitement. "Nothing," I called. "Only a nightmare." He went away grumbling.

"I know it was Mark," she whispered. "He used to do that in the old days to frighten me when we were children. I know it was him. Peter, I'm so afraid."

It was a long time before I could soothe her to sleep again. Peter, I'm so afraid. She'd said exactly that the day I rebelled. But I knew better now what she meant, what lay behind that pathetic whisper of fear—years of the kind of torment that only one child can inflict on another, weaker child.

In the seven days and nights since we were married I'd begun to learn a little of it and to guess more—the child arriving from the West Indies, already brokenhearted, lonely, frightened of a world that had grown cold and dark and strange, and her cousin Mark making an endless game out of torturing her mind.

"I had a pet rabbit," she told me once. "And one day when he couldn't think of anything else to do he made me watch while his tame ferret killed it. He held my wrists behind my back. And every time it was just going to end he'd save the rabbit—for a little longer. I think it lasted nearly an hour. That must be eight years ago, but I still dream of it."

"And what did his father say?"

"He laughed. He said it'd teach me what life was like. Mark can't do anything wrong in his father's eyes. He was always saying that what he called Mark's teasing was just what I needed 'to bring me out of myself.' Teasing! Even at night sometimes I'd be afraid to go to sleep."

"And yet when we first met I thought you were in love with Mark."

"If someone tortures you long enough, you grow almost to love him. I read that in a book somewhere, and it's true. You seem to depend on him. He's all that matters in the world. If he smiles, if he leaves you alone for a little, then the day is good. And it gets so that you don't want him to leave you alone. Without him you feel lost."

But that day when I rebelled I didn't know all that lay behind Isabel's strangeness. I knew only that I was tired of secrecy and hurried meetings and that I loved her and was going to see her guardian to tell him so. That was when she said she was so afraid.

"Of what?" I laughed. "Aren't you twenty-one? What can he say?"

He said a great deal. He was a little bantam of a man, like a miniature, older replica of his son, the same mouth and hot little eyes—only his were bloodshot and there was an unhealthy tinge of lead under the ruddiness of his face—a white, fiercely bristling moustache, a cavalry major's bark that seemed a little too exaggerated to be quite true.

"A blasted fortune-hunter!" he shouted at the end of a very detailed summary of my character.

"But you've told Isabel that her estate is a liability rather than an asset. What fortune am I supposed to be hunting?"

He shouted for his son at that, and Mark Tarrant came in, lounging against the wall by the door, as if he were waiting to kick me on my way out. But I didn't go.

"I'm not bandyin' words with your type," the Major snarled. "Damned wine-shipper's clerk. Get out. And if I see you sniffin' round my ward again I'll have the police on you."

"Isabel's twenty-one," I said.

"And I'm lookin' after her estate an' interests till she's twenty-five . . . Open the door for him, Mark."

"I'm not a lawyer," I said, "but I've an idea that any guardianship of yours, over Isabel personally, ended the day she was twenty-one. It'll be very easy to find out, of course." I thought Mark was going to come for me and that his father was going to have a fit.

HE gripped the desk with both hands as if he needed to hold himself up, and his face went purple and then lead-grey. "In fact," I went on gently, "I have an appointment with a very good lawyer on just that point for this afternoon. I thought if we ran into difficulties he might be able to help."

"Sit down," the Major whispered . . . "Mark, get me one of my pills." He swallowed it and wiped his face with a big yellow handkerchief. "Now, what's all this rubbish about lawyers?"

That experience gave me the beginnings of a few answers. And inquiries in the city a little later gave me some more. Even with the current prices of sugar and with absentee management, Isabel's estate should have been paying a lot more than nothing, which was the figure her guardian had been giving her whenever she asked.

But the final answers would be a lot more complicated to sort out. Major Tarrant had had eleven years to confuse the issue and cover his trail; and, however frightened he was at the thought of lawyers, I judged that he'd fight like a rat when he was cornered. The first thing to do was to get Isabel out of his hands—and Mark's.

Even before I learned just what he had done to her in childhood and how he had got his grip on her mind, I realised that the grip was there. And a dozen times between that first meeting and the wedding I felt that the Major was holding his son back from provoking an explosion. And whenever Isabel was alone with Mark she came back to me white and shaking, refusing to tell me why.

It was only when the wedding and the bleakly frightful reception were over and we were on our slow honeymoon journey through France that she began to tell me—at night mostly, in broken sentences, in sudden, still half-frightened bursts of joy at being free.

"They made me feel somehow that I'd never be free, that the only thing that could ever happen would be to marry Mark . . . I think if I hadn't met you that night, perhaps I would have married him—just to get peace. They made such scenes."

"Why did you bring him to the Herons'?"

To page 58

Such a snap, crackle and *popping* good breakfast!

You are looking at the only breakfast cereal in the world that *tells* you how *crisp* it is. How *good* it tastes.

What a pity those Kellogg's Rice Bubbles* can't also tell you how *very* nourishing they are.

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A rose is a rose is a strawberry!

STRAWBERRY (or Fragaria) is a member of the rose family. Even if it never bore a fruit, it would be grown for its decorative leaves and dainty white-and-yellow flowers.

PRUNUS SERRULATA (the Japanese flowering cherry) is one of the rose family's more glamorous members. The variety pictured above is "Mt. Fuji," with white blooms.

PYRACANTHA (Firethorn) berry, above, and blossom, below. It grows in every type of soil (even sand) and is useful for hedges because of the vicious thorns. Rogersiana is a good yellow-berried variety; Coccinea is red, Angustifolio orange.

TALK of roses and most people think in terms of lovely fragrant flowers, the stems mostly armed with thorns, that grow on bushes or standards or climb.

The botanical family Rosaceae includes more popular trees, shrubs, and perennials than any other family in the plant world.

These pictures show only a few of the 2000-odd species, each as much entitled to membership in the rose clan as your favorite hybrid tea or floribunda.

The explanation lies in the system botanists use to catalogue plants. The home gardener may sometimes wonder why plants are identified by Latin words instead of the names he knows. But these are often used in one country only, whereas the Latin names are universal.

Every plant in the rose family is set apart from plants in other families by having most (but not all) of the following features in common:

● Thorns or prickles. ● Leaves not opposite each other but alternately down the stem. ● Irregular leaf-like outgrowths at the base of stems. ● Flowers of regular shape which are not fringed. ● Four or five sepals to each flower bud. ● Four or five petals in the single forms of the flower. ● Five or more stamens, the hairs which bear pollen. ● All stamens inserted into the edge of a cup-shaped vessel around which the petals are arranged. ● Fruits in the form of a globe.

The strawberry, the apple, the pear, quince, plum, cherry, peach, almond, apricot, and loquat are all members of the rose family.

Cotoneasters, those handsome shrubs, come under the same heading, as well as English may (Crataegus oxycantha) and all others listed under the name of Crataegus.

The rowan tree, or mountain ash, which bears white flowers in spring followed by bunches of showy red berries, is a relative of the rose. The lovely pearl bush, with its masses of white flowers, is a distant relative.

The brilliant red geum, strangely enough, is one of the roses, and that fine shrub much used in hedges, the photinia, is another.

The blackberry, raspberry, loganberry, boysenberry, youngberry, and other hybrids are in the family.

Even the spiraeas, commonly but mistakenly called May here, are in the same category, whether white (single or double) or red (Anthony Waterer variety).

The flowering peaches (amygdalus) closely resemble roses when the lovely colored blooms are fully open, and the cherry laurels, of which there are several, all come under the rose heading.

THE ROSE is the parent of the family pictured on this page. This variety is a hybrid tea, the lovely Queen Elizabeth.

KERRIA JAPONICA. In spite of its second name, the charming Kerria is a native of China. It flowers in winter and spring.

MALUS FLORIBUNDA, the Japanese crab apple, is one of the loveliest small trees for cooler gardens. And watch how it brings the bees!

LEFT: The common sweet briar rose of country roadsides is one member of the family you won't want to grow. In Victoria it's a proclaimed weed. It is commonly used as root stock for graftings of other roses.

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A Dictionary

ACETIC ACID: In vinegar, also used in some confectionery and icings.

A LA (A LA MODE DE): In the manner of.

A L'AFRICAINE: African style.

A L'ALLEMANDE: German style.

A L'ANGLAISE: English style.

A LA BROCHE: Cooked on a skewer.

A LA CARTE: Each dish ordered separately and priced separately.

A LA FRANCAISE: French style.

A LA KING: Food served in rich sherry-flavored white sauce.

A LA MODE: French term meaning "in the fashion." Cooking "a la mode" usually applies to large cuts of braised beef.

ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR: Mentioned in American recipe books, is our plain flour.

ALLSPICE: Spice prepared from the dried pimento berry; flavor similar to cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg.

AL SUGO: Literally "in gravy" (Italian). A dish cooked in meat juice or gravy.

ANGELICA: Plant similar to celery, preserved in spirit or candied and used to decorate sweet dishes.

ANISEED: Seeds or oil from a plant used for flavoring confectionery and in pastry- and biscuit-making.

ANTIPASTO: Italian term for assorted vegetables, snippets of cold meat or fish served as an appetiser before the pasta course.

APERITIF: Appetiser drink.

APPETISER: A small portion of food or drink served before a meal or as the first course.

ARROWROOT: Starchy ingredient prepared from root of West Indian plant used for thickening sauces, etc., and in desserts.

ARTICHOKE: Two varieties, the globe artichoke is a green vegetable with head composed of individual leaves, the heart and part of each leaf edible; the Jerusalem artichoke is an irregular-shaped root vegetable similar in texture to the potato.

ASPIC: A clear savory jelly used to mould or garnish meat, fish, or other savory dishes.

ATTELETS: Small skewers of metal used to decorate a dish.

AUBERGINE (eggplant): A melon-shaped purple-skinned vegetable.

AU BEURRE: With butter.

AU BLEU: Term applied to fish boiled with vegetables, herbs, and white wine or vinegar.

AU GRAS: Meat in rich gravy. Literally "in fat" (French).

AU GRATIN: A scalloped dish topped with breadcrumbs and cheese, dotted with butter, and browned in oven or under grill.

AU JUS: Any dish served with its own natural juices. Literally "with juice" (French).

AU LAIT: With milk.

AU MAIGRE: A dish without meat. French, meaning "thin" or "frugal."

AU NATUREL: Food served in its natural state or plainly cooked.

AVOCADO: Fruit of sub-tropical tree — used mainly in appetiser or salad dishes.

BABA: A light yeast cake steeped in rum or kirsch after cooking. Named after Ali Baba by King Stanislas Leczinski, whose favorite book was the "Thousand and One Nights."

BAIN MARIE: French cooking utensil; a large shallow vessel holding boiling water in which lidded pans of cooked food are kept hot without further cooking. Meaning "water bath" (French).

BAKING-POWDER: A raising ingredient made up of 2 parts acid (tartrate or phosphate) to 1 part bicarbonate of soda; used with plain flour for scones and cakes.

BALLOTTINE: Boned, stuffed, and rolled meat dishes served hot. When cold they are called "Galantine."

BARBECUE: To cook meat or poultry over an open fire or red-hot coals. Spanish explorers found the natives of Haiti cooking on a barbacoa, or open grill.

BARNOCKS: Thin, round, flat Scottish oatmeal cakes cooked on a griddle.

BASIL: Leaves of a plant like sage in appearance; used, fresh or dried, in savory dishes with meat and tomato.

BASTE: To spoon hot fat or liquid over food during cooking to keep it moist.

BATTER: A smoothly blended mixture of flour and liquid sufficiently thin to beat or stir.

BAVAROIS, or Bavarian cream: A cold jellied custard cream.

BAYLEAVES: Dried leaves of sweet bay or laurel tree used sparingly (because moist heat releases strong flavor) in soups, stews, etc.

BEARNAISE SAUCE: A rich, savory white sauce flavored with herbs. Its characteristic is tarragon. Said to originate from the French province of Bearn.

BECHAMEL: A basic white sauce made from milk and sometimes with meat stock.

BEIGNETS: Fritters of various kinds.

BEURRE NOISETTE and BEURRE NOIR (literally nut-brown and black butter): Made by heating butter until it is brown and almost burnt.

BIND: To hold mixtures together by the addition of beaten egg, thick sauce, etc.

BISQUE: A rich cream soup usually made from shellfish; or a frozen dessert containing nuts.

BLACK PUDDING: A type of sausage, dark in color and encased in dark skins.

BLANCH: Literally to whiten. To scald fruit, vegetables, or nuts, to make them easier to peel; or to cleanse and harden meats such as brains by soaking in cold water and bringing to boiling point.

BLANC MANGE: A white sweet dessert, thickened with cornflour and set in a mould. From blanc-manger, "to eat white" (French).

BLANQUETTE: White meat served in a rich white sauce.

BLEND: To combine 2 or more ingredients thoroughly, or to mix a dry ingredient to a smooth paste with a cold liquid.

BLIND: E.g., "bake blind" — pastry-cases baked before they are filled — means "empty."

BLINI: Russian pancakes made from a yeast batter.

BOIL: To cook in liquid heated to 212deg. F. and bubbling all over the surface.

BOILING POINT: The temperature at which a liquid commences to bubble.

BOLOGNA SAUSAGE: Italian-type smoked sausage.

BOMBAY DUCK: Dried flesh of a fish found in Indian waters, usually served with curry.

BOMBE: Originally a dessert frozen in an oval-lidded mould; by common usage now applied to a variety of frozen desserts.

BOMBE-GLACEE: A frozen dessert in which a bombe mould is lined with ice-cream and centre filled with a type of iced cream.

BONNE BOUCHE: Name given to small savory snippets; a French phrase meaning "tasty mouthful."

BONNE FEMME (literally "good housekeeper"): Housewife style — usually food with creamy sauce and garnish of vegetables.

BORSCH: A Russian soup from beetroot.

BOUCHEE ("mouthful"): Small puff-pastry cases filled with cream mixtures.

BOUILLABAISSE: A pungent Mediterranean soup or fish stew made from several varieties of fish and shellfish, flavored with tomatoes and saffron.

BOUILLON: Thin, clear soup made from meat, etc.

BOUILLON CUBE: Small cube of seasoned dried meat or chicken extracts used for quick broth or stock and to flavor savory dishes.

BOUQUET GARNI ("gathered bouquet"): A bunch of fresh herbs consisting of three sprigs of parsley, two of thyme, one of marjoram, and one bayleaf tied together and used to flavor soups, stews, sauces, etc. It is removed from the dish before serving. When it is impossible to get fresh thyme and marjoram, dried herbs can be used.

BRAISE: To brown food in a little fat, then continue cooking in a small quantity of liquid in lidded pan over low heat.

BRAWN: Moulded jelly savory mixture of meats (shin of beef, sheep tongues, pork, etc.) and vegetables.

BRINE: Liquid consisting of salt water and seasoning used for pickling and/or preserving.

BRIOCHE (French): A light cake made of yeast dough.

BROIL (or grill): To cook under or over direct heat.

BROTH: A thin soup containing meat, grain (rice or barley), and vegetables.

BRUSH: To coat thinly with egg or butter, using a brush.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK: An old English dish of left-over meat and vegetables fried together.

BUFFET: Literally a place for refreshments or a sideboard; by common usage it now means an informal meal such as "buffet lunch," "buffet dinner," where guests are not seated around the table.

BUTTERMILK: Liquid remaining after churning of butter, similar to skimmed milk.

CAFE AU LAIT: Coffee with milk.

CAMEMBERT: A soft cheese originating from the French district of Camembert, now made all over France and in other countries.

CANAPES (French, literally "sofas"): Small shapes of fried or toasted bread or pastry used as a bed for a savory hors d'oeuvre such as oysters, caviare, etc.

CANNELONS (or canneloni): Small pastry rolls filled with savory mince (meat, fish, or poultry).

CANTALOUP: Rockmelon.

CAPERS: Tiny buds of a southern European plant; sold pickled in vinegar and used in savory sauces. Young nasturtium seeds can be pickled and used in the same way.

CAPON: A castrated male chicken, usually large, tender, and well-flavored.

CAPSICUM: A sweet red or green pepper; the green peppers ripen to red. The thick, fleshy types are not hot.

CARAMEL: Sugar melted and cooked over low heat to a dark brown; used to color and flavor soups, gravies, and sauces; also used as term for brown or browned sugar and butter mixtures in desserts and confectionery.

CARAWAY SEEDS: Dried seeds of a plant used for flavoring bread, cheeses, and cakes.

CARDAMON: Seeds of a plant of the ginger family, used dried in mixed pickles, or dried and ground in Danish pastries.

CASSATA: Very rich Italian frozen dessert. Served in slices.

CASSEROLE: A fireproof lidded oven dish.

CASSOLETTE: Small fireproof lidded dish to hold one serving.

CATSUP (or ketchup): A table sauce, tomato or mushroom best-known varieties.

CAYENNE PEPPER: Very hot red pepper prepared from the dried ground seeds of the red pepper or pimento.

CHANTILLY: A dish containing cream.

CHARLOTTE: A sweet made of alternating layers of fruit, crumbs, or fingers of buttered bread or cake; or made in a mould lined with cake fingers, centre filled with fruit, cream, and jelly.

CHARTREUSE: Moulded jelly, fruit, or savory mixture.

CHAUDFROID: A dish of chicken or game prepared hot, coated with creamy sauce, and served cold in aspic. (Literally "hot-cold.")

CHEESE: Milk curd coagulated and pressed to make a food of high nutritive quality.

CHERVIL: A herb similar to parsley; used fresh in salads, soups, sauces, egg dishes, and sprinkled over roasts.

CHICORY: A curly endive with a slightly bitter flavor; young roots can be used as a vegetable, leaves in salads.

CHIPOLATAS: Various small sausages.

CHIVES: Thin grass-like leaves of a plant of the onion family; used finely chopped to flavor creamed foods, egg dishes, salads.

CHOCOLATE: Made from the toasted and crushed beans of the tropical cacao tree.

CHOU (or choux), meaning "cabbage" (French): Pastry for cream puffs, eclairs, etc.

CHOWDER: An American thick soup.

CINNAMON: Inner bark of a tropical tree; bought powdered or in sticks for use in cakes, drinks, sweets, and curries.

CITRIC ACID: Obtained from lemons, limes, and other acid fruits; bought in the form of crystals or white powder; used in making home-made fruit drinks and some jams.

CLARIFY: To clear stock for consomme or savory jelly; to clarify or clean drippings to make clarified fat.

CLOVES: Dried flower buds or evergreen shrub; bought whole or ground; used in pickles, chutneys, sweet dishes.

COBBLER: Type of fruit pie; thick layer of fruit is topped with rich biscuit pastry.

COCHINEAL: A red dye used to color food, made from an insect of that name.

COCK-A-LEEKIE: A favorite Scottish soup made of leeks and poultry.

COCKTAIL: May be a liquid (fruit or vegetable juice or alcoholic beverage), or a solid (fruit or fish with sauce), served as an appetiser before a meal or as the first course.

COCOA: A chocolate-flavored powder, manufactured from cacao beans.

COCOTTE: See cassolette.

CODDLE: To cook slowly just below boiling point.

COFFEE: A beverage made from roasted ground coffee beans; fine powdered coffee (instant coffee) flavors sweets, cakes, icings.

COLLOPS: (or escalopes): Small boneless portions of meat.

COMPOTE: Sweetened stewed fruit.

CONDE: The term "a la conde" is applied to soups or sweets containing rice. Named after Louis II, the Prince de Conde, a French military commander (17th century).

CONDENSED MILK: Whole milk from which a large proportion of water has been evaporated; sold sweetened or unsweetened.

CONDIMENTS: Highly flavored spices, seasonings, and sauces.

CONSOMME (literally "consumed," French); a seasoned clear soup.

COOKING FATS: Range from liquid oils to hard fats and include oils, butter, lard, margarine, solid vegetable shortenings, meat and poultry drippings.

COQUILLES: Shells for serving seafoods.

CORNED: Salted, as in salted meats.

CORNISH PASTIES: Famous English dish; pastry crescents filled with finely chopped meat and vegetables, including potato.

CORIANDER: Dried seeds of a plant; ground and used in meat dishes and bread.

CORNFLOUR: Refined starch made from maize, used as a thickening ingredient and for some desserts.

COUPE: A sweet or fruit served with a cream or water ice. Means "cup" or "bowl" (French).

COURGETTE: See zucchini.

COURT-BOUILLON: Seasoned liquid in which fish, meat, and vegetables are cooked. White wine is sometimes added. (Literally "short soup.")

CRACKERS: American name for biscuits, either sweet or savory.

CRACKLING: The crisp rind of roast pork.

CRAYFISH: Fresh-water shellfish similar to lobster.

CREAM: To work one or more ingredients with a spoon or beater until soft and creamy. Applies particularly to shortening and sugar.

CREOLE: Spicy rice dishes from the French West Indies.

CREPES: French pancakes.

CRESS: Watercress or mustard cress used as a salad ingredient or as a garnish.

CRISP: To make firm in very cold water or (pastries and pies) in a moderate oven.

CROISSANT: Crescent-shaped pastry or bread roll. Literally "crescent."

CROQUETTES: A mixture of finely chopped or minced cooked food, bound with beaten egg or thick sauce, rolled into various shapes, crumbed, and fried. From the French "croquer," to be crisp.

CROUSTADES: Bread cases brushed with butter and browned in the oven or fried, served filled with creamed food.

CROUTES: Literally crusts (French). Small shapes of fried bread used as savory bases.

CROUTONS: Small squares of fried or toasted bread used as a garnish, especially for soups.

CRUMPET: A type of large, white, eggless raised griddlecake.

CUISINE: French word for kitchen, cooking, or cookery.

CUMIN: Ground, dried seeds of the caraway plant, used in curry powder and in chilli powder for Mexican food.

CUMQUAT: Small mandarin-type citrus fruit, usually preserved, crystallised, or made into marmalade.

CURD: Solid part of soured or coagulated milk used for making cheese.

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# of Cooking

• Meanings, and some interesting origins, of terms used in cook books and restaurants.

CURE: To dry and smoke previously salted meat or fish.

CURRY POWDER: A mixture of herbs and spices, including ginger, coriander, cumin, turmeric, and chilli, used to flavor savory dishes or stews of meat, fish, or poultry.

DAMSON: A small dark plum, considered best for jam and jelly.

DARIOLE: Small mould used for individual portions.

DEMITASSE (Literally a half-cup, French); Usually refers to a small cup of black coffee served after dinner.

DEVILLED: Highly seasoned.

DICE: To cut into very small cubes.

DILL: Seeds of a plant used to flavor pickles, salads, meat and fish dishes. The flavor is similar to caraway.

DREDGE: To coat with flour or sugar.

DRESS: To clean, trim, etc. (as poultry); to prepare a plain food in rich or fancy style (as dressed vegetables).

DUCHESSE: The name given to a method of preparing potatoes by mashing and adding egg-yolk and butter.

DUMPLINGS: Round balls of pastry cooked in the gravy of a stew; or apples encased in pastry and baked in the oven or in suet crust and steamed.

ECLAIR: Means "flash of lightning" (French); choux pastry-cases filled with custard or cream or a savory filling.

EDAM: A Dutch cheese, usually round and red-skinned.

EGG-PLANT: See aubergine.

EN BROCHETTE: Grilled and served on a skewer.

EN COQUILLES: In shell-shaped dishes or in natural shells.

ENDIVE: See chicory.

ENTREE: A separate light course served between the heavy courses of a formal dinner, or the main dish of an informal meal.

ENTREMET: Hot or cold sweet dish served as dessert; also a dish of dressed vegetables served as a separate course.

EPICURE: A lover of good food.

ESCALOPES: Slices of boneless meat or fish slightly flattened and fried in a fat.

ESCAROLE: A type of endive with a broad leaf, thick and with frilled edges.

ESPAGNOLE: Literally "Spanish." Name of a rich brown sauce.

FARCI: Literally "stuffed"; French term for a dish, either vegetable or meat, stuffed with a prepared seasoning mixture.

FARINACEOUS: Farinaceous foods are made from flour or corn meal, i.e., porridge, spaghetti, macaroni, cereal, etc.

FENNEL: A fragrant garden herb with a sweet flavor.

FENUGREEK: A herb used in curry powder.

FILLET: Piece of meat or fish from which all skin and bones have been removed.

FINES HERBES: Equal amounts of chopped fresh parsley, chervil, and chives.

FINNAN HADDIE: The Scottish name for smoked haddock.

FLAMBE: Literally means "aflame" (French); applied to any dish with liquor added, which is set alight.

FLAN: An open pastry-case, made in a flat, straight-sided tin, or a flan-ring on a tray.

FLAPJACK: A type of thick pancake.

FLUMMERY: A cold sweet, usually fruit-flavored.

FOIE GRAS: Liver of a fat goose, usually made into a savory paste called pate de foie gras. French, meaning literally "fat liver."

FOLD: To combine ingredients by using spoon or spatula with a down, across, up, and over movement until mixing is complete.

FONDANT: "Melting" (French); sugar syrup boiled to 238-240deg. F. or soft ball stage, beaten or kneaded until smooth, and used, colored and flavored, for cake icing, etc.

FONDUE: A dish containing melted cheese, originally made in Switzerland.

FORCEMEAT: Any seasoning containing finely minced or ground meat.

FRAPPE: Diluted, sweetened fruit, frozen to a mushy consistency, and served in that form. Literally "iced" (French).

FRICANDEAU: Cushion or fillet of veal, or fish, larded and braised.

FRICASSEE: A white stew; from fricassee, to squander or ruin (French).

FRITTER: Piece of fruit, meat, or fish, coated with batter and deep-fried.

FROMAGE: Cheese.

FROSTING (or icing): A cooked or uncooked sugar mixture used to cover and/or decorate cakes and biscuits.

GALANTINE: A dish of boned meat or poultry, cooked in a gelatine stock.

GALETTE: A French roll or bun, usually round and flat.

GAMMON: Salted pork; a popular English meat dish made from the heel or cushion of uncooked pork.

GAMMON RASHERS: Similar to bacon rashers, but less salty. Bacon rashers can substitute in recipes requiring gammon.

GARLIC: A strongly flavored bulb of the onion family, which divides into segments called cloves. Found in most Mediterranean dishes, it is best used sparingly because of its strong aroma.

GARNISH: To decorate food.

GATEAU: Cake (French).

GHEE: An Indian word for butter, with as much water as possible removed.

GHERKIN: Small pickled cucumber.

GIBLETS: Heart, liver, neck, and gizzard of poultry.

GIGOT: A leg of mutton or lamb.

GINGER: Root of a plant used for flavoring; also candied or preserved in syrup.

GLACE: Anything with a smooth glossy surface.

GLAZE: To brush lightly with milk or egg before cooking, or with sugar syrup after cooking; also a stock or gravy reduced by boiling.

GNOCCHI: Small boiled or baked Italian dumplings (made from flour, semolina, or potato).

GORGONZOLA: A strong cheese originally made in Gorgonzola, Italy.

GOULASH: Hungarian veal or beef stew, which may include tomatoes, paprika, and sour cream.

GOURMET: Connoisseur of food, wine.

GROUNDNUT: Peanut.

GUACOMOLE: An American savory spread made from pulped avocado flavored with garlic, onion, lemon juice, olive oil.

GUMBO: Green pod of a West Indian tree, also called okra. Used for soups and pickles, chicken gumbo is a puree of okra, chicken.

HADDOCK: Fish found in European waters; only smoked or frozen haddock is obtainable in Australia.

HAGGIS: Scottish national dish made of liver, sheeps' hearts, etc., mixed with oatmeal, suet, and seasonings, and cooked in the lining of a sheep's stomach.

HARICOT: A brown stew; a type of bean.

HERBS: Plants whose leaves, roots, seeds, or stems are used for flavoring.

HOLLANDAISE: A rich sauce made with eggs and butter.

HOMINY: Corn cakes made with milk; of American-Indian origin.

HORS D'OEUVRE: Small savory item served as appetiser at the beginning of a meal, meaning "outside the work" or additional to the menu (French).

HORSERADISH: A piquant-flavored root used as a condiment combined with vinegar.

ICE: A frozen mixture of fruit juice, sugar, and water, sometimes contains gelatine or egg-white.

ICING: See Frosting.

INDIENNE: Indian style.

INFUSION: Flavored liquid extracted from tea, etc., by steeping.

IRISH STEW: A traditional Irish dish of mutton stewed with potatoes and onions.

ITALIENNE: Italian style.

JAMBOLAYA: A Creole dish of rice and vegetables.

JARDINIERE: Any dish containing a mixture of finely chopped vegetables. It comes from jardin, meaning "garden" (French).

JULEP: A cool drink, usually mint-flavored.

JULIENNE: A clear soup containing matchstick vegetables; name also given to vegetables cut into fine shreds.

JUNKET: A dessert of sweetened, flavored milk set with rennet.

KALE: A curly leafed cabbage.

KEBABS: Small portions of food threaded on to a skewer and grilled or barbecued (Turkish dish).

KEDGEREE: A dish of curried fish and rice, or minced cooked meat with rice.

KETCHUP: See catsup.

KIPPER: Split, smoked herrings.

KNEAD: To work dough with the hands until surface is smooth, by folding outside edges into centre, pressing with the knuckles.

KOHLRABI: A vegetable looking like white turnip, but with a cabbage flavor.

KOSHER: Food prepared in orthodox Jewish style.

KROMESKIES: Croquettes, crumbed or coated with batter and fried.

LAMB'S FRY: The liver of a young sheep.

LAPIN: Rabbit (French).

LARD: Refined pork fat; also means to insert strips of fat into lean meat by means of a larding needle, or to cover food with strips of fat.

LASAGNE: Flat, wide ribbon of pasta with fluted or patterned edge.

LAX: Smoked salmon preserved in oil.

LEAVENING: Substances such as baking-powder, yeast, etc., which when combined with air, liquid, and heat cause mixtures to rise and become light.

LEGUMES: Vegetables with edible seeds or seed pods, such as peas, beans, lentils, soy beans.

LIAISON: Egg and cream mixture for thickening soups and sauces. French, meaning "a binding."

LING: A fish similar to cod.

LIQUEUR: Sweet drink with high alcoholic content, served with after-dinner coffee.

LOVE APPLES: Small tomatoes.

MACAROONS: Sweet biscuits made with egg-whites, sugar, and almonds or coconut.

MACE: Dried shell of nutmeg, used as a spice.

MACEDOINE: Mixture of chopped vegetables or fruits; also applied to ripe fruits set in jelly or fruit salad flavored with liqueur. "A medley" (French).

MADELEINE: Small, spongy French cake.

MADRAS: A dish containing chutney or curry.

MAITRE D'HOTEL: Literally "head-waiter" (French). Term applied to dishes served with parsley butter.

MANIE: Kneaded or mixed with the hands.

MARASCHINO: Cherry liqueur.

MARGARINE: Solid shortening made from meat, fish, or vegetable oils.

MARINADE (or marinate): To steep meat or fish in a seasoned liquid containing wine, or vinegar, and oil, so that it is impregnated with the flavor and becomes tender.

MARJORAM: An aromatic herb used fresh or dried.

MARZIPAN: A sweet made from ground almonds mixed with eggs and sugar; also called almond paste, and used to cover cakes.

MASK: To coat cooked food with a sauce.

MATE: South American drink like tea.

MAYONNAISE: A salad dressing or sauce of oil, vinegar, mustard, and egg-yolks; or a salad of poultry or fish with this dressing.

MENU: List of dishes served at a meal.

MERINGUE: A mixture of stiffly beaten egg-whites and sugar to cover tarts, etc.

MEUNIERE: Fish cooked and served with butter, lemon juice, and chopped parsley.

MILANAISE in the style of Milan: Name given to dishes containing macaroni, cheese, and tomatoes; or to food dipped in egg, breadcrumbs, and grated parmesan cheese, fried in butter.

MINESTRONE: Rich Italian vegetable soup with macaroni.

MIREPOIX: A combination of vegetables chopped and cooked together and used to enhance the flavor of meat and fish dishes.

MOCHA: Flavoring made from coffee or a combination of coffee and chocolate.

MORNAY: A dish served in, or with, a white sauce flavored with cheese.

MORTADELLA: A sausage of Italian origin.

MOUSSE: "Moss" (French); a frothy, creamy, frozen dessert; or a combination of creamed fruit, meat, fish, or vegetables set with gelatine.

MULLIGATAWNY: Thick soup with a curry flavor.

NEGUS: A drink of hot port wine, spiced with sugar, nutmeg, and lemon juice.

NEWBURG (lobster): Lobster meat cooked in butter, then mixed with sherry or brandy, egg-yolks, cream, and seasonings, served on toast or in a pastry-case.

NOISETTE: A small nut or kernel; also means a small round piece of lean meat cut from the centre or "kernel" of fillet.

NONPAREILS: "Peerless" (French); commonly called "hundreds and thousands."

NOODLES: Fine, thin strings of pasta, used in Chinese and Italian cookery.

NOUGAT: A rich candy flavored with almonds, nuts, and cherries; sometimes contains honey or coconut.

NUTMEG: Hard, thick nut; bought whole or ground to a powder, used to flavor sweet foods, especially cakes, puddings, and drinks.

OATMEAL: Coarse, medium, or finely ground, dried oat grains, used chiefly as a porridge meal.

OFFAL: Miscellaneous or variety meats such as liver, heart, kidneys, brains, tripe, etc.

OIL: Liquid vegetable fat. Olive and peanut oil is used almost exclusively in Mediterranean cooking instead of butter and other animal fats. It is especially good for deep-frying.

OLIVES: Fruit of the olive tree; green (unripe) or black (ripe) olives are pickled in brine and used for hors d'oeuvres, etc.

OMELET: A mixture of eggs, lightly beaten with salt and a little water and cooked quickly in a heated pan with a little melted butter.

OREGANO: Plant resembling marjoram; finely chopped fresh or dried leaves are used in salads and savory dishes.

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RECIPE WINS £5

● An unusual Indonesian dish sent in by a New South Wales reader wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

● Colorful piquant-flavored Indonesian dish features pork and prawns as the main ingredients.

A PINEAPPLE and lemon flavored cordial which is diluted with iced water or lemonade for serving wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

BAHMI

Half-pound vermicelli (Chinese style if possible), salted water, 2 finely chopped onions, 1 clove garlic (finely chopped), 4 tablespoons oil, 1lb. pork (cut into small cubes), 2lb. mixed vegetables (chopped small) such as red pepper, cabbage, cauliflower, beans, peas, spinach, etc., ½ head (chopped) celery, 1lb. shelled prawns, ½ bunch shallots (chopped), 2 eggs (well beaten), salt, pepper, ½oz. butter.

Boil the vermicelli in plenty of salted water for 10 minutes; drain. Fry the onion and garlic in oil until browned; remove and keep warm. Fry the meat in the same oil, quickly at first, then more slowly for 10 minutes. Place in a large saucepan the chopped vegetables, onion, and garlic mixture, pork cubes, prawns, and vermicelli; mix well. Cover pan and heat slowly for 10 minutes. Meanwhile, beat eggs well and season with salt and pepper. Melt butter in a small pan and add egg mixture. Cook over heat until set, remove from pan and cut into long thin strips. Fold into mixture. Serve the Bahmi in a large shallow dish. Tomato and cucumber salad and soy sauce should be served with this dish.

First prize of £5 to Miss M. Rae, 31 William Edward Street, Longueville, N.S.W.

GOLDEN CIDER

Six cups sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 5 cups boiling water, 1 dessertspoon lemon essence, 1 dessertspoon pineapple essence, 1 dessertspoon tartaric acid.

Place one cup of the sugar in a saucepan and brown over low heat, carefully stir in the 1 cup boiling water. Stir over heat until all the syrup mixes in (the syrup goes hard when the water is added, and it takes a while to melt it again). Combine remaining water and sugar in a separate pan and stir until sugar dissolves. Add the browned sugar liquid, lemon, pineapple essence, and the tartaric acid; stir well. Bottle while hot, and use a small amount in each glass and top with iced water or lemonade.

This recipe makes two large bottles of cordial.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. V. Briese, Thallon Street, Crow's Nest, Qld.

Home Hints

● These tips, sent in by readers, win a prize of £1/1/- each.

To preserve egg-yolks or separated whites until they can be used: Place yolks in a dish or cup and add just enough cold water to cover. Put egg-whites in a jar and cover tightly. Be sure to keep them cold. — Mrs. J. Doran, 17 Pirie St., New Town, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Before using new rubber gloves, turn them inside out and stick adhesive tape over each fingertip. This prolongs the life of the gloves.—Mrs. M. D. Mulhaney, "Wandelo," Mt. Gambier, S.A.

★ ★ ★

If the buttonholes of a cardigan have stretched, sew them together before washing. When dry, unpick the sewing and the buttonholes will be back in shape.—Mrs. C. Lee, 156 West Beach Rd., Marleston, S.A.

★ ★ ★

A small square of sponge tacked to the end of a stick can be used to paint hard-to-get-at places such as behind pipes and other fittings where there isn't room to wield a brush. Use small nails sunk well into the sponge. —Mrs. E. Moss, 57 Flinders Street, Mentone S11, Vic.

★ ★ ★

To prevent bottle-labels peeling off because of steam in bathroom or kitchen, brush them over with a thin coat of clear nail-polish.—Mrs. M. Cutts, 70 Woodbine Crescent, Ryde, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Try growing avocado seeds in pots as indoor plants. They have large glossy leaves which are most attractive and different. They take several months to sprout but are no trouble at all.—G. M. Hart, Box 196, Atherton, N.Q.

★ ★ ★

Shoelaces cannot be pulled out and lost by kiddies if a knot is tied on each side after the two bottom holes have been threaded.—Mrs. J. McAllister, 1 Pupuke Road, Birkenhead, Auckland, N.Z.

★ ★ ★

It is a good idea to cut the corners off old envelopes and color them brightly to use as bookmarks. Just slip them over the corners of the pages.—C. Sihreiner, 110 Carnegie Crescent, Griffith, Canberra.

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A Dictionary of Cooking

PAELLA: A Spanish dish of rice with chicken, pork, shellfish, etc., which derives its name from the paella dish, a deep iron pan with two handles, in which it is cooked. It is similar to the English dish salmagundi, which is also a medley of ingredients.

PAILLES: Literally straws (French). Thin strips, such as potato straws or cheese straws.

PANADA: A thick sauce used to bind ingredients together.

PAN-BROIL: To cook meat in a hot, greased, shallow open pan, pouring off any fat as it melts from the meat.

PANCAKES: Flat thin cakes, made from batter, cooked in an open pan.

PAPAW (Papaya): A tropical fruit.

PAPRIKA: Mild-flavored orange-red powder made from red capsicum pods, used in savory dishes.

PARBOIL: To partly cook food in liquid.

PARFAIT: Literally "perfect" (French). A frozen, creamy sweet served in a tall glass.

PARISIENNE: A garnish including potatoes Parisienne; small potato balls cooked and sauteed in butter, which may then be tossed in gravy or meat jelly and sprinkled with chopped parsley.

PARMESAN: A hard dry cheese, used chiefly for cooking, usually grated. Made in the Parma region of Italy.

PASTA: Italian name for all macaroni-type products, such as spaghetti, vermicelli.

PASTEURISE: To arrest fermentation processes and partly sterilise at a temperature of 140-180deg. F.

PATE: A savory meat pie.

PATE DE FOIE GRAS: Smooth paste prepared from the liver of a fat goose.

PAUPIETTES: Rolled, seasoned fillets of meat or fish.

PECTIN: Substance found in slightly under-ripe acid fruits, which causes "jelling" when the fruit is boiled with sugar, as for jam.

PEPPER: Berries of a vine-like shrub, a native of the Indian Archipelago. One of the first spices introduced to Europe. It was used by Hippocrates, the ancient Greek founder of medicine, in many of his prescriptions.

BLACK PEPPER: The whole berry — seed, skin, and flesh — ground; WHITE PEPPER: The same seed without the skin and flesh, and less pungent than black pepper.

PEPPER, RED, or PIMENTO: Fruit of the many varieties of Capsicum frutescens, native of America. Dried and ground, it becomes, according to the variety, cayenne pepper, chilli powder, paprika, red pepper, all used as condiments.

PEPPER, SWEET: Big sweet peppers or pimentos, originally grown in Southern Europe and America. Used red or green in salads or stuffed with meat and baked, or sliced and added to casserole dishes.

PETITE MARMITE: Literally "little cooking-pot" (French). Classic French soup.

PETIT FOURS: Literally "little ovens" (French). Small iced fancy cakes.

PICCALILI: Chopped vegetable relish, originally East Indian.

PIECE DE RESISTANCE: In cooking, the most important dish of a dinner.

PICKLE: To preserve in vinegar or brine.

PILAU (or pilaf): A dish of fish, meat, or poultry and rice; the method of cooking originated in the East.

PIPING: Decorating with icing or butter cream, using icing-pipes and icing-bag.

PIQUANT: Having sharp flavor (French).

PISTACHIO: An unusual green-colored nut kernel used to flavor and decorate sweets, etc.

PIT: To remove pit or seed, as from cherries.

PIZZA: A flat pie or tart made usually with tomatoes, cheese, anchovies, etc. (Italian).

POPPY SEEDS: Seeds from the poppy plant, used to top breads, rolls, cookies.

POTAGE: A thick soup (French).

POT-AU-FEU: Literally "pot on the fire" (French). An economical French beef broth.

POTPOURRI: In cooking, a meat stew flavored with spices.

PRALINE: Flavored with brown or scorched almonds.

PROVENCALE: Food cooked in the style of S. France; usually cooked with garlic and oil.

PROFITEROLES: Large choux pastry puffs with sweet filling and served as a sweet, usually with a sauce.

PUMPERNICKEL: Dark, heavy-textured German bread.

PUNCH: A type of hot or cold drink.

PUREE: A smooth pulp made from cooked fruit or vegetables pressed through a sieve.

QUENELLES: Small balls of finely ground meat, fish, or poultry bound with egg and poached or fried.

QUICHE, or kiche: A savory custard tart, originated in Lorraine, France, or in Germany, where it is called kuchen, from which the word kiche could have come.

QUIGNON: Wedge of bread cut from one of the larger French loaves.

RAGOUT: French name for a thick, rich meat, poultry, or fish stew, usually highly seasoned.

RAISING AGENTS: Substances which make flour mixtures rise when moistened and heated, e.g., baking powder, mixtures of bicarbonate of soda, and phosphate or tartrate, yeast, etc.

RAMEKINS: Individual baking-dishes for baking and serving savory foods.

RARE: Grilled or baked meat not completely cooked (see "underdone").

RASPINGS: Grated dry breadcrusts.

RATAFIAS: Tiny biscuit with a strong almond flavor. Also a flavoring essence.

RAVIOLI: An Italian dish composed of small pieces of dough enclosing savory mixture and cooked in boiling water.

RECHAUFFE: Literally "reheated" (French). Term applied to any reheated dish.

RELISH: A highly seasoned food or sauce used to stimulate appetite or improve taste.

RENNET: A substance used in cheese making and in the curdling of milk, as for junket.

RISOTTO: An Italian rice dish containing cheese, tomatoes, and saffron.

ROE: Eggs of fish.

ROMAINE: A type of lettuce.

ROUX: A smooth mixture of flour and fat used to thicken sauces and soups.

RUSKS: Twice-baked slices of cake or bread.

RYE: A cereal of high nutritive value.

SAFFRON: Tiny yellow stigma of crocus flowers, dried, powdered, and used to color or flavor rice, fish, sauces, stews, and chicken dishes.

SAGO: Fine starchy grains obtained from the pith of a tropical palm, used for puddings, e.g., sago custard, lemon sago.

SALAMANDER: A large grill oven used red-hot to brown the surface of various foods.

SALAMI: An Italian sausage.

SALLY LUNN: A sweetened, yeast tea-cake first made by Sally Lunn, a pastry-cook in 18th-century Bath. A man called Dalmer bought the recipe and wrote a song about her.

SALMAGUNDI: An old English dish of minced meat with eggs, anchovies, pickles or vinegar, and beetroot.

SALMI: A rich brown stew made of partly roasted game. SALSA: Sauce, seasoning, or condiment (Italian).

SAUERKRAUT: Literally "sour cabbage" (German). Pickled, finely shredded cabbage.

SAUTE: To shake food over heat in a small quantity of melted butter, fat, or oil. French, meaning literally "jump."

SAVARIN: A mould or type of cake named after French food expert Brillat Savarin.

SAVORY: A herb like rosemary; its fresh or dried leaves are used to flavor meats, seasonings, soups, sauces, etc.; also applied to a dish flavored with salt and herbs.

SCALLOP: A shellfish; also to bake food in an ovenware dish in layers with breadcrumbs and sauce.

SCHNITZEL: A German-Austrian term for thin slices of meat, usually veal, crumbed and fried.

SCOTCH EGGS: Hard-boiled eggs, shelled and coated with sausage meat which is then crumbed and deep-fried.

SEAR: To brown the surface of food rapidly over or under dry heat. This is done to seal the surface to retain the juices.

SEASONING: Herbs, spices, or condiments added to food to improve flavor; also applied to forcemeats and stuffings.

SEMOLINA: A cereal made from the hardest part of the wheat grain.

SESAME SEEDS: Small seeds of an East Indian plant used in Oriental cookery, bread, cakes, cookies, etc.

SHERBET: Frozen fruit-juice mixture with egg-white, gelatine, milk, or cream added.

SHIRR: To cook unbeaten eggs in the oven with cream and/or crumbs.

SHORTENING: Any fat used for cooking.

SIFT: To remove lumps and coarse pieces from dry ingredients by putting through a fine strainer. This process also incorporates air to make baked mixtures lighter.

SIMMER: To cook at a temperature just below boiling point (approx. 180 deg. F.).

SIMNEL CAKE: A traditional English Easter cake, usually a rich fruit cake incorporating almond paste and decorated with miniature eggs.

SIPPETS: Small shapes of dry toast or fried bread.

SKEWER: To fasten with a wooden or metal pin, to hold in place while cooking; a long wooden or metal pin.

SLIVER: To cut or shred into long, thin pieces; a long, thin shred or piece.

SMORGASBORD: Swedish word for a cold buffet table.

SORBET: A half-frozen water ice similar to a frappe, may be flavored with fruit juice or liqueur.

SOUBISE: A smooth, cooked onion pulp; or a sauce with a predominantly onion flavor.

SOUFFLE: A light baked or steamed dish (either sweet or savory) made fluffy with stiffly beaten egg-whites. French, meaning "blown up."

SOUSE: To pickle food, usually fish, in vinegar and spices.

SOY SAUCE: Made from fermented soya beans, a favorite accompaniment for Chinese and Japanese dishes.

SPAGHETTI BOLOGNAISE: Spaghetti served as in Bologna, Italy, with a tomato-flavored meat sauce.

SPATULA: Broad, flexible knife for spreading icings, turning pikelets, etc.

SPRING OF PORK: Thin flank or breast.

STEAM: To cook, in a covered container, in the steam from gently boiling water.

STERILISE: To expose food to a high degree of heat, dry or moist, to kill bacteria.

STILTON: Famous English blue-veined cheese made with extra cream.

STOCK: Liquid containing nourishment and flavor of meat, bones, and vegetables, drawn out by long and gentle simmering.

SWEETBREADS: Pancreas of a calf or lamb.

TABASCO (or tobasco): A pungent pepper sauce named after a region in Mexico.

TABLE D'HOTE: A hotel dinner of several courses at an inclusive fixed price. French, meaning "host's table" or "host's" fare.

TAMMY: A fine woollen cloth through which sauces and purees are pressed to make them smooth.

TAPIOCA: A native Brazilian word for the cereal made from the root of cassava.

TARRAGON: Leaves of a plant notable for its distinctive flavor, bought dried or in tarragon-flavored vinegar. It is named after the Spanish town of Tarragona.

TARTARE: A cold sauce or mayonnaise made from egg-yolks, oil, vinegar, mustard, and various flavorings — capers, gherkins, etc.

TARTARIC ACID: An acid obtained chiefly from grapes during wine-making; used in tartrate baking-powder, etc.

TERRINE: Originally an earthernware dish in which meat, game, or poultry was cooked. Food cooked in this dish is always served cold.

THERMIDOR (lobster): Lobster meat cooked in butter, seasoned, then combined with sherry and cream sauce, returned to the lobster shell, topped with cheese and baked or toasted. This recipe was created during the French Revolution; Thermidor was the eleventh month of the Revolutionary calendar.

THYME: A herb used fresh or dried with savory dishes and in seasonings or stuffings.

TIFFIN: A light meal taken by Anglo-Indians between 10 and 11 a.m.

TIMBALE: A savory custard mixture with meat, fish, or vegetables added and baked; a timbale-case is a fried batter shell used to hold creamed mixtures. It derives from an Arabic word meaning "drum."

TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE: A luncheon dish of sausages, balls of sausage-meat, or pieces of cooked meat baked in batter.

TOMALLEY: Matter in the body of a lobster, sometimes called liver of lobster.

TOMATO PASTE: Dehydrated tomatoes reduced to a thick paste.

TORTE: An open tart baked in a shallow round tin; also a rich cake.

TORTILLA: A flat corn cake, the staple food of Mexico. Tortilla is a Spanish diminutive for torta, meaning "cake."

TOURNEDOS: Small slices taken from the eye of fillet steak.

TRIFLE: A sweet dish of cake, jelly, custard or cream, nuts, etc.

TRIM: To cut away portions of excess fat or gristle from meat, fins, and tails of fish, portions of vegetables, etc., to improve appearance.

TRIPE: Inner lining of a calf's stomach. Well prepared and cooked, it is nourishing.

TRUFFLES: An edible fungus or tuber which grows underground, used to garnish and flavor foods. The best come from France.

TRUSS: To secure a dressed bird for baking by tying or skewering to preserve shape.

TRY-OUT: To fry chopped-up solid fat or fatty meat until as much fat as possible has melted away from the membrane.

TUNA: A fish with delicately flavored flesh, also called "chicken of the sea," or tunny.

TURKISH DELIGHT: Name of a gelatine sweetmeat of Turkish origin.

TURMERIC: A yellow powder used for coloring pickles and curry powder.

TUTTI-FRUTTI: Containing a mixture of fruits; a frozen cream containing a mixture of candied fruits and nuts. Italian, meaning "all fruits."

UNTIL SET: A term applied to a baked custard or a gelatine mixture, meaning the length of time required for the mixture to reach the desired degree of firmness.

UNDER - DONE: A term applied to grilled or baked meat (especially beef) cooked until it has changed color on the outside, but is still slightly red inside.

VANILLA: A long, thin, dark bean used to flavor sugar or to make pure vanilla extract to flavor desserts, ice-creams, cakes, icing, etc.

VELOUTE: A rich, smooth white sauce made with chicken white meat or fish stock and enriched with cream. French, meaning "velvety."

VENISON: Flesh of the deer, popular meat in the middle ages.

VERMICELLI: The thinnest and finest of the pastas. Italian, meaning "little worms."

VICHY WATER: A mineral water originally from springs at Vichy, in France.

VINAIGRETTE: A salad dressing of vinegar and oil flavored with herbs, salt, and pepper.

VITAMINS: Vital chemical substances found in food, necessary to body growth.

VOL-AU-VENT: A puffy pastry-case, oval or round shape, filled with a sweet or savory mixture. French, meaning "fly in the wind."

WAFFLES: A batter mixture cooked in a special waffle iron.

WATERCRESS: A leafy green vegetable which grows in or near water, used chiefly for salads and garnishing.

WATER CHESTNUTS: Small tubers similar to chestnuts, used in Oriental cookery.

WELSH RABBIT or RAREBIT: A savory dish of melted cheese seasoned with mustard and pepper, usually served on toast.

WHEY: A semi-clear liquid which separates from milk solids when they coagulate.

WHIP: To beat rapidly to incorporate air and so increase volume by expansion.

WHISK: To beat a liquid to stiff froth.

WHITEBAIT: A tiny fish of the herring family, a great delicacy when freshly cooked.

WHITE SAUCE: Made with melted butter and a thickening agent, usually flour (or white roux), milk, or milk and stock and seasonings.

WIENER SCHNITZEL: A Viennese dish of fried, crumbed veal (see schnitzel).

WORK: To manipulate a mixture (fondant, dough) with hands until smooth.

YAM: A tuber similar to a sweet potato, usually eaten boiled or roasted.

YEAST: An organism which grows in sugary liquids, causing fermentation and producing alcohol and carbon dioxide.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING: A batter mixture baked in the oven, traditional accompaniment to roast beef.

YOGURT: Turkish word for cultured food from fermented milk. Levantine origin.

ZABAGLIONE: A rich, foamy Italian dessert made with sugar, eggs, and wine.

ZESTE: The outer skin of citrus fruits.

ZUCCHINI: Italian marrows, small and green-skinned.

ZWIEBACK: Literally "rusk" (German). Toasted or twice-baked bread pieces, biscuits, or rusks.

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A tasty baste for barbeques

TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING

1 tblsp. Keen's mustard • 1 cup salad oil • 2 tblsps. sugar • 1 tblsp. grated onion • ½ cup Holbrook's vinegar • 1 tblsp. chopped green pepper (optional) • ½ can condensed tomato soup • ½ tsp. pepper • 1 tsp. salt

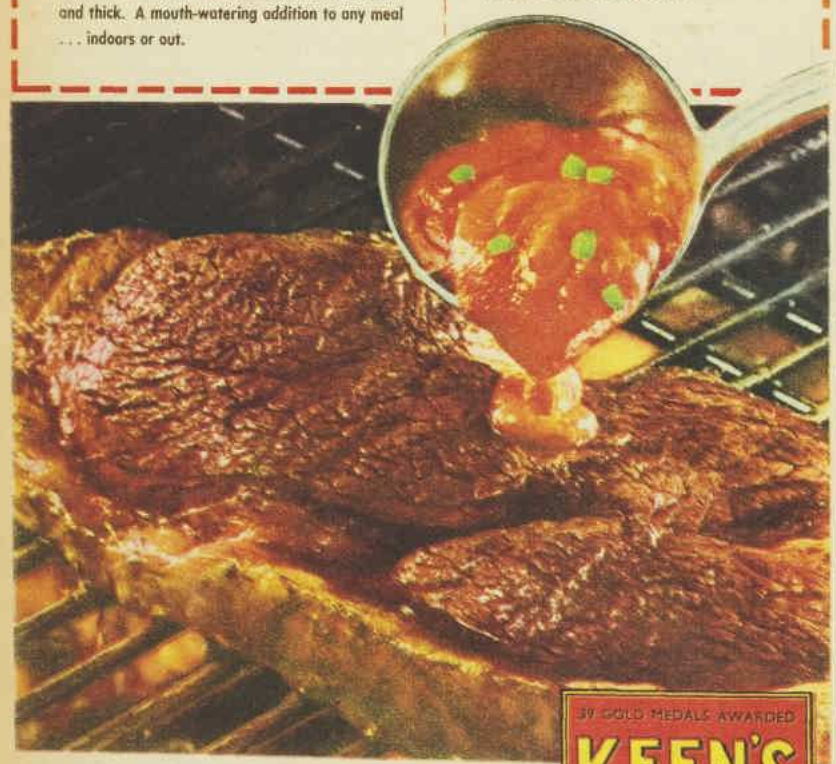
Mix dry ingredients in large wide-topped bottle. Stir in salad oil, add onion, green pepper and let stand 5 to 10 minutes. Add Holbrook's vinegar and soup. Cover tightly and shake well until blended and thick. A mouth-watering addition to any meal . . . indoors or out.

A Zesty lift for salads

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

1 tblsp. Keen's mustard • 1½ cups milk • 3 tblsps. sugar • ½ cup Holbrook's vinegar • 4 tblsps. flour • 2 eggs • ½ tsp. salt • 2 tblsps. butter • few grains of cayenne

Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler, slowly add Holbrook's vinegar and eggs (beaten). Then add milk. Stir constantly until thickened. Cook 15 minutes longer. Remove from heat and add the butter.



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W271

Continuing . . . ESCAPE FROM FEAR

from page 52

"They hated my going out by myself, especially at night. They said something would happen to me. And it did! It did!" She laughed almost hysterically, then buried her face against my chest. And behind the hysteria I knew she was still afraid. I had thought all that would go in a day or so. Instead it got worse, almost as if she felt guilty at each day's happiness. And always there was the thought of Mark.

"Whenever he looked at me I felt I had to do what he wanted. Part of me stood back, hated him. And yet the other part wanted to go on its knees. Can you understand that, Peter? Am I mad? They used to make me think sometimes that I wasn't quite right. 'You're lucky to have us to look after you,' they'd say and grin at each other.

"And when I'd make mistakes, do something foolish, they'd look very grave or else get savagely angry as if no one else ever made a mistake before. People do make mistakes, don't they, Peter?"

"Yes," I said gently. "Everyone makes mistakes."

Perhaps the worst I'd made was in not taking Mark Tarrant down into some convenient cellar and breaking his neck. As far as I could see, nothing less than that was going to free Isabel from his influence. Could it have been him at the window?

It was absurd, and yet — I lay awake almost until dawn holding Isabel close against me, trying not to think of the nights when she had lain awake, alone and afraid, a child in terror in the dark, and a loutish boy, with a mouth like a cruel rosebud, climbing through her window to frighten her, pretending to be a murderer with a knife, a kidnapper with a sack.

And when the pretence was over, the last drop of terror wrung out of her, he would sit on the edge of her bed to watch her crying.

It was bright day when I woke. Knife blades of sunlight through the shutters. A clink of glasses from the bar downstairs. The world as fresh and clean and ordinary as new-made bread. Even the burglar seemed unreal — a dream, a trick of shadows.

We had coffee and rolls at a wine-stained wooden table while the workers in the bar looked at us covertly. We collected a cold chicken and a bottle of wine, some bread and fruit, and paid our bill. We were on the road by ten.

"In a fortnight we should be on your precious island," I said. The wind whipping over the screen of the open roadster had flicked away the fast of the night's darkness. Somewhere in the small village behind us a local ne'er-do-well had fancied some travellers' cheques and travellers' trinkets and had been unlucky — that was all. Now for the border, Spain and then Portugal.

We were leaving the car in Lisbon for a month, flying out to Port of Spain. We'd take an island steamer from there. "I'll make you an offer for your rum if it's any good." Major Tarrant's accusation about being a wine-shipper's clerk was accurate enough, except that I'm a partner with my father.

"It will have to be a better offer than I've been getting," Isabel said. I hadn't told her what I suspected about her guardian yet. What was the point? And I might be wrong, although I doubted it very much.

WE drove for an hour or more, the road climbing steadily, winding through empty valleys, over white mountain torrents, past an occasional stone farmhouse, a pocket of woodland. The air had sharpened, and I reached into the glove compartment for a scarf.

"Why don't we stop here for lunch?" Isabel said. I eased the car to a halt.

"It's very early," I said.

"I know. But it's so beautiful I don't want to leave it." She pointed to a little shelf of grass jutting out from the side of the valley, a few hundred yards from the road. It was surrounded by thick woods, but a path crossed the fields toward it. "We could carry our lunch up there."

"You mean I could carry our lunch up there," I said resignedly. "All right."

It was farther than it looked —and steeper, and the path was a fraud, leaving us to fight our way through the wood against thorns and interlacing branches. But it was worth it when we arrived. It was like a theatre box, with the Pyrenees for a backdrop to the stage. All that were missing were dwarfs and giants for actors.

The enormous stage of the valley was as empty as Eden—only the road below and our little white car with the red splash of the seats. For a second, out of the corner of my eye, I thought I saw a car travelling down the road from the border, but when I looked it was gone and it didn't reappear over the next rise.

I opened the wine and we drank to each other and to the island and the future and the day. We ate the chicken and the fruit, and threw down crumbs of bread for a colony of ants to carry enthusiastically away, and lay back in a pleasant drowse of sunshine and content. The night in the Inn of the Golden River, the sounds, the shadow at the window were a thousand years away.

"Happy?" I said. Isabel touched my cheek, and I rolled over to kiss the palm of her hand—and saved my life. The thud of the bullet into the turf and the sound of the shot came almost together. And for what seemed like seconds I froze, head lifted, the skin crawling on my back, waiting for the second bullet, my mind paralysed with shock and unbelief.

"What—" Isabel began, and I could move again, gripping her shoulders, almost throwing her to the edge of the little shelf of grass, scrambling after her. The second shot came as we went down the slope, sprawling in a heap at the bottom, rolling into the bushes among the trees. A third shot crashed in the still echoing silence, and a leaf floated down, brushed its pale green blade against Isabel's dress and fell to the ground. I pulled her deeper into the wood, into the darkest shadows.

"Mark," she whispered.

"We must get to the car," I breathed and thought of the half mile of open turf between the wood and the road. Where was he? And where had he come from? The shots had come from the far side of the wood. That must have been his car that I'd seen. He'd gone on ahead of us this morning, watched us coming through fieldglasses. He had come back when we stopped.

I listened. The echoes had grown still. It was so quiet that I could hear the beating of my heart, the breath shuddering in Isabel's throat. Where was he? In front of us sunlight fell in a gold curtain on the open shelf of grass. Beyond it were more trees. Was he

To page 65

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Is she really sick . . . . . or just sick of school?

By SHIRLEY CAMPER

● "But my head aches," groans six-year-old Jane one school morning. Her mother groans, too. Except for a frown, Jane doesn't *look* sick.

SHE had no fever; how could her mother tell if she was really sick—or just sick of school?

Almost all children try "playing sick" once, twice, or many times.

On the other hand, many illnesses do start with vague complaints.

What should you do when your child has unconvincing aches and pains just before schooltime?

First, you can check obvious symptoms.

Take your child's temperature. Consider whether he — or she — looks pale, seems listless or cranky.

Did he eat his breakfast? Does he have a red throat, swollen glands, diarrhea, unusual complaints?

If he shows any symptoms of this kind, or if you are still in doubt, call your doctor — and put the child to bed until he arrives.

Some children are automatically "cured" just as you start to call the doctor.

Others, even after they've been pronounced well, still seem reluctant to leave home.

Should such a child be automatically shipped off to school?

"If I let Jane stay home when she wants to, then she will think she can get away with things," says Jane's troubled mother. "But I hate to insist when she seems so upset about going."

If you have doubts whether the child is quite well, it may help to remember that an occasional absence, particularly with a very young child, is not a matter of life or death.

What is important—especially where shamming is suspected — is for your child to know that the decision is yours.

If you do let your child stay home, his day should be pleasant, but (in case he's really malingering) not so enjoyable that he will want to miss school again for this reason alone.

Whether your child stays home or not, it's important to find out why he wants to.

Small children worry, for example, about being separated from their mothers and home.

A child from the age of five is more likely to be concerned about some event at school — the state of his friendships, how his teacher treats him, his homework or preparation for tests.

Some before-school questioning often brings out the reason.

"My teacher hates me — she always yells at me," little Betty, a friend of Jane's, confided to her mother one morning.

Betty's mother visited the school that day and found her child perfectly happy in the classroom.

A single unpleasant experience the day before had caused Betty, who was quite upset about it, to exaggerate.

If your child often wants to stay home, a talk with his teacher or school principal would help.

Any feeling of unfairness or torment could then be looked into, and the trouble, if any, ironed out.

If his assignments are too much for him, you may be able to help him at home.

It is not always necessary to cure every difficulty—children often adjust things for themselves, and grow out of their troubles, especially if they are confident their parents are "behind" them.

Home is a refuge, a retreat, and a relief, but it should not be allowed to become a constant escape.

If your child doesn't want to go to school for a continuous period, you must discover the cause before you can cure it.

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Food for the "over-forties"

• Do you feel well on three big meals a day? If you are over 40 the chances are you'd feel much better on six small ones.

THAT is the opinion of a dietetics expert, Dr. R. C. Hutchinson, who maintains that as the body ages it requires less food at more frequent intervals.

He suggests that modification of diet in middle-aged people can retain the ageing process, and make life longer and healthier.

In his book, "Food for Longer Living" (Melbourne University Press), the doctor says consumption of three large meals a day can account for many heart attacks, because of the extra strain overeating puts on that organ.

He believes that most people, particularly the middle-aged and the elderly, should cut down food at the three main meals a day, and eat some of it with their morning, afternoon, and bedtime drinks of tea, coffee, or milk.

Mid-morning and mid-afternoon eating and drinking reduces boredom and fatigue, both mental and physical, and increases work output immediately after the break.

Most important meal of the day, asserts the doctor, is breakfast, which should be substantial and contain a considerable amount of the day's nutrients and calories.

He suggests fruit or fruit juice, porridge, lean meat or fish, bread, tea, or coffee.

Lunch should be very light, say an unbuttered bun, fruit, and tea or coffee.

Dinner could be a soup or entree, lean meat, potatoes, and two other vegetables; dessert, or biscuits and cheese.

For morning, afternoon, and supper snacks he suggests tea, coffee, milk, and biscuits, or bread and jam.

But in each case portions should be small.

He refutes the claim that large meals at long intervals give the stomach a chance to rest, and says large meals impose a burden on the stomach.

By
Winifred Munday

The doctor points out that in elderly people apathy and forgetfulness may lead to monotonous or inadequate diets, causing malnutrition.

It is important for people living on age pensions to know what foods are best to buy—the amount of money spent on food is not nearly as important as the way it is spent.

Age lessens the body's ability to absorb calcium—the reason why elderly people's bones become brittle and more likely to break.

Lactose, the double sugar found in milk, appears to increase the absorption of calcium, a sound reason for increasing milk and milk foods.

It is a generally accepted theory that obesity shortens life, and the doctor warns against young members of the family overfeeding the old.

Elderly people need at least two cups of milk a day, or the equivalent in milk substitutes of similar value; two servings of bread or cereal products; four or more servings of citrus fruits, tomatoes, and leafy or yellow vegetables, such as broccoli or carrots; three ounces or more of lean cooked meat, or fish, supplemented with such foods as eggs, cheese, lentils, peas and beans, and nuts—all high in proteins.

The older person should drink three and a half pints of water a day; it can be flavored with fruit cordials.

Another valuable addition is powdered brewers' yeast added to soups, stews, etc.

Poor mastication, causing digestive trouble, is a problem of the elderly, so meats and vegetables should be cut up.

All meals should be attractively presented.

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Continuing . . . ESCAPE FROM FEAR

from page 58

somewhere among them? But the trees surrounded the shelf, a hundred yards deep, a thick horseshoe of woodland lying against the mountainside.

He could be working his way round. I strained my ears. A leaf rustled. A twig snapped. There? Or there? Trees surrounded us, darkness; there was no way to move without making a noise, giving ourselves away. He needn't move at all — just wait, wait till we moved.

Suppose we went back, away from everywhere he could be, to the farthest side of the wood. Then ran? In my mind I could see us running — along that narrow path, half a mile, and Mark running behind us with a gun. But in sight of the road? Would he dare? I tried to remember if a car had passed in the hour that we'd been there. None. The valley slept under the sun. Beside me, very slowly, Isabel went down on her knees and put her face into her hands.

"It's Mark," she whispered again, hopelessly, as if it weren't any good to run from Mark. And I knew that if we ran, if we got away, the fear would stay with her worse even than before — in her mind, in her sleep, in the dark. Even if we proved that it was Mark, closed him between stone walls, still she'd lie in the dark and wait for him to come. She'd watch the window for a shadow, listen—as I was listening now, my body suddenly cold. I knelt down, held Isabel against me, felt her shaking.

"Can you stand?" I whispered. "We've got to move." She shook her head slowly as if all her life she had been waiting for this moment to be killed here in the wood.

"It's no good," she said dully.

I stood up, pulled her to her feet, put my arm round her waist. She didn't resist, didn't help. How many nights of fear, how much terror had been needed to do this to her? I turned and started dragging her up the slope of the mountainside — not really planning, not even thinking, except that we couldn't make it to the car. Then we would go away from the car—the way he wouldn't expect.

The trees were thinner here. Rocks jutted between roots, out of the thin brown soil. We were above the grass shelf, above the green roof of the main body of the wood. Higher again—only a few trees now, the rocks tangled, leaning. The horseshoe of the wood spread out below us like a map, almost enclosing the small green apron of the grass shelf.

I drew Isabel into the shelter of two rocks, lay beside her on the flat, sloping surface of one of them. Her eyes were open, staring at the sky. I pressed a finger against her lips and looked down at the wood.

Nothing moved. A long way off the car stood white and small by the road, belonging to a different world. I barely recognised what it was. I looked down again, and below me, twenty, thirty yards down the slope, Mark Tarrant stepped out of the wood on to the green grass.

He was wearing workman's clothes—blue denims, a black beret. A revolver hung loosely from his right hand. He walked across the shelf and stared down into the wood. "Come out," he said. "It's no good hiding. Come out, Isabel."

BESIDE me Isabel stirred, lifted her head. I put my hand over her mouth.

"It's no good, I say," his voice echoed. "I know where you are. Come out, Isabel. Come out to me."

I leaned sideways, putting my lips against her ear. "Don't move," I whispered. "Don't make a sound. Don't look."

She caught my hand, looked at me, and for the first time since the shots her eyes were alive, seeing me.

"Don't leave me," she whispered. "Don't go down—don't. He'll kill you."

I pressed my hand to her mouth again and looked over the rock. He hadn't heard, hadn't moved except to squat down, cradling the pistol in his lap. But would she keep quiet when I was gone? Very slowly I took my hand away. She lay staring at me, her eyes wide with fear. But was I imagining that it was a different kind of fear? For me? Not just blind terror?

"It'll be all right," I whispered stupidly. "Just stay quiet and still." I edged away from her, watching her face, her mouth. She stared back at me, but her lips didn't move. Then I was round the edge of the rock, out of her sight. Now was the test. If she screamed, cried out after me, we would both be dead. I waited a long second and another, my heart not seeming to beat.

Below, Tarrant's wide, heavy back bent forward. He thrust out his legs behind him, lay prone on the grass and rested the barrel of his revolver across his left forearm. I dropped five yards down the slope while he was moving, another five as he hitched his great body forward. Fifteen yards to go.

"I'll give you ten seconds to come out, Isabel. Then I'm coming after you. Do you remember how we played hide-and-seek at Shepley? In the house? In the woods? You could never hide from me for long, could you, Isabel? And the longer you hid the worse it was when I found you. Wasn't it, Isabel?"

I was down to the edge of the open ground, the little shelf of grass ten yards across. Would she stay quiet?

"One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . ." He was dragging out the count of seconds. I imagined his mouth as he was counting, savoring the terror that Isabel would be feeling. I gathered my feet under me. ". . . five . . . six . . ." When he reaches eight. ". . . seven . . . eight—"

My knees took him in the small of the back, and my right hand gripped his gun wrist, jerked it up and away. I saw the gun go in a black curve against the brightness of the sky. I slid my left arm round his throat, felt for his right shoulder with my left hand. And with that his body whipped, arched like a salmon, and I was cartwheeling through space, sky and woods and valley circling.

I hit the slope with my shoulders, felt my breath go out of me like a door slamming, saw him coming. I doubled up, knees against my chest, lashed out with my feet, and he went over me and down, hit a tree-trunk and sagged on to all fours.

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HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

"Pass the word along . . ."

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m. on Fridays and on Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m. on Mondays, starting in Melbourne on Channel 7, March 28, on Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m., and will be seen soon in other States.)

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 41

fervently by Farmer Bosanko, that saved the day for Amyot Trestane at Bodmin Assizes.

"So, Doctor," said Mr. McPhail, determined to break the silence which threatened to reign the full ten miles from Bodmin to Troy, "all's well that ends well, and I dare say you are as glad as I am to see that young fellow freed and to know he won't have to serve a long prison sentence after all."

Dr. Carfax grunted in reply, then whipped Cassandra to a smarter pace.

"I hesitate to make a pronouncement on any subject unless sure of my facts," he said at last, "for how do we know that all has ended well? Young Trestane is at liberty, to be sure, but bound over to keep the peace, and until we see how he conducts himself hereafter we cannot say for certain that all is well."

"Oh, come, Doctor," objected the Collector of Customs. "The fellow has learnt his lesson. And you heard what Mr. Bosanko said. He has made himself responsible for young Trestane."

This remark produced no more than a non-committal "H'mph" from the driver of the dogcart, followed, in a moment or two, by an observation of so unsympathetic a nature that Mr. McPhail was quite taken by surprise.

"It would be better for Amyot Trestane and everyone concerned," declared Dr. Carfax, "if he had been deported," and as though he must emphasise this statement with a show of force, he cracked his whip, causing Cassandra to kick up her heels and gallop. The Collector of Customs was obliged to hold on to his hat with one hand and to the rail of the dogcart with the other.

"Do you mean you think he has criminal tendencies?" he gasped.

"No," snapped the doctor, "I do not."

"Well, then?"

"There is no 'Well then' about it. The young man would be better employed in his own country, where he might marry amongst his kith and kin and settle down, than presume on the good nature of Mr. and Mrs. Bosanko."

WHICH went to show, so Mr. McPhail told his wife later that evening, how easy it was to misjudge a man's character. "The old devil is as hard as flint and no mistake about it," decided the Collector of Customs over a steaming glass of grog. "And if you and I are taken ill this coming winter, my dear, I vote we call in that new young chap down to St. Blazey."

Dr. Carfax, unaware that his shortness of temper might have reduced his enormously long list of prospective sick by two, did not immediately walk home after leaving the stable, but turned instead downhill into the town. He had a disagreeable mission to perform.

The October spring tides had clashed with a sou'west gale of some ferocity, and descending the path through the churchyard the doctor became aware by the excited knots of people that the Town Quay must be flooded, and the water making its way into Church Square. The more adventurous were already wading knee-deep, and screams of delighted laughter greeted one young woman who was obliged to lift her skirts to unprecedented heights, displaying a pair of remarkably good legs in the process.

"Pull'un up higher, Deb," shouted an onlooker. "We'm all waitin' breathless for what's coming next," but the young woman, undeterred, held her petticoats with one hand and sent a shower of water in the direction of her mocking audience with the other.

Whoops of joy greeted her arrival on dry land beside The Rose and Anchor, and as she darted in at the back door of the hostelry she collided with no less a person than Dr. Carfax.

"Why, Doctor!" exclaimed Deborah, "I didn't see it was you, with so many gaping at me."

He drew aside to let her pass, inquiring after her mistress at the same time.

"She was upstairs when last I saw her, sir, I just slipped out to hear if there was any news, and . . ." Deborah checked herself, for the only news that was likely to interest the hostess of The Rose and Anchor that evening was what had happened at Bodmin Assizes.

"And became very wet by so doing," the doctor continued for her; "if you have some sense go and change immediately, but first conduct me upstairs to your mistress, for I have a message for her."

"Yes, Doctor."

Deborah led the way to the best bedroom and knocking on the door announced, "Here's Dr. Carfax to see you, m'am," and then withdrew, but not before the caller had noticed an exchange of glances between the two young women, and an almost imperceptible nod on the part of the maid. It was simple enough to guess question and answer. The nod intimated that Amyot Trestane had been set free.

"Good evening to you, Linnet," said the doctor, "I apologise for this somewhat brusque intrusion, but knowing your husband is generally occupied in the bar at this time, I thought I might catch you alone."

Linnet advanced from the window, from where she had been watching the scene below, and in the half-light it seemed to the doctor that her beauty, of which he was always well aware, had for the first time a curiously uncanny quality, like a vision seen in a dream and scarce remembered, while the faintly mocking smile with which she greeted him brought a disquiet and discomfort, too.

"You chose your moment well," she replied. "No one will disturb us here with all this nonsense going on below."

Then he noticed she was carrying in one hand the smallest of dogs, a pup with an absurd bell about its neck, which she set down on the floor, while she proceeded to light the lamp.

"That's a new pet, isn't it?" he asked.

"Not so new," she answered, "I've had him these ten weeks or more."

Now, shielding her face from the flame as she trimmed the lamp, he saw that she was very pale, and he was shocked, too, to remark how thin she had grown since he had seen her last.

"We have so little company these days I've come to use this room as my own," she told him, "I slept badly where I was before. Sit yourself down." No sign of Lewarne's belongings about the room either, noticed the doctor, which suggested . . . well, exactly what it did suggest.

DR. CARFAX spoke. "I'll come to the point of my visit at once. I'm here on behalf of Mrs. Bosanko. I was at Bodmin Assizes, and she wishes you to know that young Amyot Trestane has been acquitted of manslaughter. He is bound over to keep the peace, and Bosanko stands surety for him."

"Yes," said Linnet. He could sense the triumph in her voice.

"This means for at least six months he will remain under the direct eye of both Bosanko and his wife," continued the doctor, "without the right to move outside the farmhouse itself unless he has their permission."

The silence that greeted his announcement was proof of its significance to the listener. No doubt she had put a very different interpretation on the word freedom.

"I had a few words with the young man," added the doctor. "He assured me, with tears in his eyes, he would do all he could to make up to the Bosankos for the trouble he has caused them. I rather think they would have spared their pains but for the children."

Linnet had stooped to pick up the dog. "Amyot blamed himself for Johnny's accident," she said, "there might have been none of this bother had he run for it at the time."

"And caused a second death," put in the doctor dryly. "Johnny Bosanko would have bled to death had he been left to lie there in the woods. As it is, he has a scar on his temple which will mark him for life. Amyot Trestane will do well to spend the next few months devoting himself to that boy and his parents."

Dr. Carfax rose to his feet. "I won't detain you any longer," he said, "except to pass a final message from Mrs. Bosanko to say that in the present circumstances she regrets she cannot offer you the hospitality of Lantyan."

Linnet Lewarne moved to the door looking at the doctor with an expression so inscrutable that he could not tell whether she accepted him as enemy or friend.

"I ask hospitality of no one," she said, "least of all Mrs. Bosanko. But I tell you this. Anyone who tries to come between me and the man I love will suffer for it."

. . . . . .

"Johnny, will you get down from off that wall?"

"No, miss, I will not."

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Continuing . . . ESCAPE FROM FEAR

from page 65

We both clambered to our feet in the same second and stood swaying. Out of the corner of my eyes I saw Isabel running down the mountainside.

"Peter," she called, and Mark turned.

"Isabel," he shouted. "That gun—by your feet. Bring it to me." I saw her check, stop. Her face stiffened, lost its life. "Bring it here," said Mark, as confidently as a man speaks to a dog he has trained. I saw her stoop, pick up the gun. I saw him hold out his hand, saw his mouth curve. And I jumped. I hit him as if hatred had turned my fist to stone. I caught him in the mouth. I felt it smash under my knuckles. It wouldn't smile that Cupid's-bow shape again. I ducked my head, and his fist brushed my skull.

Then we locked and fell on the ground. My left hand was at the back of his neck, the heel of my right under his jaw. His body arched as it had before, but I was ready this time. I let him go so that he stood almost on his head. And as he went over I chopped the side of his neck with the edge of my hand. He came down and lay quite still, his breath rattling, the whites of his eyes showing.

I knelt on all fours, getting my breath, clearing my eyes. And saw a movement—Isabel, holding the gun in both hands, the muzzle lifting. Her face was very white, unconscious as a mask of stone. And for the length of a held breath I saw the black ring of the muzzle pointing at my heart.

"Isabel," I said, afraid to breathe.

"Peter," she said—as if she could hear me but not see me, a familiar voice whispering to her from the dark. Her knuckle grew whiter, whiter. And then the muzzle swung—away and down. I lashed out and struck her hand as she fired. But for that she would have blown Mark's face away. As it was, the bullet hit his shoulder like a blacksmith's hammer. It seemed an enormous length of time before he screamed. She let the gun fall from her hands, stared at him.

"Have I killed him?" she whispered.

"No," I said. She buried her face against my coat and began to sob. Beside us, on the ground, Mark had stopped screaming. He was trying to touch his ruined shoulder with his left hand.

"For heaven's sake," he begged, "help me." I stared at him without answering. It was Isabel who moved. "You'd better bandage him," she said. "I'll go for the police."

ISABEL walked away without looking back. She pushed into the wood as if she were sleepwalking and vanished. For a little while I could hear branches rustling—then nothing for a long time. Then I heard the car. I sat down to wait while the torn rags of his shirt reddened on his shoulder where I'd roughly bandaged it.

"I took your gun from you in the fight," I said after a while, "and shot you in self-defence. If you say anything different to the police I will kill you when you come out of prison. Do you understand?" He hesitated and I bent over him.

"Yes," he said. "I understand."

I picked up the gun to put my fingerprints on it and waited for Isabel to come back. Wondering bleakly how she would come back — how her mind would be, if she would ever sleep again.

I think she went very close to going out of her mind. Even with my version of the story, she had to be at the trial. And as the days dragged by I saw her grow thinner, paler, farther away, until I wished that I'd let her kill Mark Tarrant.

Her guardian was dragged into the trial, too, of course. And he was very lucky, I thought, not to stand in the dock beside his son, as an accessory before the fact. He had been robbing Isabel for years, as I'd guessed, and for Isabel and me to have been killed by an "unknown bandit" on a French mountain road would have solved his problems very neatly—too neatly for it to be coincidence.

But Mark Tarrant swore it was a crime of passion, of jealousy. He said he'd known our route, as, of course, he had, had gone mad at the thought of another man on a honeymoon with Isabel, followed us, and tried to kill us both. Perhaps he thought the French would be more sympathetic to such a motive. Perhaps he thought his father might still save something from the wreck, for both of them.

But he was wrong if that was what he hoped. The English police were waiting for Major Tarrant when he stepped off the plane after his return flight. And that was another trial—and a sentence of three years for misappropriation and plain theft.

It was six months after our honeymoon before we reached the Caribbean. And I still wasn't sure that the fears were gone from Isabel's mind. Not even when I held her in my arms or as she lay quiet, asleep. Sometimes I would wake in the night, and she would be awake. And once she was whispering—the same words over and over again: "Oh, Heaven, don't let me be afraid."

After that she didn't whisper any more, because she knew I might hear. But still she lay awake, staring into the dark. I would hear her breathing, know that she was awake. I could feel the shuddering of her body and wondered how I could reach her, what could help her.

Then one morning very early I woke and found she was gone from beside me. Not in the room, not in the house. I went on to the verandah, looked down toward the silver beach. The last of the moon was sending its path across the dark sea. A shadow wading into the path. Out into the sea. Hair like a cloud of palest gold in the moon.

I ran like a madman. Screamed. She turned, lifted her hands. I thought she was going down; flung myself forward, clawed at the indifferent water in my hands.

"Peter," she said. "Peter." I reached her, held her, touched her hair, her eyes. "The dark," she whispered, holding my face between her hands, laughing, crying. "I'm not afraid of the dark any more. Can you understand? I used to swim like this before the sun came up. Alone. And I wasn't ever afraid. And now it's like that again—as if I'd never left the island and you'd come here to find me."

She slid out of my arms and began to swim back to the shore. After a while I followed her. Behind the palm trees the sky was growing pale. Before I reached the shore it would be bright day.

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 66

"Johnny, if you don't obey me, you will fall and cut your head again, and this time I shall be blamed, worse than before, and sent away for good to an improving school."

Here was a threat causing Johnny Bosanko to pause in his scramble between cowshed and barn.

"All right," he said, "but I'm too high now to jump, so Amyot must come and lift me down." Mary, shrugging her shoulders, went off to summon Amyot.

"You'd better come," she said darkly. "He's at it again."

Amyot turned, then, seeing Mary, smiled. "What's the trouble? Is it Johnny?"

She nodded. He followed her to the spot where her brother, cocky and triumphant, sat drumming his feet upon the ten-foot wall. Amyot, without a word, put up his hands and turned his back, and the boy slid on to his shoulders.

"Now, sirrah, gallop," commanded Johnny, but Amyot only smiled and put the boy to the ground.

"No," he said. "You work for me, not I for you. Come feed the horses, and later you shall help polish the brass. Brothers in arms must keep their weapons bright."

It was strange, pondered Mary, what understanding he had of her brother. The accident which had marked her brother's face but not his nature had exercised a more profound effect upon 14-year-old Mary, who blamed herself for the whole affair. If she had not slept so soundly on that fatal morning she could have prevented the tumble, and Amyot's arrest into the bargain. As it was, not even Johnny's recovery and Amyot's release could wipe out the memory of that first morning's anguish.

MARY could confide in no one. Her mother, at Johnny's bedside, had thought only for him, and her father, appalled that the lad he had befriended must be tried for manslaughter, was too preoccupied with his own feelings to heed his daughter. So Mary Bosanko kept her own counsel. When Amyot, freed, returned to Lantyan, her joy at his homecoming was tempered by a determination to keep him out of further trouble; which trouble, though hardly acknowledged even to herself, meant Mrs. Lewarne.

This afternoon she followed Amyot and her brother back to the stable and watched the pair of them finish seeing to the horses, and so on to the cleaning of harness.

"And now, sir," said Johnny, with all of a child's unconscious ingenuity in seizing upon a ticklish subject, "we're ready, the pair of us, to ride forth and defend our honor against the might of the enemy. The thing is, whose champion would you best like to be? Mary's here, or Mrs. Lewarne's over to Troy?"

Mary, scarlet with embarrassment not only for her own sake but for Amyot's as well, hurriedly interposed with "Don't be so daft, Johnny. Amyot doesn't want to be anyone's champion."

"But you do, don't you, Amyot?" urged the irrepressible boy, turning to his friend. "All knights swear fidelity to some lady or other, and wear their ribbon as a favor."

Amyot, to Mary's great relief, smiled at Johnny composedly. "To be sure they do," he said. "If Mary will have me, I'll be glad to be her champion."

"Then that's settled," cried Johnny. "Give him a piece of your ribbon, Mary, to twist in his buttonhole." Nothing would content him but that his sister should hand over the half of her scarlet hair-ribbon. The champion placed the ribbon in the top buttonhole of his jacket with suitable gravity.

"It's only in play, of course," whispered Mary hurriedly, desirous of proving to Amyot, above all persons, that she had reached the age where such games were considered folly.

But either he misunderstood her purpose or thought to pacify her brother, for he looked at her in all seriousness and said, "I would willingly lay down my life for you both; that's understood between the three of us."

Just then her mother's voice could be heard calling from the house to say Mr. Tregentil had walked over to tea, and would they please come in and wash their hands and faces, and Amyot, too, if his work was done.

Johnny was gone in a flash, for since the accident the owner of Penquite had developed a pleasant habit of bringing with him small tokens of sympathy when visiting the farmhouse: a clutch of eggs blown by himself in youth and greatly prized; two butterflies pinned many years ago when his eyes were keener; and, finally, a ship in a bottle, fully rigged, that had occupied Mr. Tregentil's horny fingers for many a long evening in days gone by when sitting on the verandah of his Indian bungalow.

"We don't matter any more," laughed Amyot, "today's present is more important than tomorrow's battles. But I shall wear my favor just the same," and he touched the ribbon in his buttonhole.

There was the trouble, thought Mary, washing her hands. However could you tell whether Amyot, who seemed a boy like Johnny one minute and a grown man the next, really meant what he said? The piece of ribbon was a joke, but Mary's consciousness of Amyot's buttonhole was so acute that the ribbon seemed to her the size of a banner as she slipped into the kitchen and took her place at the table.

". . . so it would seem I am perfectly right in my conjectures, and you are descended from a long line of kings," Mr. Tregentil was in the midst of announcing triumphantly.

"My dear life," said Mrs. Bosanko, as usual paying more attention to her guest's possible appetite than to his conversation. "The large pink cup for Mr. Tregentil, Mary, not the one with the crack in it . . . Well, I'm sure we must all be very flattered, and must mend our manners accordingly. Gabriel, you might make a start by not pouring your tea into a saucer and blowing on it." This with nods and frowns in the direction of the unheeding guest.

"My dear," replied her husband, "I've poured my tea into a saucer for forty years at least, and won't change the habit now for all the blue blood in Christendom. You'll pardon me, Mr. Tregentil, but what 'zactly is it that you've discovered about my forebears?"

"Why, just what I was endeavoring to explain to your wife as we sat down to tea," replied the visitor between mouthfuls of cake. "My researches into your ancestry prove that your mother having been a Hoel, Bosanko, then you are in all likelihood descended from Hoel the First, King of Little Britain. King Hoel held court at Karahes, or Carhayes, as we call it."

The beach below Carhayes Castle was a favorite spot for Sunday School outings. "Why, bless my soul," murmured Mr. Bosanko, "that's something my mother never knew. She was plain Mary Hoel, of Portloe, and never set foot in Carhayes Castle to my knowledge."

His visitor could not forbear smiling in superior fashion.

"I am speaking of Carhayes as it was in the sixth century A.D. A castle in those days would be more of a hill fortress than anything else, and King Hoel something of a barbarian in all probability. I can't

To page 68

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 67

promise you an ancestor with fine feelings or fine manners."

"Well, but would he wear a crown, sir? That's what these children will want to know. Aren't I right, Johnny?"

The farmer winked at his young son as if the whole conversation was in the nature of a tremendous joke, but both Johnny and Mary were as serious as the lecturer himself. Mr. Tregentil, suspecting that the older members of the party were not sufficiently impressed, stiffened somewhat, and declined a second piece of saffron cake.

"A crown? I hardly think so," he replied.

Mary, who was so easily hurt herself these days, perceived that Mr. Tregentil was put out, and being her mother's daughter wished intuitively to set the guest at ease.

"Was your ancestor also a king, Mr. Tregentil?" she enquired politely.

Now it so happened that Mr. Tregentil's father had been a man of modest background who had made a small fortune in tin, and his only son, on retiring after thirty years as a tea-planter in India, was enabled to enjoy the fruits of the father's industry by taking a long lease of the mansion in which he now dwelt.

"The Tregentils were never river folk," he replied grandly. "They came from the hills." He waved his hand in a northerly direction. "They held manor lands at one time near St. Columb, and, although the exact locality is hard to trace, I propose to make an expedition to that neighborhood in the near future. It may well turn out that the Tregentils had signorial rights to Castle-an-Dinas itself."

Johnny, whose eyes had never left Mr. Tregentil's face since he had mentioned Hoel the First, found curiosity too much for him.

"And what might that be, if you please?" he demanded.

The visitor sat bolt upright. "The greatest earth-work in the whole of Cornwall," he replied.

Johnny gasped. There came to his mind an instant vision of Mr. Tregentil, standing upon mighty ramparts, with ten thousand men-at-arms behind him obeying his every whim.

"I'd dearly like to see it," he said daringly.

Greatly to the surprise of Johnny's parents, Mr. Tregentil, instead of allowing the request to pass unheeded, appeared to show pleasure at the prospect.

"Indeed, why not?" he said at last. "Nothing would be simpler. A survey of Castle-an-Dinas should be part of the education of every Cornish boy."

Johnny was not slow to seize his advantage. "And Mary must come, too," he insisted, "and Amyot, 'cos of being Mary's champion. We must all go . . ."

"My dear, steady now," interposed Mrs. Bosanko. "Mr. Tregentil has other things to do than to escort a great party on to the moors this time of year, with the days drawing in, and one thing and another."

She had noticed the red hair-ribbon in Amyot's buttonhole, and hoped it did not mean that, despite her care, Mary was getting foolish ideas into her head.

"I assure you, Mrs. Bosanko," said her guest earnestly, "nothing would delight me more than to escort your family to Castle-an-Dinas, if Amyot here will accompany them. We can choose our day and, by starting early, be back before nightfall. It is not often one sees young people with such enthusiasm for things historical."

So the farmer's wife allowed herself to be persuaded. After all, the idea might come to nothing, and turn out to be one of Mr. Tregentil's fads, like her husband's descent from King Hoel. Next week he would develop another craze, and kings and castles be forgotten.

Mary and Johnny, once the visitor had departed, could talk of little else. Winter treats were few and far between and a visit of what they understood must be Mr. Tregentil's ancestral home would be the best thing that could happen between now and Christmas.

Only Amyot remained silent, and Mr. Bosanko, laying a hand on his shoulder, said kindly, "What ails you, lad? Have you no wish to go gallivanting across the moors in search of castles?"

Amyot started. He had been staring out of the open door, deep in thought.

"Why, sir, I'll be glad to go," he answered. "It's just I was puzzling where I had heard the name before. I could swear I knew a man called Dinas once, but who it was, and when it was, I cannot tell."

AN epidemic of colds and coughs, coming before due season, had kept Dr. Carfax busy in Troy since the Assizes, and so it happened he had not lately driven out "into the country"—as the immediate neighborhood within a mile or so of town was styled by Troy's inhabitants — to pay his customary call either upon Mr. Tregentil, of Penquite, or the Bosanko family at Lantyan.

One evening toward the end of the month, dismissing the last of his surgery patients and wandering into the dining-room to await his dinner and read his post, Dr. Carfax found a note from Mrs. Bosanko asking his blessing on a proposed expedition to Castle-an-Dinas.

"Dear Doctor," she wrote, "Mr. Tregentil has very kindly offered to take the children to see the big earth castle near St. Columb, where it seems his ancestors lived centuries ago, and would it be too much for Johnny, and should they wait until spring? I don't want to disappoint them, and if you say they can go, then go they shall. I am pleased to tell you Johnny seems entirely recovered. Yours sincerely, Alice Bosanko."

The doctor, with a quiet chuckle, laid the letter aside. The idea that his patient's researches had brought him to the point of claiming kinship with the unknown dwellers on Castle-an-Dinas — for such was obviously the earth castle near St. Columb mentioned by Mrs. Bosanko — was the best piece of news he had heard that day.

As far as the children were concerned, nothing would be better for them than a day's outing on high ground and out of the valley, except to extend the time to a couple of days or even more.

"Mona," he remarked to his housekeeper, as she bore in the evening meal, a plump pheasant shot on a nearby estate and sent as token of esteem by the owner, "Mona, does your good sister at Tresaddern farm still take in visitors?"

"She does indeed, Doctor," said Mona, "and had a house full of them all summer. Though what they find to do but walk, and fish in the stream a mile away, I could not tell you. Some folk have odd ideas of spending a holiday."

Dr. Carfax, noting with relief that his housekeeper had not forgotten the breadcrumbs, carved wing and breast from the succulent bird, sat himself down at the table.

"Do you think she would have room for Mr. Tregentil and the Bosanko children if they halted there for a couple of days to give young Johnny a change of air and Mr. Tregentil a chance to seek his forebears?" he inquired.

"I feel certain she would, sir," replied the housekeeper, "she lives in but half the house as it is and any visitors would be gone by now. I'll write and make sure if you wish me to."

The doctor considered. "Then do that, Mona," he said, "and I tell you what, in addition. If the party care to make the expedition next Friday, staying over Saturday, we'll let them have half of that excellent Spanish ham that Mr. McPhail sent along yesterday from the Customs Office.

"If your sister is half as good a cook as you are, Mr. Tregentil will forget about his doubtful ancestry and give himself up to the delights of Epicurus."

"Yes, sir," agreed Mona, pleased with the compliment paid to herself and her family, for although totally unacquainted with Greek philosophy, she knew enough of her master's ways to take his point.

She wrote off post-haste to her sister Mrs. Polwhele at Tresaddern farm, asking for rooms for "a wealthy patient of dear doctor's, and two well-behaved children," and received a reply by return that "the whole of Tresaddern would be put at the disposal of Dr. Carfax's party."

So far, so good. Notes were duly dispatched to Mrs. Bosanko and Mr. Tregentil from the doctor, explaining that he had taken it upon himself to arrange accommodation for the explorers on the Friday and the Saturday of the coming week with Mrs. Polwhele, of Tresaddern, sister to his own housekeeper, and as Tresaddern was in the immediate vicinity of Castle-an-Dinas the expedition could be made in perfect comfort.

It would also afford him the greatest pleasure, added the doctor in the note to Mr. Tregentil, to provide the party with a certain addition to the Saturday dinner, which, if eaten with moderation and at least four hours before retiring to bed, would do none of them any harm.

Missives expressing the warmest thanks from both Lantyan and Penquite found their way to the doctor's house within twenty-four hours.

"All fears as to the advisability of the expedition so late in the year are now laid at rest," declared Mrs. Bosanko, while Mr. Tregentil, who had been in some anxiety about the discomfort of sitting in the entrenchment of Castle-an-Dinas eating a cold pasty on an empty stomach, admitted "the knowledge that a warm bed and a delicious meal await us at the conclusion of a long day, with the possibility that Tresaddern farm may prove to be on the site of the long-vanished Tregentil manor, has added enormously to the pleasure of the instigator of the plan."

NEITHER Mrs. Bosanko nor Mr. Tregentil thought it necessary, nor indeed of interest, to add that Amyot Trestane, with the consent of his employer, Gabriel Bosanko, would accompany the party to Tresaddern at the special request of Mary and Johnny.

Now, if Mrs. Bosanko had let well alone, and not thought it necessary to take young Johnny into Troy to buy a warm overcoat at the draper's shop opposite The Rose and Anchor, it is very possible that word of the proposed expedition would never have reached the ear of one who, in the opinion of Johnny's mother, was least suitable to hear it.

She bustled into the draper's shop in Trefalgar Square on the Wednesday morning, her eye already caught by the smart little model shaped like a sailor's pea-jacket displayed in the window, and so intent was she upon her purchase that she did not notice that Johnny himself had lingered on the doorstep and was waving a cheerful hand to Deborah Brangwyn, herself shaking a duster out of an upper window of The Rose and Anchor.

"We're off to Castle-an-Dinas on Friday," he called, "Amyot, and Mary, and me. We're going for two nights, all on our own, without Father or Mother." The boast held all the bravado of one temporarily freed from parental supervision.

"Is that so?" returned Deborah, "well, you are a lucky boy. And who owns Castle-an-Dinas, if you please? The fairies, I suppose."

"No, they don't," replied Johnny, "they've got nothing to do with it. Both Castle-an-Dinas and Tresaddern farm, where we're to sleep, are Mr. Tregentil's signorial rights."

It was at this moment that Mrs. Bosanko summoned her son inside the draper's shop to try on the overcoat, and Deborah was left to make what she could of the latter part of Johnny's sentence. Her mistress should know of it at all events, for since an embargo had been placed upon visits between The Rose and Anchor and Lantyan, news of the Bosanko household had been scarce.

If the Bosanko children were setting forth on some jaunt, accompanied only by the young man lately acquitted of manslaughter, then a letter from Deborah's mistress to Tresaddern farm, wherever that might be, could be dispatched in safety. It did not occur to Deborah that the hostess of The Rose and Anchor would have further ideas on the subject.

A little later in the day, when the landlord was safely below in the bar saloon, the maid slipped along to deliver her news. Linnet Lewarne, sorting linen for want of a better occupation and forbearing to scold Pettigrew, who was licking his minute paws on a patchwork quilt, listened intently, then cast an eye upon the almanac hanging on the wall.

"Saturday next is the thirty-first," she said to Deborah, "does the date suggest anything in particular to you?"

"Only that it is All-Hallows e'en," replied Deborah promptly, "and those who wish to learn their fate must look into a mirror holding a lighted candle."

Her mistress laughed scornfully. "I did that twenty times as a girl, and look what it brought me," she answered. "No. The dead may rise from their graves and the saints look down from heaven, for all I care. But if I'm not mistaken, next Saturday, the 31st, is the day the licencees and publicans hold their annual dinner, and Mr. Lewarne is bidden to it."

Deborah, seizing a pile of linen from the bed, stared thoughtfully at her mistress. "It could be so," she replied, after a moment, "but that doesn't mean it would be right for you to go tearing off in the opposite direction the instant he's away."

Linnet smiled. It was fortunate that only Deborah could see the smile, for it savored of triumph.

"There'll be no need," she said. "The dinner this year is at The Indian Queen. Landlords are asked to bring their wives."

Tresaddern . . . Castle-an-Dinas . . . these were names that conveyed little to Deborah, but, like anyone else who helped serve in a bar and listened to ale-house talk, she had heard of The Indian Queen, a lonely inn set somewhere in wild country on the high road between Bodmin and Truro, and a famous place for brawls, by all accounts.

"If it's noise, and excitement, and drinking you are after, you'll find it there," she told her mistress, "but what a dinner at The Indian Queen has to do with the Bosanko children, and someone else, I can't for the life of me see."

"You will if you look at the map," replied Linnet, and, seizing Pettigrew in her arms, she left the room and made her way downstairs to the saloon. No. She had not been mistaken. The old map hanging on the wall told her all she desired to know. The Indian Queen, some few miles from St. Columb, stood at equal distance from the hill-fortress marked Castle-an-Dinas as to Tresaddern farm. Anyone in the district would inform her of its whereabouts.

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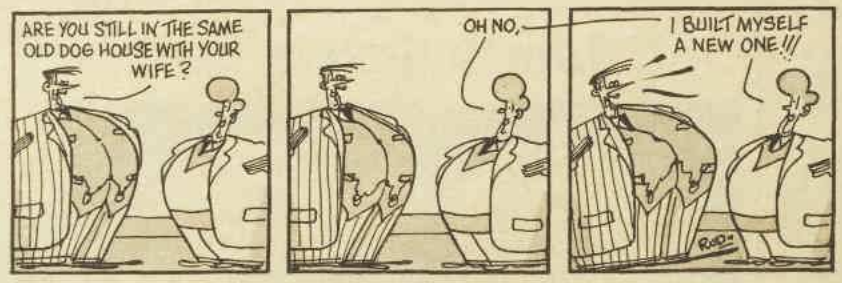
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 68

She looked across at her husband. He was sitting, as was his wont these days, in a state of dejection, his chin supported by his hand, his eyes staring down at the empty glass in front of him.

"You are not well, it seems," said Linnet, moving softly to his side. "That's what comes of sitting within doors all day, and drinking more than your customers."

Her husband glanced up at her and sighed. "If I do," he answered, "you know whose fault it is."

"Oh, come!" said Linnet. "It's the way of husbands to blame their own sullen temper on their wives. To tell you the truth, I've been out of sorts myself these past weeks and could do with a change."

The landlord seized her hand. "I'll take you anywhere you want to go," he said with an eagerness born of despair. "You've only to say the word."

His wife shrugged. "It's too late in the year," she answered. "Where in the world could we go, the pair of us, and not be bored to tears?" She paused and feigned to sweep the table clean in front of him. "What's this dinner you have to attend this coming Saturday?" she asked casually.

"The publicans' annual, up at The Indian Queen," he answered. "We're both bidden for the night, but I accepted only for myself."

LINNET wrinkled her nose—in part disgust, in part consideration. "It would mean a drive at all events," she said with pretended disdain, "and a chance to wear a new dress. I suppose you refused for me because you prefer to drink with your friends?"

"Nay, Linnet. You know that isn't true . . ." Mark Lewarne clung to his wife. "Why, if you'd care to come with me you would make me the proudest man in Cornwall. I never for a moment thought it possible."

Linnet, with one of her rare gestures of conciliation, bent over her seated husband and touched him lightly on the brow.

"Mind you, I don't promise," she told him, "but if the weather looks settled Friday we might set out that day, and shop and sleep in St. Austell, so that we could make an early start Saturday and arrive at The Indian Queen before midday. That way I could walk and see something of the countryside before it's time to change for the dinner, and you . . ." she paused, "you could greet your publican friends sober for a change."

A letter addressed to Amyot Trestane, Tresaddern farm, near St. Columb, was handed in to the postmaster's office across the way by Deborah some twenty minutes later.

The evening of Friday, the 30th October, Dr. Carfax, turning out of Fore Street into Trefalgar Square after visiting a patient at the other end of town, perceived the carrier Bill Pherris, who the preceding day, at his instructions, had delivered a half-ham wrapped in butter-muslin to Mr. Tregentil at Penquite. Bill Pherris, at sight of the doctor, looked sheepish, and slapped his hand on his pocket.

"Dang me if it hadn't slipped my memory," he apologised, "here I've been carrying this around, Doctor, since yesterday forenoon."

He bared his head and handed over a letter, which the doctor took from him with pretended gravity. "It won't do, Bill," he said, shaking his head, "suppose Mr. Tregentil at Penquite had been seized with a heart attack and had trusted you to be his messenger? No, I was only joking. Run along in to The Rose and Anchor and have your pint."

The carrier grinned and disappeared, and Dr. Carfax, aware that stout Mrs. McPhail, who once engaged in conversation kept at it for a full ten minutes—for he had timed her before now by the church clock — was approaching him from the direction of the churchyard, altered his course like a tacking yacht and dived into the front entrance of The Rose and Anchor to avoid her. The word would go round, of course. Dr. Carfax was to have his nip. No matter, gossip was preferable to Mrs. McPhail's chatter.

He seized the opportunity, while safe under cover, of glancing through the note just handed to him by the carrier. A rapid reading produced an explosion which, had Mrs. McPhail been near to hear it, would have sent her to tell all of Troy that Dr. Carfax's temper had become so violent that he was no longer to be trusted by his patients.

"Now if this doesn't beat all," exclaimed the doctor, stamping his foot with such vigor that Ned Varco, left on duty within the bar, could hear him from the other end of the passage, and limped along to the front entrance to see who was disturbing the peace.

"Dear Carfax," went the note, "my warm thanks for the welcome haunch of venison that has just arrived. It will be given to your housekeeper's sister the instant we descend at Tresaddern, and as the four of us, young Amyot, the children, and myself, expect to have hearty appetites, we shall look forward to an excellent stew for Saturday's dinner. We intend to leave in the brougham at crack of dawn Friday.

"Sincerely, E. Tregentil."

Venison! The half of the Spanish ham dubbed venison! To be stewed for Saturday's dinner! The very word was sacrilege. And to take Amyot Trestane, of all men, to wander at will on Castle-an-Dinas, haunted as it was by . . . but a voice close behind him put a stop to further hurried reflection.

"Can I do anything for you, Doctor?"

Little Ned Varco, who barely reached his hip, was standing in the passage.

"No, thank you, Ned. I was merely . . . h'm . . . giving utterance to my feelings. How is your mistress? Well, I trust, and the landlord, too."

The crippled barman nodded. "Well enough when they set out midday," he answered, "but how long their tempers agree I don't prophesy. They'll be away till Sunday, master reckoned, staying for the dinner Saturday at The Indian Queen."

"The Indian Queen?"

"That's right, Doctor. Master was going, anyway, and the mistress, she suddenly took it into her head she wanted a change of air."

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 69

Little doubt of it. And The Indian Queen not three miles distant from Castle-an-Dinas. That fool Tregentil . . . that double-dyed fool.

Dr. Carfax bade the bartender a curt goodnight and stepped across the road to the postmaster's office. He was used to making quick decisions, it was part of his profession and a moment's calculation told him that the goods train carying minerals on the special branch line between St. Blazey and Roche left betimes on a Saturday morning.

It was a lucky thing that he had safely delivered the engine-driver's wife of twins not two weeks since. The train, forbidden by law to carry passengers, would carry him. He would be at Castle-an-Dinas by noon if all went well and in time to prevent mischief, and at the worst, disaster. As for his patients, they must take care of themselves for twenty-four hours. Or call in young Tehidy.

A telegram addressed Tregentil, Tresaddern, St. Columb, was handed in to the care of the postmaster within a few minutes of Dr. Carfax's decision and ran as follows: "Keep an eye on young Amyot. Intend joining you by midday Saturday. On no account hash ham. Regards. Carfax."

MR. TREGENTIL, being an uncommonly poor whip, had no intention himself of driving the party to Castle-an-Dinas. Open dogcarts were suited to hardy persons such as his medical adviser, but to set forth the last day of October for a distance of some eighteen miles, a closed vehicle was imperative, with coachman Dingle taking the reins. The children and Amyot could sit in turn upon the box, and if anyone felt sick within the brougham the windows let down with the greatest ease.

The plan was for Mr. Tregentil to leave in the brougham from Penquite at eight o'clock in the morning, and to pick up his little party on the high road by the Lantyan turning some twenty minutes later. They would proceed on to the main Bodmin-Truro road by way of Lanlivery, and all being well should reach the right-hand turn to Castle-an-Dinas within two hours and a half.

A halt for picnic luncheon would be made beside the rough track leading up to the earthwork, and then, if it continued fine, the party of four would walk up the hill to explore the castle. Dingle would deliver their belongings to Mrs. Polwhele at Tresaddern farm and continue with the brougham the two miles on to St. Columb, where he would put up at the Red Lion Hotel.

Friday dawned fine, if something chill, with all proceeding according to plan: Johnny, "lording" it upon the box, wearing his new overcoat, Mary seated in style like a true lady beside her host, with Amyot on the opposite seat.

Mr. Tregentil, wrapped in a carriage rug to his chin, his feet in a muff, wore a Tyrolean hat pierced with a rook's feather, the whole harmonising ill with his olive complexion. It gave the wearer, nevertheless, a distinct air of an explorer, one who might at any moment climb a precipice and shoot a chamois.

Amyot, fitted up by Mr. Bosanko in breeches, gaiters, and jacket, still sported Mary's hair-ribbon in his button-hole, a piece of childish nonsense which Mrs. Bosanko feigned to ignore when she bid her daughter farewell after breakfast.

Mary, relaxing in the brougham with half-closed eyes, torn between a desire to laugh at Mr. Tregentil, whose long nose peeked over the carriage rug like a rook itself, and a fear that she might yet be sick if the window was not opened wider, found ultimate solace in Amyot's smile of understanding, his surreptitious raising of the sash, and the occasional proximity of his knee beneath the second carriage rug.

Johnny was in heaven, or, to be more correct, in that soaring world of childhood where, seated on a brougham box, every turn in the road brings a fresh wonder and a new delight. The trees were golden, the hedgerows russet-brown, bright now and again with rose-hip berries, and as they left Lanlivery behind them and the great mass of Helmen Tor showed beyond them to the right, it seemed to Johnny that his heart must surely burst with excitement, for the familiar wooded valley of his home was lost behind him and he was now entering the wild hunting-ground of fighting men long dead.

Stately Captain, Mr. Tregentil's carriage bay, breasted the hills like a warhorse, and when, after some twisting and turning for five miles or more, the brougham emerged on to the great high road from Bodmin to Truro, with the country rolling away to north and west and the coast in the far distance, Johnny leapt up and down on the box, urging Mr. Dingle, the coachman, to greater speed.

This Mr. Dingle was not prepared to do, the truth being that he disapproved of the whole expedition. An excursion was all very well in late spring or early summer, with a two-hour wait for horse or horses near a shady grove or a convenient inn, but to take an animal out for some eighteen miles or more in late autumn, to a part of the country where no civilised being went, and expect horse and coachman to spend two nights away from their own comfortable home quarters in a strange hostelry at St. Columb, was, in Mr. Dingle's opinion, little short of murder.

It would do the brougham no good. The springs would go. They would probably lose a wheel. The horse would become overheated and take chill. The bedding at St. Columb would be damp. All these fears, and more besides, he expressed to Johnny in tones of resigned gloom, punctuating each sentence with "I don't hold with it. 'Tis no time o' year to be taking the horse on the road. If we come to a sudden descent I can't hold 'im."

There was no sudden descent. The great high road spanned the country like a ribbon, and, as Johnny was quick to point out, the surface was much better than that between St. Sampson's and Troy, to which Captain was accustomed. "Maybe today," the coachman grudgingly allowed, "but come a bit of frost and poor Captain's feet would go from under him."

"There'll be no frost," promised Johnny. "Father's barometer is set fair, and not too high. We may have showers, and them not heavy."

Mr. Dingle grunted. "'Tis diff'rent up here to what 'tis back home," he muttered. "A shower up here's a proper cloudburst. A road will run water in less than no time, and we'll have Captain slathering to his withers."

A rattle from the window below and the sound of his master's voice made the coachman draw rein and pause in his tale of foreboding.

"Bear right soon after we pass the turning to Roche, Dingle," called Mr. Tregentil, "but do not take the turning to Withiel or St. Wenn. Our road should be marked St. Columb, and we should be able to see Castle-an-Dinas standing high on the hill long before we come to it."

"Yes, sir," replied the coachman, saluting with his whip, but when his master's head was withdrawn he repeated, for perhaps the tenth time, "I don't hold with it."

Mr. Dingle, expecting a turreted battlement albeit in ruins, was more convinced than ever of the folly of the expedition when, after some further half-hour's driving, Johnny called excitedly, "Look, I think that's it, away yonder, like a hump on the skyline; that's Castle-an-Dinas."

The coachman, shocked into momentary silence, followed the line of Johnny's pointing finger. "Is that what we've come for?" he asked incredulously. "Poor Captain's pulled the brougham some fifteen mile to see that old hillock? If Mr. Tregentil had any sense he'd bid me turn right around and go home again."

"Hush!" whispered Johnny. "Mr. Tregentil's ancestors lived there."

"I dare say they did," observed the disgusted coachman. "Savages in skins, mos' likely. No proper gentleman would stand it."

Mary, within the brougham, pressed to the window by her enthusiastic host, was of much the same opinion as Mr. Dingle. Castle-an-Dinas was nothing but a hill, ringed with furze-bushes. It was no better than Castle Dor, where she and Johnny used to play hide-and-seek when waiting for the horses to be shod. It did not really matter, of course. The excitement lay in staying away from home and being with Amyot.

"It . . . it must have a very fine view," she said politely.

BUSY with a map, Mr. Tregentil brushed the remark aside. "It commanded the whole of Cornwall, and was obviously quite impregnable," he told her, with pardonable exaggeration. "See, Amyot. You have nothing so fine in Brittany, I'll be bound."

Amyot, after a quick glance at their distant objective, resumed his seat. He was looking a little pale. The result, so Mary thought with sympathy, of sitting with his back to the horses. It would not be long now before they reached their halting-place, and could all get out.

There was no mistaking the turning, and the sign St. Columb. The coachman continued along the side-road until further shouting from within the brougham warned him they had reached the first stage of his two-day purgatory.

"Eleven - thirty. Excellent time. I congratulate you, Dingle," cried his master. The coachman touched his hat in silence, and proceeded to sit in a posture of resignation, while Amyot helped the party to descend.

"It won't do, sir," said Dingle in sepulchral tones, "to keep Captain standing long. He'll take chill, seeing how hot he is, an' the distance has been."

"No, no, of course not. Quick with the hamper, Amyot, we'll eat here, and let Dingle and the brougham go." Mr. Tregentil, always a little

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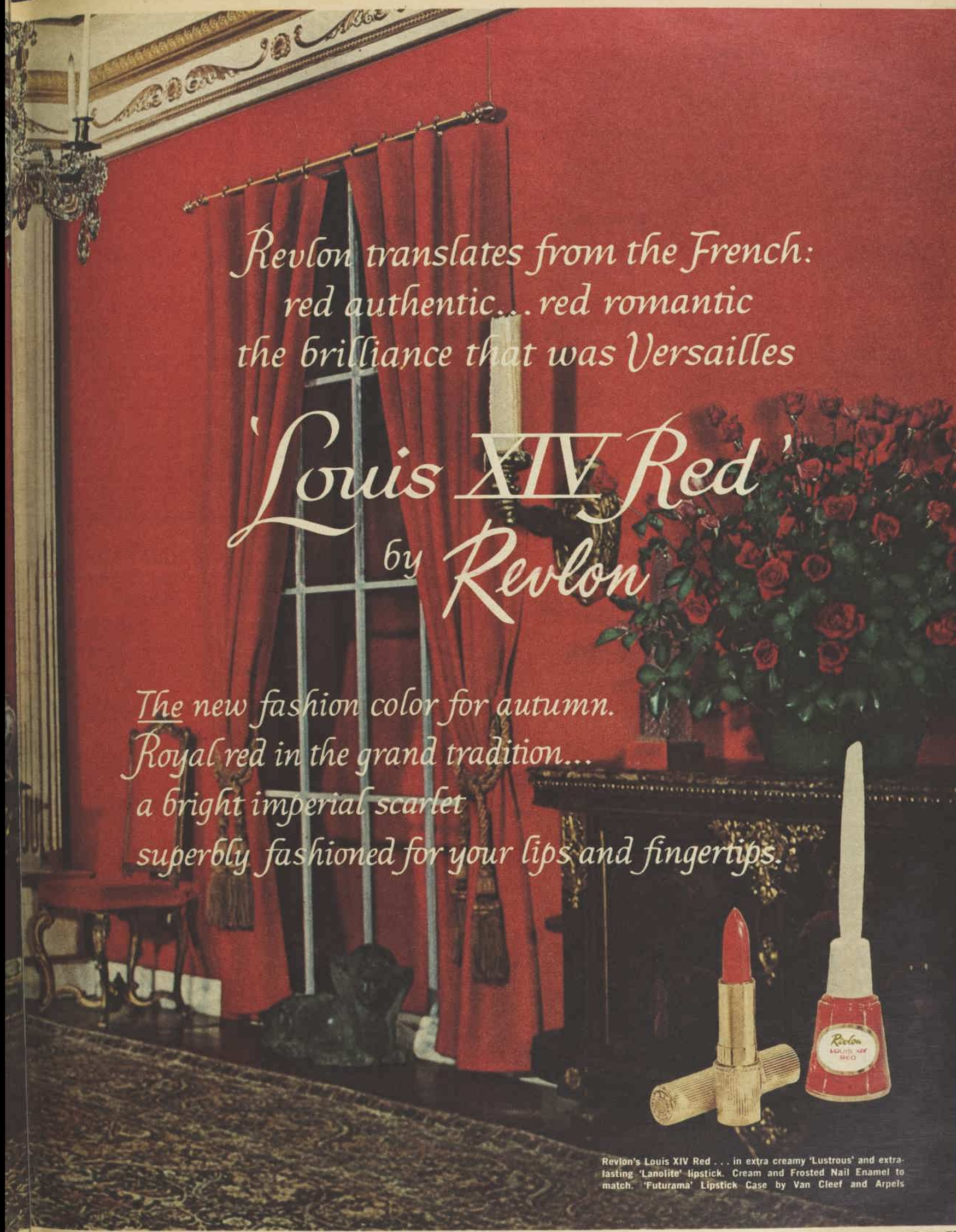
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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

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apprehensive in the presence of his coachman, flustered around giving directions.

"Spread the rugs, that's it, Mary, we mustn't get damp ourselves . . . very unwise. Dingle, don't waste another minute, proceed down the lane to the right, into the valley, and leave our things with Mrs. Polwhele at Tresaddern, and then you go on with the horse and brougham to St. Columb as arranged. Be back for us on Sunday morning at half-past eight."

A few minutes later, the coachman, head bowed, shoulders hunched, disappeared from view, for all the world like a mourner conducting a hearse.

"Can't we eat up at the Castle?" begged Johnny, "it's easy to carry the things. Please, Mr. Tregentil."

This was agreed upon after some little demur, and Amyot, shouldering rugs and luncheon basket, led the way up the rough patch toward the encampment.

"Stay, Amyot," called Mr. Tregentil, "let me consult the map to find the entrance. We can't leap ditches, laden as we are."

"It's to the right, sir," said Amyot, "the east gate is nearest to us." He pointed forward with confidence greatly to the surprise of Mr. Tregentil, and continued to lead the way at a bounding pace.

"Most unusual," murmured Mr. Tregentil, "he never as much as glanced at the map."

When he and Mary topped the rise they found Amyot and Johnny waiting for them by the outer perimeter of the earth-work, and there was the entrance, just as Amyot had said, breaching one ditch and then a second, until it finally opened on to the centre of the encampment itself, which, overgrown with bracken and furze, covered some acre and a half of land.

"Come," said Mr. Tregentil, surveying the scene with satisfaction, "let us unpack the hamper, eat, and then explore." Amyot, the basket still on his shoulder, intervened. "You'll find it drier, sir, across the centre, overlooking the northern rampart."

MARY, puzzled, stared at Amyot. Why did he use the word "rampart," and how did he know it would be drier there? Anyone would think it was Amyot's ancestors who had lived at Castle-an-Dinas and not Mr. Tregentil's at all.

"We'll soon have a fire lighted, and can boil the kettle," continued Amyot, "Johnny, you'll find a pool of water to the right there, good for drinking. The sheep and cattle that graze here won't have fouled it."

It was curious. He seemed to be in charge. He spoke faster than usual, and with authority.

Somewhat perplexed, Mr. Tregentil followed Amyot to the piece of ground designated, and, yes, it was exceedingly dry, with granite slabs to sit upon, while below to the right lay the dew-pond, sure enough, toward which Johnny was clambering, kettle in hand.

Amyot stood motionless. He set down hamper and rugs and stared about him.

"Dinas," he said, as though to himself, "Dinas . . ."

"Correctly spoken," agreed Mr. Tregentil, "Dinas, the Cornish for hill-fort."

"Oh! no, sir," disputed Amyot, "it's a man's name by rights, and he my friend."

Mary, of a sudden, felt uncomfortable. It was all very well for Amyot to play these games with Johnny, but it hardly did to make fun of Mr. Tregentil. She turned away and began gathering sticks for the fire to hide her confusion. Johnny came running up, the kettle filled with water. "It's fresh as anything," he cried, "I tasted some of it."

"Why, naturally," said Amyot, "with some hundreds of men and horses depending upon it, and no spring or river near. Climb the inner rampart there, Johnny, and see how stoutly it's built against attack."

Mr. Tregentil was a little put out. Amyot had been brought to fetch and carry, not to air his uneducated opinion upon the finest earthwork in all Cornwall. This was the prerogative of Mr. Tregentil himself.

"You must know, children," he announced, with an eye upon Amyot, "there are other fortresses so named. There are two on the south coast, near St. Antony. Dinas . . . Dinan . . . Denis . . . all these words mean fortress."

"And he who mans them a chieftain, serving the great king," said Amyot to Johnny, who smiled and nodded.

Mary, her face scarlet, pressed a pasty, wrapped in a napkin, upon Mr. Tregentil. He took up his stance beside her on the rug, and during the picnic and luncheon addressed his remarks upon the structure of hill fortresses strictly to Mary, who understood no word of it.

Later, when the crumbs were gathered, the napkins folded, and the embers of the fire trodden underfoot, Mr. Tregentil ensconsed himself on the highest perimeter, complete with map and field-glasses, while Johnny, brandishing a new-peeled stick to serve as sword, stood on sentry-go beneath him.

"Amyot," said Mary, as he helped her fasten the hamper, "it was not very polite of you and Johnny to make mock of Mr. Tregentil."

Amyot looked at her in amazement. "I make mock of him?" he repeated. "If I did so, I had no intention of it, and I'm very sorry."

They finished packing in silence. The air was oddly still, a different stillness, thought Mary, from the woods at home, or down by the river shore. High up here, under the sky, it was as though she, and Amyot, and Mr. Tregentil, and Johnny had in some way trespassed on forbidden ground.

Those great banks were treacherous, making the circle seem a prison; she could think of no worse fate than to twist an ankle and lie alone here, staring at the sky.

"I wonder what manner of folk it was who really lived here," she said to Amyot.

He did not answer, and, looking up at him, she saw his face was pale again, as it had been in the brougham, and his eyes were troubled.

"Rough men if you like," he said, "but all my friends, and Dinas the wisest and the best, bearing me here to die. The causeway's yonder, beneath the grass under the westward gate, and that was the way she rose, when Dinas brought her to my side."

Then suddenly he leapt to his feet, waving his hand to her brother.

"Come, Johnny," he said, "I'll defend the fortress and you shall storm it," and it was all play after all, the nonsense they shared together; yet Mary stood there watching them, anxious for no good reason.

PRESENTLY, laughing and breathless, they flung themselves down in the bracken beside Mr. Tregentil, and with a warning glance at Johnny, Amyot respectfully begged their host to conduct them round the encampment.

Later, when the afternoon turned chill, Mr. Tregentil decided it was time to descend to the valley and find their quarters at Tresaddern farm. Passing through the western entrance they made their way down the slope, but not before Mary, bringing up the rear, had stooped to touch the grass. Amyot was right. It had been a causeway once. She could feel the stones.

Down in the valley, sheltered by a cluster of trees, stood the comforting grey farmhouse, reminding Mary of all the scents and sounds she had left behind her at Lantyan; a fat sow snuffled in the mud, young turkeys ran in the midden, and a smiling broad-hipped Mrs. Polwhele waited at the door to greet them.

She curtsied low at sight of her guests, declaring in strident tones—a habit of hers when nervous—that it was the greatest honor to receive such a nobleman as Mr. Tregentil under her humble roof, bringing his handsome family with him, and wasn't the eldest young gentleman the image of his father. The compliment was well intended but unfortunate. Mr. Tregentil, who had been on his feet since before seven that morning, felt a prick of irritation.

"You are under a misapprehension, my good woman," he said, "these young people are the children of a neighboring farmer and this is their French attendant. What is that I see, a telegram?"

Mrs. Polwhele, profuse in her apologies, dipping to the ground with every word that passed her lips, proffered him Dr. Carfax's telegram on a silver salver.

"There's a letter, too, sir," she said, her voice rising in excitement, "it must be for . . . for the foreign gentleman, Mr. Trestane, I think it is."

HURRIEDLY she produced a second salver, and the envelope bearing Linnet's bold handwriting upon it was handed, with another curtsy, to the astonished Amyot. Mr. Tregentil, intent upon his telegram, had turned his back. Johnny, forgetting his manners, was already halfway to the kitchen. Amyot, with a quick glance at the handwriting, thrust the letter in his pocket. Mary alone was seized with apprehension.

"It's from Mrs. Lewarne," she thought, "that's why he hasn't said a word." Her day, that had dawned so fair, was suddenly doomed. She walked slowly, with sinking heart, to the bright parlor.

. . . . . .

. It was raw and foggy when Dr. Carfax alighted at Roche station on the Saturday morning at the uncomfortable hour of half-past seven. He decided to have breakfast at the adjoining inn and there see if he could hire a conveyance to take him on to Tresaddern, failing which he must rely on his two feet.

The prospect did not daunt him, for the farm was only a few miles distant and provided he stuck to the road and the fog did not thicken, the walk would serve to clear his head, reeling as it was at the moment from the roar of the engine, the hiss of steam, and the loquacity of the engine-driver.

The ride up through Luxilian Valley, had it been done in summer on a fine morning, would have proved instructive, even amusing. As it was, to stamp up and down St. Blazey platform in the small hours, collar turned up, hands in pocket, and then hail his acquaintance the engine-driver with a trumped-up tale of a patient in distress and beg a lift in the draughty cabin, one moment face ablaze with the roar of the fire and the next half jerked off his feet by the motion of the engine, was not Dr. Carfax's idea of how best to spend a few hours away from duty.

Nevertheless, the strange feeling of compulsion that had

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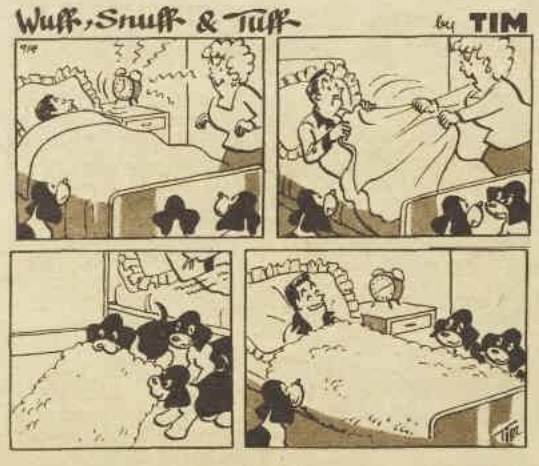
FOR THE CHILDREN



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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

been with him ever since he had heard that Amyot Trestane was to form one of the party visiting Castle-an-Dinas, coupled as it was with the information that Linnet Lewarne would also be in the neighborhood, had driven him to take this extreme measure of leaving his house like a thief in the night and boarding the train. What he intended to do was not yet clear, except, at all costs, to keep Linnet and her lover apart.

He had taken the opporunity after dinner, before snatching a few hours' sleep, of reading through the mass of notes compiled by his patient Tregentil, with the result that he had been more profoundly disturbed than ever.

Tregentil had done his work well, too well for Carfax's comfort. His industrious patient, blissfully unaware of any deeper implications, had drawn up a resume of every known legend that had any bearing on the strange history of Tristan and Iseult, and the pattern of events, curiously intermingled as they were, followed a course uncannily similar to that which was happening on the same terrain today. Thought transference seemed the only possible explanation.

He, Carfax, and poor Ledru, and then Tregentil, had in some way set the appalling thing in motion, while the impressionable lad from Brittany, and the impulsive young woman born at Castle Dor had acted as mediums to a source of power which, if tapped, might revolutionise the whole conception of Time in its relation to the unconscious mind. If only poor Ledru had lived, what a companion de voyage he would have made on this particular expedition!

The recollection of the last night they had spent together, following so swiftly upon his turning over of Tregentil's notes, made Dr. Carfax stir still more uneasily in his chair.

It had been heart, of course, he had conducted the post-mortem himself, and yet . . . What was it the poet Beroul called the potion that Iseult had given to her lover, and then herself? He searched the notes . . . Ah! here it was, the "lovendrant"; Tregentil had written beside it "love-potion, in ancient English." Linnet Lewarne had offered them a strange brew, indeed, that evening a year ago in The Rose and Anchor.

IF she had the bottle still, an analysis might show. Nonsense; he was letting his imagination run away with him, and that was fatal. He had nearly made a fool of himself once before, at Castle Dor, and would not do so again.

Dr. Carfax, weary of his patient Tregentil's spidery handwriting, had removed his spectacles, pushed aside the papers, and yawned his way to bed, to snatch what sleep he could before setting forth at an

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intolerable hour of the morning.

Now, next day, as he sat over eggs and bacon at the Roche inn, he seemed to remember Tregentil having been in some excitement over the discovery that the Cornish King Hoel and not Duke Jovelin of Brittany had been the father of your Kaedin, and Tristan's bride, Iseult of the White Hands, namesake to the Queen. Which would suggest that Tristane, in parting from the Queen, never crossed the sea at all, but merely passed into another Cornish kingdom.

Well, it was of little consequence. Dr. Carfax called for his bill and learnt, without much surprise, that it would take some little time to find him a vehicle; the butcher down in Roche would be going his rounds at ten and not before; and so, without more ado, he decided to walk.

It was years since he had travelled this part of the country. What an increase of building, away to the south in the clay country; hamlets that had barely existed save for a cottage or two, now ugly villages linked together, and topping them every one the great white clay peaks themselves, turning the moorland landscape into an unlikely range of mountains. Here was Tristan's "Blanche Land" come to life indeed, the deep lakes sunk beside the peaks, the River Par, even the Fal itself chalky white these days near to the source.

Tresaddern, if Mona had described it correctly, lay at the foot of Castle-an-Dinas to the west, a sign-post turning from the St. Columb road should point the way. The fog was patchy. Clear when he had set out from Roche, now it seemed to close in once more; wreaths of drifting mist, passing in front of him some fifty yards ahead, obliterating the scene on either side. It had been all moorland once, of course, stretching from Dartmoor across the Tamar to the high ground there, forming the backbone of all Cornwall, with the rest vast forest.

Hardly a country for perfect knights and gentlemen. What hunting, though, amidst the heather and the granite; what savagery, what wild descents for plunder to the shore! A fire-signal lighted by Seneschal Dinas at his fortress here to his overlord King Mark at Castle Dor would warn him of approaching danger.

CASTLE - AN - DINAS . . . Castle Dor . . . Once bastions filled with men commanding this whole wilderness; now grass mounds, sleeping, under a quiet sky. Dr. Carfax left the high road for the St. Columb turning, and presently, having passed some cottages, became aware of rising ground to the right of him and, despite the mist, knew instinctively that the fortress lay above.

Had the morning been clear and he not been pressed for time, it would have been pleasant to wander there, on the summit, and make comparison with the smaller Castle Dor near home. As it was, he must continue on his way, and, leaving an old tin mine to the left of him, another half-mile's walking brought him to the valley and Tresaddern farm.

Tregentil might do worse than pick upon this spot for an ancestral home.

The wall encompassing the piece of orchard there must be centuries old, and the farmhouse itself a manor in days gone by, rugged, strong, with space enough once for Seigneur and his family and a pack of servants besides. Mona's sister had done well for herself with this snug holding, deep enough in the sheltered valley to withstand wind and weather.

The party must be astir, for the curtains were pulled, the windows open, and there was young Johnny Bosanko himself running through the strip of front garden to the gate, a collie pup at his heels.

"Hullo, Doctor," he shouted, "we didn't expect you till this afternoon, and Mr. Tregentil said if it was misty you wouldn't come at all."

He unlatched the gate, while

"Wipe your feet!"

the dog leapt up to paw the stranger.

"Well, Johnny, Mr. Tregentil was at fault," replied the doctor, "I travelled somewhat rapidly, as it happened. Have you long breakfasted?"

"Yes, rather," said Johnny, "and now I'm hungry again. Mrs. Polwhele says it's the change of air. You'd best come inside, sir, out of the damp and wait for Mr. Tregentil to return."

Dr. Carfax paused on the threshold of the house.

"Back?" he asked, "why, where has he gone?"

"To St. Columb," answered the boy, "not quarter of an hour ago he and Amyot and Mary. They've all three walked in to St. Columb to look at the church, 'cos Mr. Tregentil thinks his ancestors are buried there. Mind the step, sir, and there's a fire in the parlor and here's Mrs. Polwhele herself to bid you welcome."

Dr. Carfax, remembering the courtesy due to his housekeeper's sister, removed his hat with a flourish, and although glad enough of the parlor fire and the easy chair and the cup of tea and cake she pressed upon him, he could have done without the life history of herself and Mona, which naturally enough he had heard a dozen times before.

Curtsies, gestures, coupled with side-issues, such as her husband's series of operations during the past few years, kept Mrs. Polwhele busy in a non-stop flow of conversation, while her visitor nodded politely, interposing a remark now and again and thankful that the doubtful interest of Tregentil tombs—if they existed—would keep Amyot Trestane at Tregentil's heels within St. Columb church for the remainder of the morning.

A smell of burning fat, a wild exclamation at the passing of time, recalled Mrs. Polwhele to her duties in the kitchen, and the guest relaxed with a sigh to light his first pipe since breakfasting at Roche.

"And so," he said to Johnny between puffs, "you didn't please to go to church. Why was that?"

"Because it's dull," returned Johnny promptly, "and if you ask me Mr. Tregentil hasn't got any ancestors at all. And as to Castle-an-Dinas, why Amyot knew more about it than he did."

"I daresay," grunted the doctor, "and what exactly did Amyot know?"

Johnny, who had felt in the visitor's overcoat pocket to see if he carried the usual box of cough lozenges and was disappointed to find it empty, proceeded to climb the furniture by way of diversion.

"Well, he knew the way, for one thing," he answered, "and where the gates were and the pool for drinking-water, and when the others were talking he pointed out where the horses used to parade up and down before Dinas mounted them."

Dr. Carfax grunted once again, then cocked an eye on the boy.

"Dinas?" he said cautiously, "I thought that was the name of the castle?"

"Perhaps so," shrugged Johnny, "but it was the name of the owner, too, who served the king. And talking of kings, I've got one for an ancestor and so has Mary. Mr. Tregentil discovered them in a book."

"Get along with you," said the doctor.

"But it's true, sir, I promise you. His name was King Hoel, and he lived at Carhayes years and years ago. And father knew nothing about it, 'cept that granny was a Miss Hoel before she became Bosanko. We've great-uncles and aunts living down there still, between Portloe and Gerran's Bay."

Dr. Carfax groaned. What in the world had Tregentil been up to now? Hoel and Bosanko. As if the whole situation was not complicated enough without dragging poor Bosanko into it.

"If I were you," he said testily, "I should take what Mr. Tregentil says with a pinch of salt."

"Yes, sir," agreed Johnny, "he might be 'saggerating about the king, but father says there've been Hoels there for generations. It's from one of the great-uncle's terrier dogs we bred Pettigrew."

"You bred what?" said the doctor, startled.

"Why, the smallest pup in the world, that Amyot loved. He wears a bell round his neck, and is spoilt as anything, and lives with Mrs. Lewarne."

Dr. Carfax, staring at the fire in front of him, hardly noticed when the boy ran whistling from the room. Hours later, or so it seemed, he heard the sound of carriage wheels, and, rousing himself from the deep speculation into which he had been inadvertently plunged, he left his chair and went to the window. The brougham had drawn up outside the farmhouse and an agitated Tregentil was descending from it, alone.

Black as thunder, Carfax strode to the door and met his patient as he crossed the threshold.

"Where is Amyot?" he demanded.

To be concluded

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Continued from page 49

Fanny and the

● *Alley in which Fanny lived after returning to Siam to resist oppression of the people.*

and stating that they were now on their way to Bangkok.

During the hottest part of the day they halted for a while; then, as the scorching sun began to set, they started off again.

On the third day, in the early morning, Fanny could see ahead of her the town of Kabin, to which she and Preecha had gone on their honeymoon to see his goldmine.

Passers-by turned to look at her as she rode by on the elephant, surprised by her escort of armed guards — surprised, too, to see a white woman in this region. Some joined their hands together and bowed to her. Others exchanged quick whispers; after a time it became obvious that someone must have recognised her and that the rumor of her capture had spread. Would these people, his people, attempt to rescue her? she wondered. But how could they, unarmed and unaided.

Surrounded by her guards, she passed through the dusty town and went on towards Prachin. Anguish seized her as she lived again the tragic hours of her last coming to Preecha's home.

They were only two hours away from Prachin when night fell. They camped in the open.

Two pairs of guards took it in turns to watch over Fanny. They exchanged glances and shook their heads. What her fate might be after they had brought her to Bangkok they could only guess. But they seemed to be filled with pity for her.

Suddenly in the darkness half a dozen men emerged from behind the trees, fell upon the guards, and gagged and bound them. Fanny observed that they offered no resistance, did not even call to their companions for help.

Her rescuers led her to some ponies they had brought with them. "For you, my lady," one said, bowing low. They helped her to mount, and together they rode off into the night.

FANNY was brought to Prachin an hour before dawn and led to a temple.

Then, as night fell, disguised once again in saffron robes and with three priests seated beside her in a small country boat, she set out for Bangkok. Her rescuers' intention was to get her to the British Consulate, where, they believed, she would be safe.

Fanny herself had her doubts. Gould, who had been her father's deputy, was now the Consul. Could he help her? With the evidence of the seized rifles, the Regent would be able to build up the most fiendish charges. If he spoke of an armed raid intended to raise rebellion and overthrow the King, could Gould refuse to surrender her?

The priests brought her to the consulate under cover of darkness. The nightwatchman, dozing in a corner, leapt up to give the alarm, but, recognising her, saluted humbly.

From her father's old bedroom, Gould emerged in his nightshirt. "Fanny! . . . I can hardly believe my eyes! I had heard terrifying things about you—that you were seized and were being brought under arrest to the Regent."

While she sipped a drink, she told Gould of all that had happened. She saw a scowl flit over his face from time to time. When she had finished, he said: "Fanny, what made you do it? It wasn't at all a wise thing to do."

"There was no other way. It did not seem wise, but it seemed possible." she told him.

Fanny slept until late afternoon in the room that used to be hers.

Later she asked Gould: "Has there been much of a stir about my escape?"

"Gossip only. No official intimation."

"Official?" she frowned questioningly.

"I feared the Regent might send me a warning to say that if you were recaptured, as he doubtless expects you will be, you will not enjoy the protection normally accorded to a British subject."

"I see," she said gravely.

"One reason for receiving no communication from him may be that he is ill. I have noticed doctors crossing the river constantly . . ."

Half an hour later she again sought out Gould. "Why is the river so quiet?" she asked. "Look, the shops are being shut in the bazaars and white flags are being run up."

Gould stared across the river toward the Regent's residence. Boats could be seen making for its landing stage.

He sent out a servant. The man came back running. "His Excellency the Regent is dead, Sahib," he said with satisfaction.

AT dinner Gould gave Fanny such news as he had of her family. Her mother was still at Chiengmai with Caroline and Louis. Her father had

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AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting March 28

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
Gambling colors, red, white.
Lucky days, Thurs., Mon.

★ Since responsibility is coming your way you should banish doubt. You must be calm, ready to make on-the-spot decisions. Take everything in your stride, but don't be bossy.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, tan, gold.
Lucky days, Friday, Tues.

★ If you've planned wisely, you may now await results. Projects connected with business matters or personal relationships may appear to stand still; in another fortnight there will be action aplenty.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, grey, red.
Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ A spate of invitations is likely to arrive, and the problem will be how to fit them all in. You may wish to pay off a few social obligations. New and lasting contacts will be made.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ If your work brings you in contact with the public you may find the spotlight turned on you. You may win distinction or a loved one may gain public acclaim with reflected glory for you.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
Gambling colors, black, rose.
Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ Drifting with the tide leads nowhere. Work to a timetable whether you're making a dress, studying for an exam, or trying out a new skill. Keep a diary of your social engagements.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, white, black.
Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

★ Don't let others intrude on your emotional attitudes; too great a sense of duty on your part could put you into difficult situations. Should a disagreement arise with your beloved, keep your temper.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
Gambling colors, rose, blue.
Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

★ This is the moment to be a good follower. Encourage those who have bright ideas but don't seek to lead them. Allow your beloved to choose the places of amusement when you go out.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, orange, tan.
Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ Your state of health depends largely on your state of mind. Forget worries, determine to be on top of the world. With vitality high, you will win admiration from a loved one.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, green, gold.
Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

★ An exciting invitation comes your way, you meet new people. A job about which you'd given up hope suddenly materialises. A platonic friendship not taken very seriously blossoms into a romance.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, mauve, green
Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.

★ Some person or activity in your life is about to fade from importance. This could bring a few regrets, but there are fresh possibilities. A love affair may end in a quarrel.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, blue, silver.
Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ A new neighbor may open the gate to many activities. If of the opposite sex this could mean for you joining a new group that proves most congenial, with the prospect of happy occasions.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, navy, red.
Lucky days, Thurs., Sat.

★ An important interview could strongly influence your affairs for some time to come. A few of you experience the dawn of an office romance, or business brings new friendship into your life.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

LOOK!
Two flavoury, savoury new dishes, easy with TOTO white sauce powder

BEAN AND BACON MORNAY — *½ pint TOTO: 8 oz. can baked beans in tomato sauce: 2 rashers bacon (finely chopped): 1 dessertspoon finely grated onion: ¼ cup breadcrumbs: 1 dessertspoon butter: Salt, pepper, and pinch of mustard.*

Mix the TOTO according to the directions on the packet, add the salt, pepper, mustard and baked beans. Melt the butter in a saucepan and fry the bacon which has been chopped, and the onions, add the breadcrumbs and blend well. Place the bean mixture into individual ramekin dishes, top with the breadcrumbs and re-heat in a moderate oven 350 deg. for 15 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

PINEAPPLE CRUNCH — *1 pint TOTO: 8 oz. can salmon: 15 oz. can crushed pineapple: 1 packet potato crisps: Salt, pepper and mustard: 2 dessertspoons finely chopped spring onions.*

Mix TOTO according to the directions on the packet, add salt, pepper and mustard. Blend thoroughly. Add spring onions and salmon. Place a 1" layer of this creamed mixture into individual ramekin dishes, then a layer of crushed pineapple, then top with a layer of crushed potato crisps. Place into a moderate oven, 325 deg. for 15 minutes. Garnish with lemon wedges.

Buy TOTO White Sauce Powder from your grocer. Easy to use, economical makes delicious sauce for dinners and sweets. Ideal for mornays and savouries.

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Regent of Siam

written that the three children were well.

She wanted to telegraph to her mother, who might have heard rumors and would be very anxious.

"Better not, Fanny," said Gould. "The Regent had a number of faithful henchmen, the Foreign Minister among them."

She was silent. Fate had intervened at last. What the British and the French were unwilling to undertake had been accomplished. The way had been cleared. Her work could now begin. The people, fatalistic by instinct and complacent by temperament, accepted their hardships with hardly a murmur. They must be guided and helped. Who would lead them? The King? He had had ideals planted in his mind by Louis' mother, Anna. This was the chance for which he had been waiting. Now he could put in hand all the reforms which were required. But would he? The knife would have to cut deeper than he would be prepared to go.

A few days later Fanny sought an audience with the King.

At the Grand Palace, His Majesty took both her hands in his and held them for a while. Then he said: "Fanny, he was my friend. Five times I refused, but . . ." He made a despairing gesture. "They had made up their minds. There was nothing I could do, nothing."

"Did it mean so much to the country, then, to kill Preecha?"

"Not to the country," the King replied, "but to one man it meant everything. I cannot restore him to you. But I have already given the order for the release of his father and his two brothers and the return of their confiscated wealth to them."

She inclined her head in acknowledgment. Then she said: "Is it not monstrous that one man should have had so much power and should cause so much suffering?"

"Yes. But in fairness this must be said, too. He did much for the country. He was a very great man. Together with my father he forged the links with Western civilisation. I personally owe an irredeemable debt to his family, for it was he who helped my father regain the throne, which had been usurped from him."

Changing the subject, the King asked: "Are you going to settle in Siam?"

"Yes, I am going to live here, Your Majesty," she said.

"I am pleased to hear you say so."

"Perhaps Your Majesty will not be so pleased when you hear what I plan to do."

He smiled. "Tell me."

"There is a need for sweeping reforms."

"I know this, and in the few days in which I have been able to exercise true power I've abolished the old habit of lowering the forehead to the ground and crawling. You may have noticed when you arrived that the servants walked upright and merely bowed. More than this, I plan to abolish slavery. In future nobody will be allowed to have slaves."

"Your Majesty has indeed deserved well of your people."

"You can attribute this to the influence of Anna Leonowens. All her talks about Wilberforce and about the American Civil War are bearing fruit. But these reforms cannot be put through overnight."

Fanny nodded. The King continued:

"When I heard that you wanted to see me I had thought that you might want to ask about the position of your husband's estate. It was confiscated by the State. All the land has been sold and the money has been applied to various purposes. The situation of his father and his brothers is quite different, for their property was merely sequestrated and held; the possibility of returning it to them was allowed for. But as for Preecha's children—I shall do something for them, you may rest assured of that. Will they join you here?"

"Certainly."

"I am glad. It will make their grandfather very happy to have them near him."

VISITING her mother and sister, Fanny arrived in Chiengmai, in northern Siam, in the middle of the rainy season. The rivers were in flood and the journey took longer than she expected—nearly five weeks. Louis' servants escorted her to the large new house he had recently built.

Caroline was well, but Mama looked old and drawn. She asked questions about Papa and the children. "It must be very cold in Biarritz in the winter. Papa used to catch cold so easily. I am going to join him one day, but I don't like the cold—I don't think I shall like the life."

Alone with Caroline after Fanny had gone to bed, Lady Knox said:

"You haven't heard all she has to tell, but from what she has told me and what your father has written about her, I am convinced that the diabolical things they did to Preecha have had a shocking effect on her. She is very unbalanced still. Goodness knows what further trouble she is making for herself in trying to start wars and revolutions."

One morning, without any warning, Fanny began to pack. Caroline and Louis had hoped that she would make her home with them. But Fanny was eager to get back to Bangkok. She had work to do, she said, and would not be dissuaded.

Ever since that night in Cambodia when Fanny had sat thinking under the trees, she had begun to recognise that revenge was not enough. It achieved nothing. There were far better ways of helping the people. That was how Preecha would have felt.

Mama, worried as to what Fanny might do, insisted on going back with her. Comfortable and happy though she was with her daughter Caroline, her son-in-law, and grandchild, she began to pack, too. "You can't have very much money left," she told Fanny. "What Papa sends me will be a great help. We shall try and manage on that together."

In Bangkok the mother and daughter rented a house in an alleyway off the New Road. It ran at the side of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank and was just round the corner from the British Consulate.

THE house was small and cramped. They had great difficulty in getting all the furniture into it. Lady Knox insisted that a Reynolds portrait of a family forebear should have the place of honor in the sitting-room, where it filled almost an entire wall.

Fanny was sad that they could not see the river. Across the narrow alleyway was a line of wooden houses, some ramshackle like their own, but all wearing a proud air. She felt that Mama's doubts about her finances were unfounded. But a statement from the bank revealed later that in fact she had barely a hundred pounds left.

During the three years she had been away from Bangkok many new roads had been built and bridges now crossed nearly every canal, so that one could travel everywhere by rickshaw and in box-gharries drawn by ponies. Some of the Regent's work had borne good fruit.

One of Fanny's greatest satisfactions was that she was now living among the people. She went among them and discussed their problems with them. If they grumbled over passing annoyances she tried to console them, but where she detected a real injustice she probed farther.

A letter from her father ended with one of his lectures: "I do beg of you, Fanny, not to embark on still another silly project. You will achieve nothing, but will only bring the name of Knox into further disrepute . . ."

He ended by saying: "I should tell you that Madame Chalais has not ceased talking about your mad adventures and blames you for her son's marriage in Saigon to a girl called Corinne. Madame Chalais fears she may be an Annamese or a Cochin-Chinese."

Preecha's father, Phya Kesab, nearly eighty now, had recovered from his long imprisonment and had begun to put on a little weight. Whenever Fanny arrived, Preecha's brothers always hurried out to greet her. It touched her that they should be so warm and affectionate, although her marriage had brought them so much suffering.

When the children arrived from the South of France, Trakun and Arun went to live with Kesab on the family estate. Spencer stayed with Fanny.

LIVING in close proximity to the poor people of Bangkok, Fanny discovered that they were not as well fed or as happy as Mama had imagined. Beneath their gaiety and their laughter there was an abiding anxiety. Many were desperately short of money. In order to buy food for their children they were often obliged to pawn such pitiful possessions as could be spared.

The debts often amounted to only small sums, yet when the weekly interest fell into arrears the moneylenders took the law into their own hands and carried off everything belonging to the debtor. Such high-handedness infuriated Fanny. It was cruel and illegal and she urged the victims to resist.

"I shall fight for you," she said.

The judges were startled when they saw her enter the court accompanied by the debtor's entire family and a horde of neighbors, who had come out of curiosity. Fanny pleaded with vigor, and sometimes she succeeded.

People came constantly to her house to seek her help. She felt that if a true reform were to be achieved, her campaign would have to be widened. She began to write articles in the newspaper, exposing the corruption of the judicature.

"Men awaiting trial have been forgotten in the gaols, sometimes for years, unbelievable though this may seem." She exposed the bribery "not only of witnesses and of the police, but even of the judges" that was being practised.

There were few people in Bangkok who did not know of Fanny; indeed, her fame had reached the remoter parts of the country. "Even here they talk of you," Caroline wrote from Chiengmai.

But while the Siamese and Chinese greeted her enthusiastically in the streets and the bazaars and cheered as they passed by in their boats and barges, the Europeans regarded her activities very differently.

Lady Knox was most unhappy as a result of all this. She found the continuous coming and going of Fanny's visitors, the chatter and arguments which went on far into the night most unpleasant. She often spoke of going to join her husband in France, but never made plans to travel.

In July, 1885, a cable arrived saying that Papa had died.

Lady Knox remained in bed for many weeks, weeping constantly. Caroline telegraphed to ask if her condition was critical. The doctor said it was not.

But early in the New Year Mama passed away in her sleep.

Fanny tried to console herself by dwelling on the far-reaching consequences of her work.

SHE found it a struggle now to make ends meet. Neither Papa nor Mama was able to leave her any money. The jewels Mama had were divided equally between Fanny and Caroline. Fanny sold hers in order to help neighbors in need. She let off all the rooms in the house except one: in that she lived and worked. She also took on translation work for the big European commercial houses. It brought in a little money, which she supplemented by teaching English to a few private pupils.

Her energy seemed to be inexhaustible, for without relaxing her vigorous campaign for reforms in the administration of justice, she began a fresh agitation for an improvement in the system of education.

"Since Anna Leonowen's departure in 1867, over twenty years ago, the hope that modern schools would be opened in Bangkok and in the provincial cities to supplement the good work being done by the American Mission Schools has met with nothing but frustration and disappointment," she wrote.

Bangkok had been growing rapidly. There were new factories, new mills, new shipping companies, many new industries. Fresh labor was pouring into the town.

To page 82

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From page 81

Fanny and the Regent of Siam

Many slept in the streets. Others huddled together a dozen or more to a boat. Very few of them got the wages promised to them by the contractors. There were commissions and deductions of various kinds, so that the sum they eventually received was pitifully small. Many were callously dismissed without any provision being made for sending them back to their homes.

Something would have to be done to help them. Fanny had known how in England, for half a century or more, the workers had banded themselves together to fight the appalling conditions imposed on them by their employers. She wanted the Siamese workers to follow their example. She talked to them about unions, and after much careful planning an organisation called a Private Society was formed. In effect it was a trade union.

There were many Chinese secret societies in Siam at the time—some engaged in a variety of criminal activities. Fanny was determined that there should be no confusion between these societies and her union.

She imposed the strictest discipline, but in spite of her precautions she was always afraid that members of the criminal gangs might infiltrate into her society. That this occurred was shown one day when rioting developed.

Fanny was passing through the street at the time and tried to stop the rioters. In the general confusion she was arrested. She was hustled into a crowded cell together with a number of other women, many of them prostitutes.

When the King learned that she was in prison, he ordered her immediate release. This experience provided her with material for several articles on the appalling conditions prevailing in the prisons.

In 1893 Fanny suffered a grievous new blow. Her sister Caroline died.

LOUIS took his two children to Canada, where his mother, Anna, had been living for the past 15 years with her daughter, who had married a banker.

Louis was away for six months. On his return he spent a week in Bangkok, staying at his hotel.

"I have some business to attend to," he told Fanny as they dined together there, "but the real reason for my being here, Fanny, is to talk to you, and I think you can guess what I'm going to say."

Years ago, when they were very young, Louis had asked her to marry him.

Now he said: "Isn't it time you thought of yourself—and of me? I need you, Fanny. Won't you take me on as a person who needs to be helped just as much as any Siamese?"

"I'd like to help you, Louis, dear," she said, "but—"

"Your work," he said, tightening his lips.

"You may sneer at it, but it is necessary and it is helping people—a great many people."

"To you," he said bitterly, "I'm not Louis. I'm just one person as against millions!"

"It's the life I want, Louis. It's the life I've chosen. I don't want the luxury that you want to give me."

Preecha's son Arun, now nearly 20, was writing at the desk in Fanny's room when she returned. He took a keen interest in all she was doing and had recently joined the "Siam Observer" as a reporter.

Together they discussed and planned what had still to be done. So many more reforms were needed. "To achieve a democratic constitution for Siam," she said, "will take many years. You, and other young men like you, will have to carry on and complete my work."

"But you are not old," said Arun.

And indeed Fanny didn't feel old—how could she, when she had just received a proposal?—but, all the same, the years of hard work and privation were beginning to tell on her.

IN due course Arun became editor of the "Siam Observer" and his half-brother Spencer one of his reporters. Spencer had never been strong and caused his mother great anxiety. She was completely devoted to him and broken-hearted when he died, thus severing the closest link she had with Preecha. The world around her was changing.

In Bangkok many of the canals had now been replaced by roads. Massive commercial offices were to be seen at every turn. The town was much less green and beautiful. There were fewer birds and no longer any monkeys.

Life was very hard for Fanny as she grew older. She had few friends among the Europeans. Most of them tried to avoid her for fear of being pressed to help in some of her projects. The Siamese aristocracy also avoided her, for they feared to be associated with one who was known to be pledged to democratic government.

All her jewels and her furniture had been sold; even her bed had gone to help a family in distress, and she now slept on a mattress on the floor.

The one room which remained to her was bare, save for the family portrait. Beneath it she sat, serenely happy, with students and poor people grouped on the floor around her, talking into the small hours about the future of the country. To achieve their aims they had formed a People's Party. Its members were chiefly young men who hoped to go to a European university to be trained as economists, lawyers, and doctors.

ON Friday, December 17, 1925, while hurrying through the streets as though not much time was left, Fanny felt faint and leant against a wall. Shopkeepers and then customers rushed out. With the help of many passers-by, all of whom seemed to know Fanny, she was carried to her home and up to her room.

Lying there on the mattress, she slept. She was in her seventy-first year and utterly exhausted.

Someone ran to fetch a doctor, the only European she knew now. He found there was not much he could do.

Late that night she opened her eyes and saw Trakun and Arun seated on the floor beside her. They were holding her hands.

She smiled faintly. His children. Then she closed her eyes and died.

Less than seven years later, in June, 1932, some of Fanny's young friends helped to achieve the coup d'etat which limited the powers of the monarchy.

It was a bloodless revolution, as Fanny had wished, and it became her monument — a living monument, embodied in the free and happy lives of the people of Siam whom she had learned to love deeply.

THE END

● This condensation has been made from the book "Fanny and the Regent of Siam," by R. J. Minney, published by Collins, London.
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• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7235. — Teenage frock with contrasting yoke in sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material, ½yd. 54in. contrast, or 3¼yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

F7071. — Slacks and smocked top in sizes 2 to 6 years. Requires 1⅞yds. to 2yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast for smock; slacks, ½yd. to 1 1-3rd yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F7505. — Trim frock with shirtmaker look. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, short sleeves, 3⅛yds. 36in. material; long sleeves, 2⅞yds. 54in. material, or 3¼yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7521. — New-look suit with gored skirt and loose jacket in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, "A," 3⅛yds. 54in. material; "B," 4⅝yds. 36in. material; both views 1⅜yds. 36in. material for lining. Price 4/-.

F7300. — Waist-skimming one-piece in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, short sleeves, 3 1-3rd yds. 36in. material; long sleeves, 3⅛yds. 36in. material; or both, 2yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F7515. — Unusual style with high neck and short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires "A," 1⅞yds. 54in. jersey; "B," 2yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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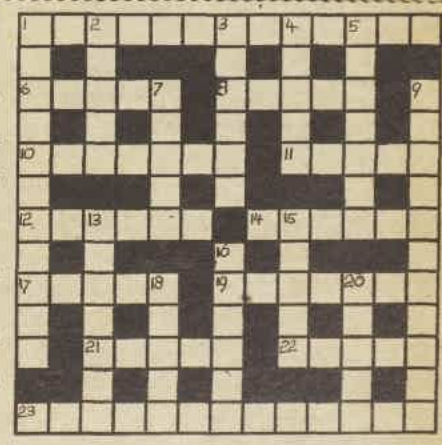
• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

IN HOMETON the police and zoo keepers have rounded up the escaped animals. In another part of the town the two bank robbers, disguised as gorillas, are having trouble. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Heavenly body in action. It's good, too (4, 9).
6. I do the French for phantoms of the brain (5).
8. An American fellow covering heavy coarse sackcloth (5).
10. Sets are needed to make mosaics (7).
11. Develop, mostly by Mussolini (5).
12. Boundaries of scattered mist on a Chinese mile (6).
14. Here is where you get out (6).
17. Surpass in qualities by a Middlesex celebrity (5).
19. This musical creation is able to say a childish goodbye (7).
21. From its white cliffs the train-ferry goes to Dunkirk (5).
22. Heap in which cats are turning back (5).
23. Relatively speaking he is a killer (6, 7).

DOWN

1. Place where you may find the missing link (5-6).
2. They are small as Tom (5).
3. A fragment of cloth on a sack is a carelessly dressed woman (6).
4. A lightweight beast (5).
5. A variety of cherry which is undoubtedly aristocratic (3-4).
7. A short gentleman who exerts power (5).
9. Cloth cap, peaked before and behind, for a hunter, or the hunter himself (11).
13. Broken stone for roads hiding a cad (7).
15. Groups of workmen under foreman (5).
16. Sacred beetle of ancient Egypt (6).
18. Make horizontal using Eve as support (5).
20. Put to shame with a heavy blow (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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Repeat spray. The medication reaches higher — opens nasal sinuses for more effective aeration and drainage.

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